

THE SIGN



A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

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A PERSONAL APPEAL TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS

My Dear Friends:

After years of thought and prayer about the matter I enter upon the realization of a long-cherished ambition to work personally and directly among the poor Negroes of the South, especially those in the Diocese of Mobile, Alabama. This will necessitate my resigning the editorship of THE SIGN. Under the able direction of my successor, the magazine will maintain the high standard it has achieved; and I am sure you will give him the same loyal support you have so consistently given me. The Catholic periodical Press has a claim on all convinced Catholics.

I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing my personal gratitude for the wonderful help you have given our Passionist missionaries in China; and I most sincerely ask you to continue to aid them, spiritually and financially, in their great work.

At the same time, you should not forget that within the boundaries of the United States we have an enormous mission field that simply clamors for cultivation. This home field is occupied by more than twelve million Negroes. Among them are only four million who profess any religion, and of these less than two hundred and fifty thousand are Catholics. All the others have been reared in an atmosphere that breeds distrust and even hatred of the Catholic Church.

The Diocese of Mobile is a vast field in itself. In area this *one* diocese is almost as large as the three States of New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts combined. It is two-thirds the size of Italy and twice the size of all Ireland.

The diocese embraces one of the most backward parts of our country; where the Church is misrepresented, vilified and hated; where Catholics are few and of no influence; where the small number of priests and nuns are unequal to the huge task that confronts them; where the Church is almost helpless due to lack of man-power and money. In thirty-five of its sixty-seven counties, covering approximately thirty thousand square miles, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has never been offered. And this in the United States of America in 1934!

For the most part, the people of the State are very poor, and the Negroes are wretchedly poor. But their material wretchedness is only a faint shadow of their appalling spiritual destitution. In the Diocese of Mobile there are over one million Negroes, of whom less than five thousand are Catholics. The five or six priests working among them can accomplish very little because of their fewness, their own personal poverty, and the vast territory to be covered.

In devoting myself to the Negro apostolate my first effort will be to erect a combined school-orphanage-and-dispensary. The building must necessarily be small and humble; but even for such I shall need all the financial help I can get. Because the project is a gigantic one, in present conditions, I am placing it under the special protection of St. Jude, whom a lay friend has described as "the impossible Saint who does the possible"—the helper in cases despaired of.

When Our Lord spoke of His "least brethren" He must have had in mind, among others, the thousands of poor, undernourished and neglected colored children of Alabama. I am asking Him to give me the grace and the time to do something for them. May I ask you, my Friends, to help me to help them? I shall be more than grateful for even the least offering you send me. And Our Lord Himself will reward a hundredfold your charity to these "least" of His brethren. You can count on that.

Please forward your offerings to me c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

DURING their annual meeting at Fulda, last month, the members of the German hierarchy drew up a letter of protest and warning which was sent to all Catholic priests in Germany. It was issued, peculiarly enough, on the day immediately preceding that on which Adolf Hitler and his lieutenants began their bloody campaign in which several famous heads "rolled." The Bishops took as their text the eloquent and appropriate words of St. Paul in his second Epistle to Timothy:

The German Hierarchy and the Nazi Regime

"Preach the Word: Be instant in season, out of season: Reprove, entreat, rebuke, in all patience and doctrine for there shall be a time, when they will not endure sound doctrine; but, according to their own desires, they will heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears: And will indeed turn away their hearing from the truth and will be turned unto fables. But be thou vigilant, labor in all things, do the work of an evangelist, fulfill thy ministry. Be sober."

In the letter it is charged that the Catholic Church has been made a victim of suppression and injustice and persecution in Nazi Germany. The language of the Bishops is fearless and frank. In regard to the Nazi program for the paganization of Germany and the foundation of a new national church, the letter says: "Christ's fount of grace cannot be replaced by an alleged 'mystery of the Nordic blood which has conquered the old sacraments.' We solemnly protest against spreading neo-pagan heresies in our fatherland and protest against all attacks and insinuations being made by their members against God, against Jesus and His holy church almost daily in written and spoken word. We emphatically protest against an attempt to undermine Christianity also, because this is a deliberate attempt against the expressed intentions of the government, which if successful will destroy all hope for security in our State and for a happy future for our suffering people. The State's authority will break down when it no longer rests on the authority of God."

The suppression of the Catholic Press and the ruthless censorship visited upon it, called forth a fiery denunciation. "While pagans are spreading their teachings, our Catholic Press no longer has the freedom to discuss the great problems of these times and stem assaults against Christianity and the Church." The Bishops declared that they could not remain silent as long as "in newspapers, magazines and pamphlets a word picture of the Church and its servants being publicly assailed and ridiculed, Christ, our Redeemer, being mocked, and God's eternal majesty being offended," was being circulated.

The publication and dissemination of this forthright and impressive letter by the Bishops, in the face of almost certain punishment and reproof, must command the admiration and gratitude of Catholics in every land. Throughout the entire text of the letter there is revealed an intense love for Germany and the German people, and a desire for the well-being

of the nation. But overshadowing all there is the vigorous expression of a genuine militant Catholicism which no amount of Prussian idiosyncracies can submerge. This courageous condemnation of the Hitler-Goebbels-Rosenberg program for repudiating the basis of all Christian belief and worship, coming at such a critical period, serves to prove to the entire world that the Roman Catholic Church will not suffer the pagan Nazi ideas to be spread among the people but will withstand them to the last ditch.



IN a letter to *The Living Church* Bishop Charles Fiske, of the Protestant-Episcopal diocese of Central New York, tells the Editor that since no one else has had the courage to say it

Bishop Fiske Takes the President to Task

publicly and "it seems to me that it needs to be said, let me give brief expression to our sense of shame and humiliation that in the family of our Chief Executive there should be recorded two Reno divorces with one 're-marriage' and another in the offing, in a year." The Bishop takes the President to task as a well-known parish warden, vestryman, and Cathedral trustee for his apparent indifference to the whole affair. In this regard, Bishop Fiske asserts that we need another "new deal." It seems a bit unfair to censure the President for the follies and lapses of his grown-up children, especially when the whole truth can hardly be known by anyone outside the Presidential household. The President has made it quite apparent that he did not favor the divorce and re-marriage, five days later, of his son. His son's new wife has never been to the White House and President Roosevelt met her only a few weeks ago, nearly a year after the re-marriage ceremony. No doubt the President, God-fearing and upright Christian that he is, is deeply grieved and humiliated by "the two Reno divorces."

On the other hand, Mrs. Roosevelt might do well to spend more time in her own home. She spends a great deal of time running up and down the land lecturing and interesting herself in nearly every social cause. In her odd moments she edits a magazine for mothers and a page in one of the more conservative of the women's magazines. Perhaps if she had not had so many extra-fireside activities her children's outlook on life would have been more Christian. Mrs. Dall, who is now at Reno seeking a divorce, also edits a page in a popular magazine in which she tells thousands of women readers how to conduct a happy home.

It is discouraging to think that the family of the Chief Executive of the nation should visit such disgrace upon their parents and upon themselves by two divorces and one re-marriage within the year. The Editor of *The Living Church* sagely remarks that one of the most discouraging features of the affair is that "doubtless, many men and women, perhaps sincere churchmen included, will seize upon that fact as a

guiding principle when they grow restive under the bonds of their marriage vows and find, as some have found all through the ages, that the other man's wife or the other woman's husband appears more desirable than the mate to whom life-long fidelity has been pledged."



ON the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, the first Marian Congress in the United States will be opened at the Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother in Portland, Oregon.

The First American Marian Congress

The exalted purpose of the Marian Congress it to increase devotion to Our Blessed Lady. The announcement of this event should be of special interest to every American Catholic. Mary is the mother of us all, but in no way is she more our mother than when we venerate her and speak of her as the Mother of Sorrows. It was on Calvary in the midst of deepest soul desolation that Mary earned the title of Mother of Sorrows and became the mother of all mankind. Moreover, this great land of ours is dedicated in a very particular manner to Mary. Mary Immaculate has been chosen as the heavenly patroness and protectress of the United States of America.

Concomitantly with the Marian Congress, the Servite Fathers will celebrate the seven hundredth anniversary of their founding. In the year 1233, seven Florentine noblemen agreed among themselves to leave the pleasures and enticements of the world and retire to the solitude of Monte Senario. There they banded together to devote themselves to works of religion and, especially, to do honor to the sorrows of Our Lady. Thus began the Order of the Servites of Mary, popularly known as the Servite Fathers.

THE SIGN congratulates this ancient Order on the celebration of their Seventh Centennial and wishes them every success as they begin another century of inspiring service to the Church and devotion to Mary by convoking the first American Marian Congress. In the words of the liturgy of the Church, contained in the Mass of Feast of the Seven Holy Founders of the Order of the Servites of Mary: "We beseech Thee, O Lord, that imitating the example of those whose feast we celebrate we may hold firmly to the Cross of Jesus with Mary, His Mother, and may merit to receive the fruit of His Redemption."



THE passage of the new railroad retirement act was undoubtedly one of the most important and laudable achievements of the last session of Congress. Affecting over one

The Railroad Retirement Act

million of the nation's wage earners it marks the dawn of a new and brighter day in social legislation. It may well be regarded as the biggest and most powerful wedge yet driven in the work of clearing the way for more sweeping national old-age pension legislation. By the time that the next session of Congress is convened it is hoped that most of the difficulties will have been surmounted and all things will be ready for action on similar provision for the many other millions of workers in the land. President Roosevelt in his message to Congress, in which he reviewed the accomplishments of the recovery program, clearly expressed his hearty approval of such measures. He spoke of "the security of social insurance" as one of the three great objectives in the movement toward relief, recovery and reconstruction. The Dill-Connery Bill, designed to extend the old-age pension universally, has been reported favorably upon by committees from both Houses. However, in the final hectic days of the closing of the session of Congress it was relegated to the not too distant future. Perhaps by 1935 it will be passed and become law.

The new railroad retirement act provides for annuities to retired railroaders on the ratio of their wages or salaries while employed. The first annuities will be paid after February 1, 1935. Funds are to be held by the government and invested in government bonds. A board of three members, one to represent labor, another the employers, and a third, who will be chairman, is to be a disinterested party, has been appointed. If the worker should die before or after his retirement, the money he has contributed—minus, of course, any payments already received—will be paid to his heirs, with three per cent compound interest. The retirement age has been fixed at sixty-five.

As time goes on it becomes increasingly evident that not a few of the enactments of the New Deal closely parallel the treatment of social questions advocated by Pope Leo XIII of happy memory. On the question of old-age pensions and social insurance, in his famous encyclical on the condition of the working classes, Pope Leo urged the establishment of "benefit and insurance societies by means of which the working man may without difficulty acquire through his labors not only many present advantages, but also the certainty of honorable support in days to come. . . . Let the State watch over these societies banded together for the exercise of their rights."



THE seven hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the signing of Magna Carta at Runnymede, was celebrated in the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, in New York City on

Magna Carta and Ecclesia Anglicana

Sunday, June 17. The V. Rev. Milo H. Gates, dean of the cathedral, improved the occasion by pointing out in his sermon that Magna Carta definitely established that the Church of England was not founded by Henry VIII, but was a strong institution under King John at the time of the signing in 1215, A.D.

He offered the following reflection, which can hardly be called historical: "To those of us who belong to the American branch of the Anglican Church, Magna Carta has a special interest. Its first clause secures the rights of that church and confirms the charter for a free election of bishops and declares the freedom of the Church of England. The Latin words are significant—'*Anglicana Ecclesia liberata sit*.' You must note that the word is '*Anglicana Ecclesia*,' not '*Romana Ecclesia*.' This should be interesting to some of those too imaginative historians who persist in asserting that the Church of England was founded by Henry VIII."

Interesting? Surely, if the good dean had studied the history of Magna Carta objectively and without prejudice, he would have learned that the dispute which led to the signing of Magna Carta by King John was one waged by Roman Catholics, led by Cardinal Langton; among other things, against lay interference in church affairs, especially in the matter of election to bishoprics. The dispute was not one concerning the jurisdiction of the Pope in English church affairs (that was conceded), but of unjustifiable encroachments of the King in matters outside his competence. The meaning of *Anglicana Ecclesia* is, therefore, "The Anglican (Roman Catholic) Church is free from secular interference"; not "The Anglican Church is free from the jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff."

Dean Gates was very naive in calling attention to *Ecclesia Anglicana*, in contrast to *Romana Ecclesia*. It is a favorite device with Anglicans to stick at words without regard to their meaning and historical significance. *Ecclesia Anglicana* was, in those days, the common term for that part of the Catholic Church which was located in England; just as *Ecclesia Gallicana* was the Catholic Church of France. A universal church must embrace different countries, which, though united in faith, worship, and obedience, are set off from others along geographical and nationalistic lines. All

members of the Roman Catholic Church do not, and never did, reside at Rome.

Despite what our Anglican friends would like to have others believe, the *Ecclesia Anglicana* as a State church did not come into being until Henry VIII repudiated papal supremacy in spirituals, and made himself the head of both State and Church. The breach with Rome was healed under Mary, but became permanent under Elizabeth. It was the "Church by Law Established." Those who hold this (and they are the overwhelming majority, are not victims of their imagination, but students of history and men of common sense.



THE Secular Press carried the news story of the closing session of the American Neurological Association held in Atlantic City, in the early part of June. The reason, no doubt,

Pseudo Science and Virgin Birth

was because Dr. Walter Timme of New York advanced the startling hypothesis that "immaculate conception or virgin birth is a biological

possibility, but not a probability."

Once more we were treated to a confusion of ideas about ecclesiastical terms on the part of a man who is regarded as a scientist. Now, science, if it means anything, stands for exact thinking. But in the above hypothesis Dr. Timme, presuming that he was reported correctly, and that he used his words with an eye on Catholic belief, has yet to learn the elements of Catholic doctrine. The Virgin Birth and the Immaculate Conception (Catholics write these things in capital letters) are totally different things. The Virgin Birth refers to the extraordinary manner in which Christ was born into this world; the Immaculate Conception means that the soul of the Mother of Christ was preserved, by the special Providence of God, from the least stain of sin at the moment of her conception in the womb of her mother, Saint Ann. Therefore, to lay down the hypothesis that an immaculate conception or virgin birth is a biological possibility, is to reveal that one has a very hazy idea of what one is saying.

When will scientists use as much care in learning the definition of the dogmas of the Church as they do of other branches of knowledge? Is it too much to expect that they who compass sea and land to discover one fossil, should, with equal care, find out the meaning of terms which explain the mysteries of religion? Are the principles of faith the only ones which are not worth the trouble of studying with exactness?

The Catholic Church teaches that the Mother of Christ was a most pure virgin, always—before, during, and after the birth of Christ. He had a human mother, but no human father. His birth was a stupendous miracle of the highest order. To claim that such a birth is biologically possible without special Divine intervention, is to hold that nature can accomplish miracles; something which is outside the whole scope of its power. To maintain that a woman can furnish, naturally, both female and male elements in the generation of human offspring, so that she will, without ceasing to be a virgin, be both mother and father of the child, is to state sheer nonsense.



ON June 28, 1914, the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and his wife were assassinated in Sarajevo, Bosnia, a Slavic district under the control of Austria. The Austrian Government

Twenty Years After Sarajevo

asserted that this assassination was the result of a Servian plot to bring about the destruction of the Austrian Empire. The demands which Austria con-

sequently made upon Servia were so severe that the latter could scarcely be blamed for not accepting them. The result

was that, one month later to the day, Austria declared war on Servia. Immediately Russia began to mobilize, intending to aid Servia. Diplomats of different nations strove frantically, but vainly, to prevent the outbreak of hostilities. Next, Germany mobilized troops as the ally of Austria. By August, 1914, practically all of Europe was engaged in war.

Today, twenty years later, a survey of world conditions reveals a state of unrest, turmoil and dissension which is scarcely more comforting than that which existed on the hot summer day of 1914 when Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated. The world is now like a powder magazine which any spark of racial passion may explode. War debts have put burdens upon humanity almost beyond strength to bear. Social unrest prevails in every large nation. Mutual distrust, aggravated by an extreme nationalism, marks diplomatic relations between nations. The numerous little nations created out of the ruins of old empires have "barricaded themselves behind high ramparts of national egotism, recruiting their little armies, drilling their peasants, ruining themselves to buy arms and armaments." Meanwhile, men talk of war again twenty years after a war that embraced nearly all the nations of the world, and in which the flower of youth was mown down and ideals thrown into the discard.

The present Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, has clearly condemned the existence and spread of that dangerous doctrine of "a sentimental, confused, unwise pacifism" which is being hawked abroad in the world today and whose protagonist is, queerly enough, the Soviet machine. Likewise he pointed out and censured many of the root causes of war in his forthright condemnation of the contemporary "fevered quest for material wealth which is inevitably a source of discord." Catholic opinion does not support foolish pacifism but desires and works for secure international peace on the solid and blessed foundation of the "Peace of Christ" which, coming from God, bears the essential and indispensable marks of a genuine and lasting peace.



TO Michael Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich, on his courageous announcement of the Catholic Church's determination to guard the right of the faithful to worship

Toasts Within the Month

despite Nazi threats and attacks. In an address to sixty thousand inhabitants of Bamberg, the Cardinal declared that he would continue his

vigorous opposition to "the spirit of the present times which refuses to recognize Christ's majesty and the historical justification for Christendom in the German people." ¶To the Sisters of Mercy, Hooksett, N. H., on opening the first Catholic college for women in the State of New Hampshire. ¶To V. Rev. John B. Harney, on his reelection as Superior General of the Paulist Fathers. ¶To the Immaculate Conception Total Abstinence Society, Irwin, Pa., on the Sixty-First Anniversary of its founding. ¶To Rt. Rev. Peter M. H. Wynhoven, founder of the famous Hope Haven for orphan children, Gretna, Louisiana, on his being made a Domestic Prelate. ¶To Rev. Gabriel MacDarby, C.P., for twenty years pastor of the Passionist Church for English-speaking residents and visitors in Paris, on being decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. ¶To St. Paul's Guild, formerly the Convert Aid Society, on the publication of the first number of *The Epistle*, a quarterly devoted to the interests and aid of converts. ¶To Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco, on his being appointed to the board of arbitration in the serious dock strike on the West Coast. ¶To Rev. Daniel Daly of Tamaqua, Penna., who refused treatment for injuries he suffered in an automobile accident, until he administered last rites to a motorist fatally injured in another crash. ¶To V. Rev. Fulton J. Sheen, noted Catholic author and lecturer, on being named a Domestic Prelate to His Holiness.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

THE ASSUMPTION

By Sir John Beaumont (1583-1627)

WHO is she that ascends so high,
Next the Heavenly King,
'Round about whom Angels fly
And her praises sing?

Who is she that, adorned with light,
Makes the sun her robe,
At whose feet the queen of night
Lays her changing globe?

To that crown direct thine eye,
Which her head attires;
There thou may'st her name descry
Writ in starry fires.

This is she in whose pure womb
Heaven's Prince remained;
Therefore in no earthly tomb
Can she be contained.

Heaven she was, which held that fire,
Whence the world took light,
And to Heaven doth now aspire
Flames with flames t' unite.

She that did so clearly shine
When our day begun,
See how bright her beams decline
Now she sits with the Sun.

PRAISE AND BLAME

THE following quaint and provocative inscription appears on an ancient slab in the Cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany.

Thus speaketh Christ Our Lord to us:
Ye call Me Master, and obey Me not;
Ye call Me Light, and see Me not;
Ye call Me Way, and walk Me not;
Ye call Me Life, and desire Me not;
Ye call Me Wise, and follow Me not;
Ye call Me Fair, and love Me not;
Ye call Me Rich, and ask Me not;
Ye call Me Eternal, and seek Me not;
Ye call Me Gracious, and trust Me not;
Ye call Me Noble, and serve Me not;
Ye call Me Just, and fear Me not;
If I condemn you, blame Me not.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE: SCIENCE: REALITY

THE weekly newsmagazine "Time" reports the sad fate of one Mrs. Kirk who ultimately found "reality" in the very real shape of damages amounting to seventy-five dollars:

Two years ago on Long Island, Mrs. Lucy F. Kirk, 54, was driving with her son Payton when their automobile collided with one driven by George Cisler. The Cisler automobile was damaged. A doctor examined Mrs. Kirk, found her apparently seriously injured. A Christian Scientist, she declined medical attention, summoned, instead, a paid healer to pray over her and read from Mary Baker Eddy's *Science & Health*. Mrs. Kirk made what looked like a complete recovery but later she said she suffered from headaches, a pain in the nose and tremors of the left hand. She had made good money as a cake-baker and the tremors kept her from mixing

batter with her oldtime deftness. Mrs. Kirk thereupon sued George Cisler for \$10,000 damages.

In a Mineola court last week Justice Paul Bonynghe charged the jury:

"The case is a very extraordinary one. The plaintiff was trained as a trained nurse and worked in hospitals. She has seen people die, even from such gruesome things as cancer. . . . Yet she comes under the influence of a cult that teaches that this is all a great delusion and those dying with cancer are out of tune with the infinite and with God. . . .

"She adopts the teachings of a woman leader of a cult who is now dead and in her grave. She was no Messiah and no God, just a woman of bones, flesh and blood, and yet this plaintiff, who will die as you and I with hundreds of thousands of others, has seen fit to put aside real science . . . to adopt the belief that pain and illness are things of the imagination and not of reality.

"Of course, harboring a belief of that sort presents a situation that brings her to a difficult dilemma. If pains are not real and fractures do not exist, then, obviously, you men are in no position under the law to award damages that do not exist. This lady of apparent refinement and culture was faced with the necessity of making a choice. Were the injuries real? If they were, she belongs in this court. If on the other hand they were not real, according to the teachings of this departed patron saint of Christian Science, then, of course, she has no place here.

"If you find that she denied the ministrations of a medical practitioner, through a stubborn belief in the efficiency of prayer by a paid healer, and that her recovery was retarded thereby, you would be unfair to your oath if you charged Cisler with these injuries. If she claimed that there is no pain and that the way of relief is through the teachings of Mrs. Eddy you cannot make Cisler pay. . . ."

Pondering all this, the jury decided that Mrs. Kirk's pains were unreal, hence had no place in court. Instead of awarding her \$10,000, the twelve good men and true ordered her to pay George Cisler \$75 for damages to his automobile.

In every State of the land there is a one-man Christian Science Committee on Publication, whose duties as laid down by Mrs. Eddy include correcting unfavorable statements about Christian Science in the Press. Last week all the New York Committee (William Wallace Porter) could think of to write the newspapers about the Kirk-Cisler suit was: "The consideration of this entire case . . . will doubtless bring into view the true definition of the term 'reality.' If this is done something worth while will have been accomplished."

THE WRONG KIND OF RITE

THE "New Yorker" offers this amusing incident of misunderstood doctrine. Evidently Aunt Anne was not a very thorough catechist:

We've heard from a Southerner something horrifying that happened to his Aunt Anne, who lives in Virginia. She is an earnest Episcopalian lady and last fall started driving up into a churchless part of the mountains and conducting Sunday-school classes in the general store. She kept it up all winter, and by April thought that a couple of her pupils, a boy and a girl in their teens, were ready for confirmation. So she bought the girl a white dress and veil and the boy a blue-serge suit and drove them forty miles to a town the bishop was visiting. They were confirmed and she took them home, telling them that she'd be up again the next week for the final lesson of the year. Up she went, and that's why she's

horrified. She found that the young couple had moved into an unoccupied cabin not far from their homes and were openly and blissfully living together. They thought they'd been married.

I MUST GO WHERE COMFORT AIN'T

H. I. PHILLIPS, in his daily column in the New York "Sun," philosophizes on the expediency of leaving the city on a summer vacation:

The summer time is here— The days are hot, And I must find a place To THINK they're not.	Some seaside bungalow With jetty bells, Some people I don't like, And clammy smells.
I have a home that's cool. Quite cool indeed— But I must get a change I do not need.	The view I get in town's A splendid one, But I must go away Where there is none.
My bed is very soft, The mattress deep, So I must rent a place Where I can't sleep.	A shack up in the hills With noises strange . . . It's quiet where I live— I need a change!
My rooms are airy, too, My ceilings high, So I must leave them flat— I don't know why.	A cottage by a lake, That's what I seek; I'm tired of a home That doesn't leak.
My windows all are screened From fly and gnat, And naturally I Can't stand for that!	A little country house With pump and well . . . In some secluded spot (As hot as —!)
Go fetch the papers, lad, And let me see Where I can go and live In misery!	I'm happy here at home But customs quaint Decree that I must go Where comfort ain't.

A VICTIM OF THE ARMAMENT RACKET

EIGHTEEN years ago Thomas Madden was acclaimed, decorated and embraced as a hero by pompous and be-medaled generals. His case is typical. The following is from an editorial in the "World-Telegram," of New York:

He is like a Rip Van Winkle after sixteen years in Walter Reed Military Hospital, Washington.

Full of bullet gashes, with a limp and a tongue slowed by the effect of many operations, he is back in his own New York. The buildings are taller. There are more people in the streets. But there are no jobs. He gets \$15 a month from the government and has a sick mother and a sister and her two children he would like to look after.

At 35 he has not been able to read newspapers for sixteen years. The only trade he knows is machine gunning. But he has not practiced that since one May morning in 1918 when as a sergeant of 18 he crawled up out of a trench and while the birds sang got fourteen slugs in his body after capturing a German machine gun nest and the gunners.

He has, besides the consciousness of sixteen years lost from life, the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross, the Belgium War Cross, the allowance of \$15 monthly from the government and a lot of empty memories which no one nowadays cares to share with him. No one talks about the war any more, but only about jobs.

Thomas H. Madden, hero. He can't eat his medals! He would like a job!

HEROES OF THE HEADLINES

THE "Houghton Line," house organ of E. F. Houghton Company, Philadelphia, prints these very appropriate remarks on that good old American custom of glorifying the criminal:

There was once upon a time a cowardly rat in the shape of a man who was named John Dillinger. He began existence

like the rest of us, as a small pink baby with taking ways. He kept on with his taking ways until he was taking other people's money out of banks, which is against the law and annoying to the neighbors. Meanwhile he had mislaid his conscience, his morals and his right to life in a decent country and community. Then he began to run, shooting at sight if anybody tried to stop him.

That's how John Dillinger got his name in headlines in every newspaper in the United States. So far as is known he never did anything worth doing, and never deserved any attention except to be kicked into a thoroughly dirty cow pond. He would have done the world a favor if he had died young, but no self-respecting germ would bite him.

He was tolerated too long, until he became for a brief while the best-known inhabitant of the country. Five thousand men hunted him. Orders to catch him at all costs came from Washington. Newspapers spent small fortunes to tell the world all about him. His ugly mug appeared on the front pages everywhere. And nearly everybody was talking about him.

For no good reason at all, except that this Nation has an appetite for hero-worship, but no discrimination or decent judgment in selecting its heroes. Newspapers give the public what the public wants. The public demands dramatic drivel about cheap crooks, sordid slop about weak women, sentimental sniveling over aged swindlers who get caught at it. It eats up gossip about Hollywood hams, and reads the last word of the life story of a condemned killer. So that there was a time, not long ago, when a hideous photograph of a condemned murderess in the electric chair, snapped in the death chamber by an unscrupulous reporter, sold 500,000 extra copies of a New York newspaper.

There is serious social danger in this public gluttony for gossip. It has developed a type of legal technique which wouldn't be tolerated anywhere else in the civilized world. A smart crew of lawyers, defending some public menace from the consequence of crime, puts a lot of faith in publicity. The case is tried, so far as possible, in the newspapers, not in the courts.

Wishy-washy sentiment is stirred up for some hard-boiled thug who deserves no more sympathy than a rattlesnake in a day nursery. A gunman is glorified into a Robin Hood hero. The fact that he has indulged in murder and mayhem and burglary and assault and battery is offset by the syndicated story that he was once kind to his mother. And a crooked financier, who has lived high, wide and handsome for years on other people's money, is transformed by expert publicity into a poor old man, more sinned against than sinning and probably deserving of a pension from his sympathetic fellow-citizens.

The truth is known to newspaper men, but their readers don't want it. They could tell you that criminals are nearly all disgusting or stupid, or both. That the regular customers of the high-priced divorce courts are as personally attractive as alley cats. That the glamorous stars of the screen are ordinary and often boring people. That the high-priced hypnotizers of the radio, for the most part, are not the sort of folk you would pick for next-door neighbors. That the "robber barons" of crooked finance are no bigger men, in essentials, than those who knock at suburban front doors to sell vacuum cleaners and magazine subscriptions.

There is hardly anything heroic or romantic about the headlines of the day's most sensational news. They get that way in print, because the public wants them that way and likes them that way. Press agents and publicity fakers know it, and stuff the suckers with the diet they demand.

What this Nation needs, among many things, is a sense of proportion and some honest realism in regard to the heroes of the headlines. So long as we glorify the public enemy and public nuisance by paying entirely too much attention to them, we shall be giving them aid and comfort and encouraging others to follow in their dirty footsteps.

COMPARATIVE JUSTICE IN AMERICA

IN an article in the "American Magazine," Jerome Beatty compares the swiftness of court procedure in Los Angeles with the disheartening and almost interminable procedure in other large cities. The results are amazing:

Self-satisfied citizens of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, and other cities may poke fun at the Los Angeles climate, the wild women of Hollywood, and the earthquakes, but let these citizens try to get their rights in a court of law in their own town and they'll all wish they were native sons in the City of the Angels.

For Los Angeles, city and county, has built a civil court system which delivers quick justice, a system founded upon the revolutionary idea that courts were devised for the people, not for lazy judges and dilatory lawyers. In Los Angeles cases are usually heard within thirty days after a motion is made to set the case for trial.

New York and Brooklyn are from two to four years behind. In Boston 59,500 cases are waiting trial, and if not another one were filed the judges would need four years to clean up the docket. In Philadelphia the courts are trying some cases that were filed six to eight years ago, although most of them get to trial in from nine months to one and one-half years.

Let's see what happens in most large cities when men and women try to get "justice."

A laborer—we shall call him Joe Polito—was killed in New York by a rich and reckless automobile driver. The driver's expensive attorneys offered Mrs. Polito \$1,000 in payment for the life of her husband.

"But I am sick and cannot work," protested the bewildered widow, "and I have three babies. My friends tell me the man who killed my Joe should pay more."

"A thousand dollars is a lot of money," said the attorneys. "Take it, or sue."

Mrs. Polito consulted a wise friend who knew about New York courts.

"Take the thousand," he advised. "If you sue, your case will probably not be tried for three years. Your witnesses will be dead or out of the state. And if you get a judgment your lawyer will take a third of it."

Mrs. Polito could only return humbly to the lawyers, accept the \$1,000, and sign a paper saying she no longer blamed the man who killed her husband. That was better than starving or asking the city for food.

Mrs. Polito gave a hollow laugh when she told me that when she became a citizen of the Land of the Free she was guaranteed "justice and the blessings of liberty." In Los Angeles, Mrs. Polito would have sued, for there she could be fairly sure of a verdict and judgment within thirty days.

Through a New York stockbroker's inexcusable error, H. Q. Washburn (which is not his right name) found himself dead-broke and in debt, when he should have had a balance of \$21,500. The stockbroker offered to settle for \$5,000.

"You owe me \$21,500," declared Mr. Washburn, "and any jury on earth will give it to me. I'll sue."

He went to a lawyer.

"It's a cinch," said the lawyer. "I'm sure I can make him pay \$15,000."

"But why shouldn't he pay all of it?"

"Well," said the lawyer soothingly, "it's better to settle these things out of court. Even if we fight every request by the defense for postponement and use every possible means to push it up on the calendar, we can't get to trial in less than two years. Then if we get a judgment this fellow may appeal. If, after three or four years, we finally win our case, he may be out of business or broke, and we won't get anything."

Mr. Washburn had a boy in college and was paying for a home. He needed cash.

"All right," he said bitterly.

In Los Angeles, realizing that there was no way to delay an honest settlement, Mr. Washburn's stockbroker probably

would have paid the full amount without going to court. The law says reckless, careless, dishonest, and negligent people must pay for their sins. But the law doesn't say, "Do it now!" That's the catch.

THE FRENCH THEY ARE A FUNNY RACE

IF it be true that "the French they are a funny race, parley voo," it would appear from the appended ironic remarks (condensed) of Westbrook Pegler, in his Scripps-Howard syndicated column, that the Americans they are a much funnier race:

New evidence is at hand tending to prove that "the French they are a funny race, parley voo," just as the A. E. F. suspected.

Last Saturday, at the Longchamps race course, a crowd of 100,000 Frenchmen and women burned down seven pari-mutuel booths because the jockey aboard Joseph Widener's steed, El Kantara, favorite in a race, pulled up his horse and quit the contest.

At this default the citizens drained the gasoline out of a motorized lawn mower and doused it on the betting booths, which they set afire. There were indignant outcries, including ugly references to L'Affaire Stavisky.

The French have given other evidence that they are indeed a funny race, parley voo. Another French crowd, convinced that two young pugilists were putting forth a mockery and a travesty instead of their best efforts, expressed their annoyance by smashing the chairs and the ring and finally burning down the arena.

Their persistent harking back to L'Affaire Stavisky, in which the citizens lost a few million francs through the failure of a pawnshop, confirms the fundamental difference between the Frenchman and the American. From the Frenchman's standpoint, the Americans are also a race of the most droll, parley voo.

It is true that in L'Affaire Stavisky several members of the French government were caught with their fingers in the cash register, but still the people's resentment will be difficult for Americans to understand. The trouble with the French seems to be that they have not had the benefit of the wide experience which the Americans have enjoyed. The Americans have had affairs compared to which L'Affaire Stavisky is a case of petty larceny. But they never have lost their composure, as the French did when the pawnshop proprietor, M. Stavisky, forgot to take down the shutters of his place of business under the sign of the three balls.

It would be terrible to imagine the indignation of the French citizens if they should ever experience an Affaire Tammany Hall or an Affaire Teapot Dome or an Affaire Luke Lea, et Fils. Yet these are affairs which the Americans, with their unflinching sense of humor, have taken with good-natured laughter.

Similarly, in the American ring, pugilists who are paid large sums to make Le Boxe, often withhold their best efforts, and the citizens are only amused, not aroused to acts of arson. Nowadays in Chicago they beg for the autograph of the sweet old gentleman who is the hero of L'Affaire Samuel Insull.

I PLEDGE A KISS

THE latest form of ministerial insanity and striving for cheap publicity, is recorded in the following dispatch to the "Times," New York:

The Rev. William E. Webb of the Industrial Christian Church has organized the Husbands' Gratitude Club. Thirty husbands have signed the pledge to kiss their wives at least once a day. The founder of the club expects to have at least a hundred husbands in the organization by the first meeting in July. The members take the following pledge:

"I solemnly pledge myself daily to embrace my wife, kiss her and tell her I love her. I promise to compliment her at least one a day on some particular part of the menu she prepares. I promise to perform at least one kind and unexpected deed for her daily."

THE DRAWN BATTLE

The First of Twelve Articles Dealing with the Chief Personages in the Religious History of Europe During the Seventeenth Century

By Hilaire Belloc

THE break-up of united Christendom with the coming of the Reformation was by far the most important thing in history since the foundation of the Catholic Church fifteen hundred years before. If that catastrophe were allowed to take place, if the revolt were to be successful (and it was successful) our civilization would certainly be imperiled and possibly, in the long run, destroyed. That indeed is what has happened. Europe with all its culture is now seriously imperiled and stands no small chance of being destroyed by its own internal disruption. And all that is ultimately the fruit of the great religious revolution which began four hundred years ago.

That being so, the Reformation being of this importance, it ought to form the chief object of historical study in modern times, and its nature should be clearly understood even if only in outline.

Now, to understand the Reformation it is not enough to appreciate how it arose and what sort of men conducted the battle on either side when the struggle had broken out. It is equally important and, perhaps, more important to appreciate that the affair went, like all great conflicts in history, through certain phases. All great conflicts begin with an uncertain phase during which one does not know which side will prevail, or whether either will prevail. After that phase comes a second phase which may be one of two things: it may be the victory of one side over the other, or it may be stalemate—a drawn battle.

Even if one of the two conflicting original opponents, either those who are for change or those who are for tradition, secures a victory, the result is affected by the struggle. No victory, however complete on the part of the conservatives, can make things return to exactly the same state as they were in before the challenge was thrown down. No victory, however complete on the part of the revolutionaries, can ever wholly get rid of the past, which will always remain intertwined with the fibre of the men who were moulded by it.

But still, a complete victory on one side or the other does usually produce an enduring state of things. When there is a stalemate or drawn battle the result is that there will be more changes. The two camps remain in activity—the one opposed to the other, reacting one

against the other—and there will be consequently a series of developments which continuously modify and change as the generations proceed.

As an example of the first sort of thing—a complete victory—we have the success of authority against the Albigenses. That sect at one moment bid fair to break up Europe, but the orthodox armies, the orthodox monarchs and leaders and the Papacy won. The result was the secure state of affairs which made the western world safe for Catholicism for centuries. An example of the opposite—of the drawn battle or stalemate—was the great Mahommedan effort beginning in the seventh century. It failed to overwhelm Christendom, but it had a sufficient success to establish a great new culture over against Europe and hostile to Europe, with the result that for centuries the two opponents remained intact, and perpetually reacted one upon the other.

In the case of the Reformation it looked at one moment as though the side of authority and tradition was going to have a complete victory; in which case we should have had a settled and secure Europe, united again in the Catholic Faith. Unfortunately that victory was never won, and the upshot of the struggle, after a hundred and thirty years, was the division of European civilization into two halves, the Protestant culture and the Catholic culture. As for the third—the eastern part—the culture attaching to the Greek Church, it did not affect modern times much between the outbreak of the Reformation and the rise of Russia two hundred years ago.

The process ran through these stages:

During the twenty years, from 1517 onwards, the revolt against the Church was confused by a very legitimate determination to reform abuses. It was not easy to see on which side a man or a book or an argument lay. There were grave corruptions in the Church and grave discontent with the organization of the Church on the part of masses of men who never dreamed of destroying Church unity or interfering with the great mass of Church doctrine and custom. And this was especially the case in England, where the Church was less corrupt than elsewhere and where the people were by nature conservative. But at the end of these twenty years there

came—round about 1536-40—a change in what had hitherto been a confused movement.

This change was primarily caused by the great effect of Calvin, who set out with the greatest lucidity and unparalleled energy to form a counter-Church for the destruction of the old Church. He it was who really made the new religion, wholly hostile to the old one. At the same time the temptation to loot Church property and the habit of doing so had appeared and was growing; and that rapidly created a vested interest in promoting a change in religion. Those who attacked Catholic doctrine, as, for instance, in the matters of the celibacy of the monastic Orders, or a divinely appointed Hierarchy with the Papacy at its summit, opened the door for the seizure of the enormous clerical endowments by the Princes and City Corporations and men individually powerful through their wealth, especially through their ownership of land.

IT is about this time, therefore, that there arises a distinct effort to impose in various places new laws and institutions to the destruction of Catholicism. After the middle of the sixteenth century (from 1550-1560) that change is clearly apparent, and, with it, fighting begins: fighting on the part of Catholic Europe to suppress the new Protestant Governments, fighting on the part of these Governments to suppress Catholicism in their own provinces; and in places civil war between the two parties. That fighting goes on during all the second half of the century, roughly from 1550-60 to the turn of the century. There was fighting in Scotland, the beginning of what was to be an unending attempt to destroy Catholicism in Ireland by force; fighting in the Netherlands; and the most critical and violent fighting in France.

Oddly enough, the German Empire, which was nominally ruled from Vienna, was spared, and enjoyed peace compared with these other places. It was there that the Reformation had broken out, and yet successive Emperors—by compromise, also from lack of power because so many of their subordinate Princes and Cities were practically independent—managed to keep the peace.

But meanwhile the Catholic forces in Europe had tardily woken up, and there

had been started what was generally called "The Counter Reformation." Vigorous Popes undertook, unfortunately rather late, the reformation of abuses; the Franciscans took on a new missionary activity for the recovery of districts lost to the Faith; a General Council, which the Popes before the Reformation had especially avoided because only a little while before General Councils had proved so dangerous to unity, was summoned and is known to history as "The Council of Trent." And the most important single factor in the whole of this was the militant and highly disciplined body proceeding from the genius of St. Ignatius Loyola. It came to be known by the name which was first a nick-name, but later generally adopted, of "the Jesuits." These, by their discipline, singleness of aim and heroism, were the spearhead of the counter-attack. They were very nearly successful in England, they had very great effect in South Germany, and later in Poland. All these forces, combined, made for a general restoration of Catholicism.

THE effort to recover England had failed; Scandinavia had been turned over just as England had under the impulse of those who saw their opportunity for looting Church lands; and the northern part of the Netherlands (which have since come to be known as Holland) still maintained itself with difficulty against its lawful Sovereign, the King of Spain. But, in Europe as a whole, the tide was setting for a restoration of Catholicism, which might have been universal. In England such a restoration was rendered more difficult by the character of *James I's* reign (1603-25); in France it was rendered more possible by the character of the contemporary French King (*Henry IV*) who was assassinated in 1610. It is with these two that the story of the drawn battle in the seventeenth century opens.

Next, the *Emperor Ferdinand* in Germany set out on a kind of crusade for establishing his own authority, which had dwindled so much in the past; and at the same time for spreading Catholicism again in the part of Germany where it had been lost. He, therefore, comes third in our list. Now, though Catholicism in France had been saved yet the French had always lived in dread of the power of the Germans of the Empire to the east of them. Therefore, when it looked as though the *Emperor Ferdinand* was going to become a very powerful monarch of a united Germany, France, although as Catholic as he, determined to support his Protestant rebels against him. The French Minister who took up this policy and, therefore, is responsible before history for the failure of the Counter Reformation is the great *Richelieu*.

He found ready to his hand a singular

instrument. The sparsely populated Protestant districts of Scandinavia had produced a soldier of genius, the King of Sweden, *Gustavus Adolphus*. *Richelieu* put the financial resources of France at work to hire *Gustavus Adolphus* as an instrument for weakening the Empire and the Catholic reaction led by the

BELLOC'S NEW SERIES

WITH this issue we begin a new series of historical studies by *Hilaire Belloc*. The list of subjects in the order of their appearance is as follows:

(1) **IMPORTANCE OF THE XVIIITH CENTURY** to the history of the Faith. It is the settlement of the battle begun in the previous century.

(2) **HENRY IV OF FRANCE:** The Catholic cause half won in France.

(3) **JAMES I:** The Protestant theory called "The Divine Right of Kings,"—the Protestant cause more than half won in England.

(4) **THE EMPEROR FERDINAND:** The champion of Catholic Germany.

(5) **GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS:** The champion of Protestant Germany and hireling of *Richelieu*.

(6) **RICHELIEU:** He increases Catholic strength in France but weakens it in Germany.

(7) **LAUD:** The internal division of Protestantism.

(8) **OLIVER CROMWELL:** The failure to destroy Catholic Ireland.

(9) **DESCARTES:** The reaction of the new science on the Catholic Faith.

(10) **PASCAL AND JANSENISM:** The reaction of Calvinism on the Catholic Faith.

(11) **WILLIAM OF ORANGE:** His house the symbol of Protestant success.

(12) **LOUIS XIV:** The symbol of Catholic success, but also the reaction of the theory of the Divine Right of Kings upon Catholicism.

Emperor Ferdinand. *Gustavus Adolphus* changed the art of war by his immense talent; during one dazzling year of triumph he very nearly established a Protestant German Empire more than two centuries before *Bismarck*: but at the height of his success he was killed in battle (1632). His effect, however, had

been sufficient to prevent the *Emperor* from ever achieving a complete victory and from ever reuniting the Germans as one Catholic body.

Meanwhile the power of Spain was declining, and the Dutch, in what was later to be Holland, succeeded in getting their independence recognized by the King of Spain, their original sovereign.

In England the new Protestant character of the country was divided: you had one tendency expressed in *Laud*, the other expressed in the character of *Cromwell*; and it was *Cromwell* and his colleagues, representing the more intense Calvinist spirit, which won in a Civil War that put an end to the old popular English monarchy, and during which the victors put *Laud*, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to death.

BY the middle of the seventeenth century the struggle between Catholicism and the now enthusiastic spirit which challenged Catholicism had definitely settled down to a drawn battle. The Treaties of Westphalia in 1648 established the principle that subjects should follow the religion of their Government, and within the next ten years all Europe settled down into two camps—the Catholic culture on the one side and the Protestant culture on the other.

The Catholic culture was, therefore, partially saved; but it had failed to recover Europe as a whole. And within it arose new movements.

At the origin of one of these was the great name of *Descartes*, at the origin of the other the great name of *Pascal*. *Descartes* was a man of the first half of the seventeenth century; *Pascal* belonged to a generation immediately younger. *Descartes* was almost exactly the contemporary of *Cromwell*, but, of course, a far greater man with an infinitely greater effect upon civilization. Now *Descartes* introduced that idea which has dominated European thought and has had such powerful effects upon the Catholic Church itself, which may be called in the best sense of the word "Rationalism."

The new expansion of physical science had begun with the sixteenth century and had been proceeding rapidly; it had been especially noticeable in the domain of astronomy, and astronomy is just that science in which we see the great laws of nature working, as it were, inexorably, and on the largest scale. Moreover, astronomy is dominated by mathematics. *Descartes* set himself out to examine the whole nature of things—that is, to make a complete philosophy. The Catholic Church is itself a complete philosophy on all that concerns the chief interest of man; but the Catholic Church does not set up to provide a philosophical system, still less a philosophical system which shall be necessarily true. Scholasticism, as it is called, or Thomism, from the

final great work of St. Thomas Aquinas, might be called "the official philosophy" of the Church as it had stood throughout the later Middle Ages; but it was (and is) important to distinguish between this "official" acceptance of Thomism and the invariable teaching authority of the Faith. For instance, in St. Thomas's philosophy and that of his predecessors the Real Presence is expressed in the term "Transubstantiation," but no Catholic is bound to accept the doctrine of substance, and so long as the truth of the Real Presence is maintained (i.e. that the whole of the Humanity and Divinity of Our Lord is present in the Blessed Sacrament after the words of consecration and in either element, and that the original Bread and Wine wholly cease to be) Catholic doctrine is satisfied.

NOW, Thomism had naturally declined with the decline of the Middle Ages; scholastic philosophy had fallen into what were often puerilities and discussions nearly always tedious and half the time futile. It was indeed disgust with the dryness and lack of vitality of the school teaching which had largely accounted for the revolt among the younger scholars. Descartes, a whole lifetime after the beginning of the Reformation, set out to begin, if he could, the whole thing over again—all those questions which scholastic philosophy had also examined from the very roots. He even started with the discussion as to whether the man originating the discussion existed or no. He took as his starting point the undoubted truth that as a man thinks, he *is*; and on that he would base his system. In the expansion of that system he insists upon only accepting knowledge that is "proved," and that is where he had so great an influence upon all the thought which followed for three hundred years; for all the modern scientific habit until that of yesterday proceeded from Descartes. He himself had no doubts upon the Faith, but his insistence upon the acceptance of truth depending upon external proof or intellectual reasoning did make profound inroads upon ordinary belief, and from it all that is called the "rationalistic" attack upon the Faith has ultimately grown.

Pascal had nothing to do with all this; he was right on the other wing, which bases religion on emotion. Protestantism, and particularly Calvinism—although Calvinism also is a strictly logical system—is based upon emotion. A religious truth is known to be true because you have "experienced" it. Hence the typically Calvinist business of "conversion"—the sense of being "saved." Pascal, of course, did not accept such heresy, but he stood for a sort of compromise with it.

Now, after the vivid object lesson of the Reformation in action men could see

the danger of breaking with unity. Many of the most intense minds within the Catholic culture, and especially in France and what is called today Belgium, though they had a horror of Calvinism, were attracted to this factor of "religious experience," irritated by the constraints of an authoritative Church and its practice, which they found mechanical: further the great effect of the Jesuits had been to recover Europe for the Faith by making every sort of allowance—trying to understand the worldly and the sensual and all the rest of it, and insisting the whole time on the absolute necessity of loyalty to the Church. Defend the unity of the Church, and talk of other things afterwards: preserve the Church which was in peril of destruction and then when you have leisure, after the battle, debate other things.

This being the Jesuit attitude, and the Jesuits having become by far the chief influence in the mid-seventeenth century throughout Catholic Europe, those men in Catholic Europe who leaned towards emotion in religion, towards personal experience, almost towards what the Calvinist enemy called "conversion," chose the Jesuits as their special antagonists. A powerful writer called Jansen in the Netherlands (in the Latin form Jansenius) stood for all this. He wrote a book based upon St. Augustine, and that book represented the reaction of Calvinism to the Catholic Church. Jansenism, as it was called, stood for all that swing, even in its extremes, and the great Pascal, a mathematician, as Descartes had been but also what Descartes was not, a genius at writing, took up the cudgels for Jansenism.

From these two men, Pascal and Descartes, proceeded the two strains of influence which, between them, threatened to wreck the Catholic culture. Rationalism was its product, and first the deism and then the atheism of generations not yet born. Pascal and the Jansenists whom he defended were to support the Huguenot revolt against the official Church. The support was not fully conscious and never took the form of active rebellion, but it worked like a leaven throughout the generations to come, and went to swell the criticism which so threatened at last, two hundred years afterwards, that many thought the Church was doomed to decline and early extinction.

MEANWHILE, two other things were at work which would also in the future militate against that Catholic culture in Europe by which alone civilization could be saved. The first was nationalism, and the second the growth in wealth and power of the anti-Catholic Protestant culture in the West.

Nationalism began, not in the worship of the nation, but in the worship of the Prince. As in the case of Jansenism, the

Catholic could not accept nationalism fully, but flirted with its ideas, for in the case of the all-powerful Prince (or King) worship the Catholic could not accept the fully Protestant doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings; but those who inclined to this error went as near to it as they could, and the great exponent of such a power was *Louis XIV.*

HE was a boy in the middle of the seventeenth century, he died several years after its close, he was the greatest power in all the latter half of it. He could never break with Catholic unity, of course; indeed in a sense he was the champion of Catholicism, now that Spain (the old champion of Catholicism) was in decay and that France herself had broken the power of the Catholic German Empire. But though he was thus the champion of Catholicism he also went as far as he possibly could, short of breaking with the Holy See, in insisting upon the right of Princes to be independent within their own realms. As his realm was Gaul (or France) this spirit was called, on its religious side, Gallicanism. Out of this insistence upon independence by the Prince came the insistence upon independence by the nations, and that religion of patriotism which in our own time has grown to such huge and exaggerated dimensions. It is, indeed, the great heresy of our day.

Louis XIV, then, represented this force disintegrating the Catholic culture from within. Meanwhile the House of Orange, especially, represented the force militating against the Catholic culture from without. And of the House of Orange, *William of Orange*, who usurped the English throne and drove out the last Catholic King of England, was the outstanding figure. He was the contemporary of Louis XIV and he stood in England, and indeed throughout Europe, although he was not of the scale for such a position, as the typical anti-Catholic political figure. He was in England only a puppet King (under the title of William III). Men laughed at him and disliked him, but he was the symbol of the growing anti-Catholic power of money, trade and a certain power of expansion over-seas, of which the Dutch had been the originators and of which the English were the heirs. Prussia, the great anti-Catholic force that was to come, had not yet been born.

With these means therefore I shall to the best of my ability fill my gallery, taking in their order first Henry IV of France; then James I of England; then the Emperor Ferdinand, Gustavus Adolphus and Richelieu; then Laud, to illustrate the internal difficulties of Protestantism, which unfortunately did not prove fatal to it; then Oliver Cromwell. Then I shall consider Descartes and Pascal; lastly William of Orange, and Louis XIV.

LOOKING AHEAD

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

BECAUSE the National Recovery Plan came into being with the specific purpose of meeting a national emergency, I do not share the fear of many that eventually this plan may become a permanent instrument in the administration of this country. Because it was devised by human beings in a period of human despair and confusion, I believe its all-too-human traits must and will be changed or eliminated. This may sound mysterious, but a single glance back at American history will make sure that there will be no mystery left when we have finished studying the ups and downs of the past.

When Americans started developing the East, when they turned toward the Golden West, they were not Americans in the sense of nationality and citizenship but they belonged to the type of hardy settlers and pioneers who love their new country—and work for it, but who love even more their children and grandchildren—and work even more for them. It may be that, as fiction has it, they envisioned the Great Republic that was to come. I for one doubt it. They could not have foreseen the unity of forty-eight States any more than they could have predicted the rise of Hitler. Pioneers are no supermen; they see what their eyes make them see, and they wish for the realization of their dreams. Hence, they are opportunists. We all are.

How, then, did they come to create a nation bigger, much bigger than any other on earth; richer, much richer, than any of her sisters across the Atlantic; united, much more united than any of those whose age should make for wisdom? Were the American pioneers supermen, after all? No, they were not. But they were favored by circumstances. When the settlers crossed the Appalachians into what is now Kentucky and Ohio, they did not find an organized race, well armed, well disciplined, which defended its national rights and which knew the exact limits of its borders. Far from it; the settlers penetrated a country which many centuries ago had lost its national identity, just as Peru, or Mexico, or the West Indies, or the Dutch East Indies. This country was "open territory." There were Indians, but there also were wild horses. Tribal customs were as typical of the two, as was the lack of a written-down constitutional charter; and both were pushed back farther and farther into the woods and the wilderness.

This, then, was the advantage of the pioneers. If one of their groups would

break ground in Virginia, another would explore New England, a third the Great Lakes, a fourth the South, a fifth the Interior—and all of them would grow on about the same scale, at the same ratio, on the same foundation and toward the same purposes. If they wanted to or not, they were brothers under the skin. How could they help to join hands at one time or another? How could they fail to make this great continent *one* single nation; how could they miss stretching from the shore of the Atlantic to the sands of the Pacific, since there was no France at the left, to stop their advance along the Rhine River, and no Russia and Poland to raise an armed fist on the far shore of the Vistula? They could not miss and they did not miss. Thus, they grew not on a national but on a continental scale. Hence, they amassed the wealth not of one nation but of scores of single nations. Consequently, they established a unity not even equaled by the British Empire, and which could only be duplicated by a Pan-Europe. The pioneers made the best of these tremendous opportunities.

But leave it to the trees not to grow into the sky. And leave it to men to defeat themselves. Responsible voices, if behind the scenes, have often maintained that the unique growth of this country is the best answer to any attempt of regimentation. As the Government has not played much of a part in the economic evolution of the United States, why bring it in now? And this answer will come from the liberal and progressive quarters: Because the responsible elements in industry, finance and other branches have failed miserably. Who, then, is right? One bases his arguments on the long periods of prosperity with which this country has been blessed. The other refers to the long periods of depression from which this country has suffered. The latter has the ear of the populace because the populace remembers the depression better than the prosperity. But does that mean that the man is right who claims that the industrialist, the financier, the farmer have failed—that it will require the great power of the Government to straighten things out?

BOTH, the conservative and the liberal, it would seem, are not to be trusted too much because each one of them stands on one foot only. One sees only the darkness, the other only the light; however, it requires the earth's complete rotation on its axis to make a full "day" of twenty-four hours. What both—the

conservative as well as the liberal—do not throw into each other's face is the fact that this country has made progress in spite of its depressions; that it has not progressed enough to keep away from depression; in other words, that both are right and both are wrong, depending upon the approach you choose. If the early settlers did not, with all the tremendous advantages at their disposal, create truly a paradise in these United States, if speculation and other excesses followed in their wake, do you want to blame the settlers, or would you not think it fairer to shift the burden onto the weakness, the daring, the gambling character of human nature? On the other hand, I like to think that the enterprise and advertising which sped us into the scramble of "*sauve qui peut*" in October, 1929, were the same which gained us the knock-out decision in the World War in the fifth round.

SO, nobody has to be afraid of the big bad wolf of the NRA. A big flock of sheep will attract a great many wolves. And a great national emergency will bring about drastic measures. But as the emergency wanes and loses in intensity, so will the good doctor "Eisenbart" cut down on his medicine. Where the NRA first thought it a good thing to fix prices, it has now found out that business is not being done in paragraphs. Where it meant to cleanse competitive customs, it is being told that the only worthwhile custom in business is to "get that order." That is the approved method.

All the misery of the past four years cannot do away with the fact that the country is still standing on the pillars of individual enterprise. It is true that the Government has offered a plan which the country might adopt for its future course. It must not be forgotten, however, that the people have not yet decided either in favor or against this plan. The farmer accepts the bonus and rental payments without believing in the blessings of crop reduction. The financier nods his agreement with the Securities Act without putting his funds on the market. The industrialist complies with code regulations without going out of his way to pay the highest possible wages or give the largest possible employment.

Behind these—the farmer, the banker, the manufacturer—stands the tradition of a land of tremendous opportunities. Before the Blue Eagle can slip through the keyhole and face these men and clip their dreams and hopes and ambitions, he will have to clip his own wings.

Re-Silvering *the* Silver Screen

By

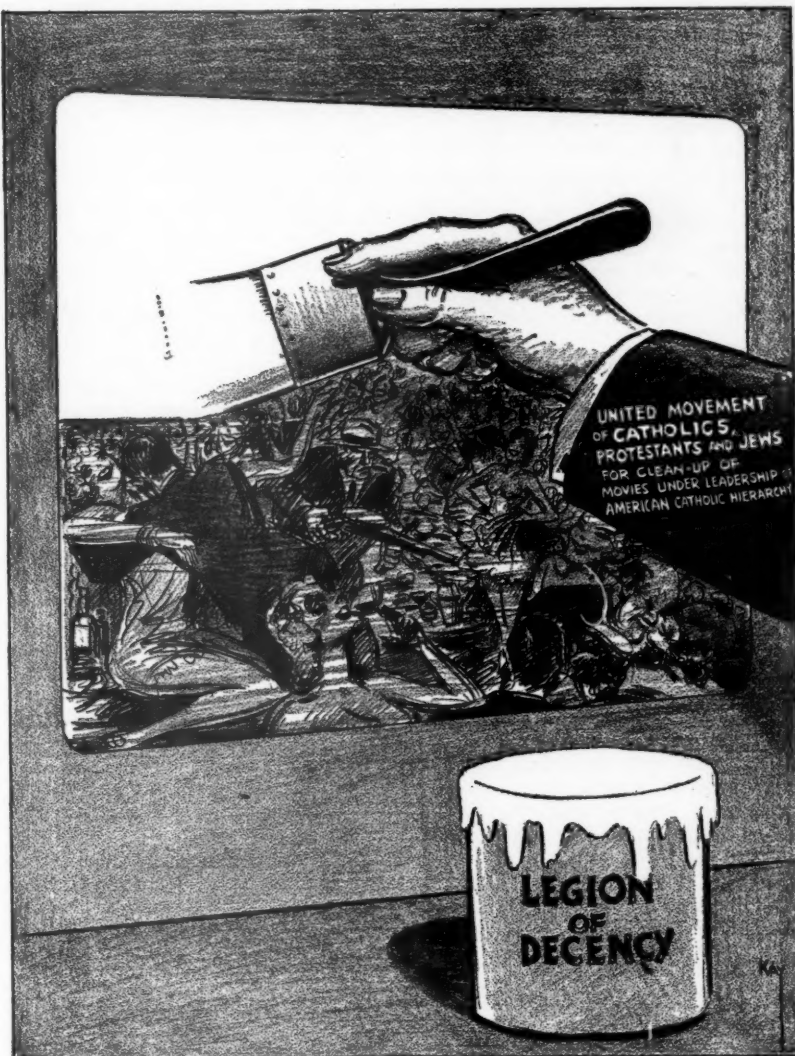
Nicholas Lawlor

THE progress of the Legion of Decency is a striking illustration of what can be accomplished by intelligent and consistent organization and leadership. The united front shown by "an aroused and vigilant" American hierarchy in the matter of cleaning up the movies has served to convince the greedy and ignorant picture producers of Hollywood that decent Americans finally mean business.

"Hollywood," writes Philip Kinsley in the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, "feels that it is sitting on a volcano, but it does not know just what to do about it. The situation is generally regarded as the most serious the industry has ever faced."

"What scared them (the producers) as they have never been scared before," remarks Edward Angly, in a series of articles on the movies, in *The Literary Digest*, "when the Roman Catholic hierarchy advocated hitting them in the most sensitive spot—boxoffice—was not only the fact that there are more than twenty million Catholics in the United States, but that the Catholic Church, like the American film, is universal. Like the cameras of Hollywood the Catholic Bishops can make shots which will be heard around the world." With fear chilling their unfeeling hearts and consternation driving their moronic intellects into panic, they recall only too well that: "The Catholic Bishops have sought no place in Hollywood, no censorship board, they were not looking for eight thousand dollar a year contracts around the studios as advisors, social-minded previewers or speech makers. They have refrained, and hope to continue refraining, from blacklisting pictures, though there are some white and black lists popping up from Catholic lay organizations. And when it comes to waiting they know how to hang on. The memory of the Catholic Church, history proves, is more than elephantine."

Irene Kuhn, in a feature article for the *World-Telegram* of New York, describing the "bitter war between the billion dollar film industry and the nation's churches," says that panic is riding in the studios and executive offices of Hollywood. "The twenty million Catholics in America live, for the most part, in the metropolitan centers, in the 'key' cities from which the first-run pic-



ture money comes. Their absence from picture theatres can put every studio deeper into the red than the depression and the financial capers of the past years have done. Should they be joined in the boycott by thousands upon thousands of Protestants and Jews, bankruptcy and ruin lie ahead."

Reeling from the blows already landed by the Legion of Decency, the movie "magnats" are now frantically grabbing at any straw that may uphold them and, at the same time, be useful in placating the Bishops. According to a late Associated Press Dispatch from Rome, Darryl Zanuck, chief of producers in the Twentieth Century Motion Picture Company, has cabled the Motion Picture Producers' Association for authorization to seek an audience with the Pope. His representative is reported

as having arrived in Rome some twenty-four hours after Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, who is one of the staunchest supporters of the Legion of Decency, and the first American prelate to declare a boycott.

IT IS passing strange that the producers, with all their vaunted sense of business acumen, cannot yet understand that "leaders in an organization which has been keeping its eye on morals for a couple of thousand years are militantly demanding that the producers live up to the code they imposed upon themselves with such pious pretensions four years ago," and that no amount of sugary promises or protestations of innocence can suffice. As Irene Kuhn's article sagely remarks: "It is obvious that the studios do not realize yet the strength

of the Catholic boycott. Only last week a Hollywood producer suggested that two million dollars be raised by picture executives to lick the Catholic opposition. . . . The boycott, general in the Philadelphia diocese, which includes all of Eastern Pennsylvania, is the result of a pledge, signed by 500,000 Catholics with 500,000 being lined up, not to see any motion pictures at all until the industry disinfects its entire product. So effective has been this boycott during the two weeks it has been in operation, that one of the largest Hollywood motion picture companies has frantically petitioned the Hays' office, still nominally the go-between, 'to do something' before they are forced to close twenty of their theatres in Philadelphia."

CHARACTERISTICALLY, the producers have shoved blame and burden on the frail shoulders of America's champion deceiver in moral questions—Deacon Will Hays. That oily gentleman has dashed to Hollywood, amid a blaze of publicity, "to inspect the soiled celluloid of the film industry." In a statement issued by his office, after an initial survey, we are informed that "this is a serious situation. It means the bread and butter of a lot of producers and we have got to clean up and straighten the mess out."

Poor Deacon Hays is fooling no one but himself. He can burn the midnight oil by the barrel in composing "statements" and "programs," but all will be to no purpose as far as the Bishops are concerned. Persuasive palaver, of which he is a past master, is no longer being listened to. His representative, Mr. Joseph I. Breen, Hays' No. 1 man, who attended the meeting of the Bishops in Cincinnati, must have discovered that already, to his chagrin.

"The Bishops' Committee," reports Mr. Angly, "lent Mr. Breen their ears, but they also told him a thing or two. He came away from Cincinnati feeling that the Bishops were disposed to give the industry an opportunity of several months' duration to make good on its promises before exerting all the punitive strength inherent in the Legion of Decency." Not only are the Bishops finished with Mr. Hays and his cheap methods, but some of the exhibitors are complaining to the producers about him.

Variety, in a long article describing the woes of the exhibitors, says: "Of the national independent exhibitor organizations, Allied States Association, so far, has been the only one to hold Hays responsible for the trouble. In a current broadcast it states: 'Heretofore trouble has broken out only in spots, and by throwing the reserves into the trouble zones Hays has always managed to come out on top. It has been easy to beat down the opposition of an occasional religious or civic organization, or

to control the action of a legislative committee, but the public is hard to lick—there are too darned many of them.

"If Hays sought to curb the present activities of the Catholic Church, the League of Decency, the Motion Picture Research Council, the Federal Motion Picture Council in America and others too numerous to mention, he would not know where to start. Not only is there not enough money in the war chest to cope with such opposition, but it wouldn't do any good. Charlie Pettijohn and Governor Milliken and Mrs. Winter cannot bore from within because, for once, they are on the outside looking in."

The publicity and favorable comment granted to the campaign of the Legion of Decency by the Press of the country has been, in the main, exceptionally encouraging. *The Evening Post* of New York points to the fact that "not all motion pictures are pernicious, but, unfortunately, a large enough proportion is to make this protest justified."

The Detroit Free Press is heartily in favor of the Legion of Decency which, although organized within a single religious denomination, is a movement "of a sort that calls for coöperation from all people who desire to see respectable standards of cleanliness and morality reestablished and maintained in America and the land saved from degradation."

Meanwhile the Catholics have been joined by numerous Protestant and Jewish organizations. Dr. Sidney E. Goldstein, representative of the Central Council of American Rabbis and Chairman of a committee of Jewish ministers throughout the country who are in sympathy with the aims of the Catholic Legion of Decency, in a speech delivered at the Rectory of Holy Cross Church in New York City, said: "As Jews, we are more interested than others in the endeavor to make sure that only wholesome pictures are shown in American theatres, since, as is generally known, so large a part of the persons in the motion picture industry are Jewish. If motion pictures are not kept unobjectionable, it is a species of national disgrace for us, in so far as Jews are responsible. We of the Jewish ministry are, therefore, particularly anxious to remedy the present condition."

PROTESTANT denominations all over the country are urging their followers to join the Catholic Legion of Decency. And on the Catholic side, the Legion gains strength each day, as diocese after diocese falls into line with thousands of pledges signed by the faithful. *The Motion Picture Herald*, a trade publication, reports that the movie accounts since May 1 have fallen off 12% from 1933 figures.

Dr. Harold L. Campbell, Superintendent of the New York City schools, declared: "While we in the schools are struggling along with inadequate appropriation for visual instruction, millions of dollars are being spent to produce and exhibit in theatres, attended by children, films of the very worst description. We know that children are being 'educated' during every hour of the day—as much, perhaps, while they are out of school as while they are in school."

Archbishop McNicholas, in an interview with the newspapermen after the meeting in Cincinnati, stated: "The Catholic Church has always been known for its liberality on the question of entertainment. The campaign now under way for cleaner motion pictures has not come about from an overnight decision. For years we have recognized the constant addition of bolder and bolder liberties on the screen. It is not the purpose of the Church to be fussy, nor to meddle in business affairs. However, we recognize the present need for a crusade for improvement in pictures, which are a common form of entertainment for adults and children. To let the makers of pictures go along unchecked would be to allow a still deeper drop of morals."

DESPITE their bravado and apparent confidence, the producers are pleading for quarter, the right to which they have long since forfeited by their stubborn and stupid insistence that the public wants filth. Already they have retreated, although only slightly, on the question of block-booking. Ten of the larger producing concerns have announced that they will grant to exhibitors the right to refuse for exhibition any of their motion pictures released prior to July 15, 1934, against which there is a general protest on moral grounds.

Will Hays, in his latest pronouncement, asserts: "There is but one answer to reasonable objections to pictures, and that is the pictures themselves. The American public and the motion picture industry have everything to gain from a sincere movement which works for the proper selection of motion picture entertainment. The current criticism has the very significant value of encouraging the spirit of good pictures of the right kind. The product to be released this fall will deserve this discriminating support."

To this attempt at conciliation, the words of Archbishop McNicholas, the foremost leader in the Legion of Decency drive, may well be applied: "There is promise in this but, at the same time, the Church must be vigilant." Hays' promises in the past have been a tissue of deceit. If he is still running true to form "there is nothing to do but continue aggressive action."

WHY HERESY-HUNT?

THE poor jaded journalists use the phrase "Heresy-Hunt," not because it has anything whatever to do with the practical problem of the hour; but because they think it is still possible to play to the gallery with the anti-clerical claptrap of nearly a hundred years ago. It is an example in which our critics, on many topics, go out of their way to use old-fashioned terms in order to suggest that we, and not they, are old-fashioned.

By G. K. Chesterton

IT is simply a fact of modern life, to be recognized like a fashion in hats or other objective objects, that those who talk most about old superstitions are themselves very superstitious and generally tolerably old. It applies to all sorts of social questions, and it is only an accident that the special charge of superstition is generally found in the department of religion.

The curious case I refer to here does happen to be connected with religion; but not very much with my religion. Naturally my position is neither that of Canon Raven nor of Lord Hugh Cecil nor of Professor Jacks. If I were only concerned to defend my own position, it might well serve my purpose better to prove to Lord Hugh Cecil that he had no particular right to distinguish himself from Professor Jacks.

But I am not concerned with theological controversy, but only with contemporary observation; and, in other fields besides this one, there is in fact this curious tendency for very old-fashioned things and people to rebuke us Catholics for being old-fashioned.

Thus, in economics, Capitalism still boasts of being practical, though it has just collapsed in practice; thus in politics Liberalism still boasts of being progressive, though nobody has a notion of where it will progress or proceed to next; thus the Darwinian science of the nineteenth century still sustains the desperate bluff that it is newer than the non-Darwinian science of the twentieth century; and thus Professor Jacks, admirable as a man of letters and a human being, has to pretend as an official that he has disposed of the whole Catholic and Anglo-Catholic movement in Europe and England by saying that, "A religion that cannot get on without the creed of Nicæa is a dying religion." If I wished to exchange such compliments, I could make out a much better case for Unitarianism being a dying religion than he could in the case of Catholicism.

But I am interested in the thing as a

curious current fashion, I might say a current cant. One mark of it, in all its moods—economic, ethical, or political—is a queer taste for a stale and stodgy sort of stock phrases that do not really describe the present problem, though they may have described certain past problems.

They are supposed to smell of some old offense or other; of something that is still supposed to be unpopular, or to have been once unpopular; they have not the freshness of things specially fitted for the fact of the hour. They appeal to some old prejudice, especially a prejudice against a prejudice. But they have simply nothing to do with the practical problem of the moment; even if the persons censured are prejudiced—or are prejudicial.

The professors of novelty blame us for using an old creed; but they themselves invariably use an old curse, an anathema or excommunication that has been meaningless for at least a hundred years.

Here is a glaring instance. Anglican authorities objected to an Anglican cathedral being used for the sermons of distinguished Unitarians. And the progressive Press instantly rushed into print, in large letters, with the phrase that it was "A Heresy-Hunt." The phrase has nothing in the world to do with the situation, whichever view we take of it. It is simply a perfect instance of bringing out a rusty old weapon, from the museum rather than the armory; in the hope that the rust may be repellent or the unfamiliar shape look like an instrument of torture.

They might just as well accuse Lord Hugh Cecil of burning Unitarians at the stake.

A Heresy-Hunt may be a good thing or a bad thing; it was a name once given to something that some Catholics did and some Calvinists continued to do, down to very recent times, especially in Scotland. It meant examining men supposed to be orthodox to see whether they

were not secretly heterodox. But, in Scotland, for instance, the whole point of it was that the Presbyterian professed to be a Presbyterian; but the Elders or the Assembly wanted to know whether he was as Presbyterian as he professed to be. It is a thing obviously very liable to abuse, through suspicion or private prejudice.

On the other hand, there was an intellectual case for it; which is rather too intellectual for broad-minded people to understand. It does sometimes happen that a cause is secretly and silently betrayed from within. We have all seen men called lifelong Socialists who employed all their long lives in making concessions to the Capitalists.

BUT, good or bad, a Heresy-Hunt has no conceivable connection with the affair of the Unitarian at Liverpool. You do not need to "hunt" for the difference between a Unitarian and a Trinitarian. It is proclaimed by the Unitarian himself in the very name of Unitarianism. Why did they call themselves Unitarians, if they did not mean that they had a different and definite doctrine about the supreme subject of the nature of God? To accuse those who affirm the difference of merely nosing about to find a fine shade of heresy, is simply nonsense.

The difference existed; it had existed for at least two hundred years; and it was not a fine shade. Now I can easily imagine a case being made for Anglicans or anybody else arranging a series of lectures by leaders of the religions outside their Church; though perhaps the lectures would look more tasteful in a lecture-hall than in a cathedral. I can imagine people asking the Grand Mufti to give an account of Mohammedanism, or the Lama of Tibet to give an account of Buddhism, or Professor Jacks to give an account of Unitarianism. But it is absurd, in the face of human history, to talk about starting a malicious and inquisitive Heresy-Hunt, in order to find out whether a Moslem differs from a

Christian. It is ludicrous to think of hunting the Lama through the wilds of Tibet, in order to catch him and cross-examine him about whether he really is a member of the Church of England.

The poor jaded journalists use the

phrase "Heresy-Hunt," not because it has anything whatever to do with the practical problem of the hour; but because they think it is still possible to play to the gallery with the anti-clerical claptrap of nearly a hundred years ago.

But I do not insist here on the religious aspect of the controversy; I merely note it as an example in which our critics, on many topics, go out of their way to use old-fashioned terms in order to suggest that we, and not they, are old-fashioned.

The Brightness of Black

Pope Pius XI Appraises the Harmony of Differences

By Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J., Ph.D.

RUSKIN called color "the type of love." Ethnically considered, why may this thought not remain the same? Why should a sable skin-tint arouse the irascible rather than appeal to the tender in us? It has been said that all good color is pensive, and the fairest is melancholic. If so, is there not an allure of its own in the cooler, darker pigments of Ethiopia; and a relief from the sunny sameness of Caucasia? The Artist Supreme must have provided well, when He moulded different racial types on a basis of identity; and prejudice, insofar as it is inspired by facial hue, argues a lack of appreciation of humanly artistic values. If dusk affords the contrast that makes the day fairer, the latter furnishes the same note that renders the night lovelier. Like all things else, humanity must have variety or lose beauty.

All this is an unnecessary, if suggestive, prelude to an expression of the mind and heart of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, the earthly Vicar of Christ, on the subject of color.

At a recent Vatican interview, the Father of Christendom revealed his affection for "our brother in black" and his appreciation of his especial virtues and possibilities. From his coign of vantage, he looks out on his children and, appreciating the unity of humanity, appraises the harmony of differences. He pronounces all the Maker's works good, and only the misinterpretations and maladjustments of men evil. His particular vision of Ethiopia is of vital import; not only to the Christian fold, but to the world at large.

Back in boyhood days, grace combined with a certain book to focus and mellow this elected one's outlook on the race situation. The book was none other than that illimitably translated work, which proved strong enough to sunder chains: *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. How far-reaching are the effects of Harriet Beecher Stowe's soul-stirring? Even at this late day, it is quickening the emotions

of the very Vicar of Christ. For, with the years, His Holiness' dream of the completion of Lincoln's labor, by a withdrawal of the chains that still encoil the African spirit, has become a waking and breathing mood and aim. Today, he may well be called the most significant friend of the Negro in the world.

He keeps in constant touch with African seminarians and priests and understands the historical circumstances of the present plight of the colored; par-

ticularly the social disabilities under which our black brothers languish in America. Surely he grieves that, in a land like ours, devoted to ideals of freedom, there should be so many obstacles in the Negro's path to fulfillment; and his pity must be increased by the fact that he is convinced, from his scholarly researches and reflections, of the original greatness of the African race. Incidentally, it is not so well known as it should be, that His Holiness has been instigating and subsidizing enterprises in the Dark Continent which already demonstrate, with the specimens of Stone Age implements unearthed, that early African civilization was not only equal to, but in advance of, other types.

NEGRO scholars have been rightly indignant that recorded history has been in the nature of a conspiracy against African worth, and that a sin of silence has been generally committed against the more presentable Ethiopian facts. At the fair example of His Holiness, delving for the gold of truth and so inspiring his sons and daughters to do the same, their feelings should be much relieved. What earnestly Catholic mind would blind itself to Negro possibilities, in the light of the able African past, so freely accredited by the Father of Christendom? What true Catholic heart could close itself against a people tragically fallen from an olden splendor and made, through an interminable night, to tread the wine-press? What Christian hand can refuse to lend itself to the ideal of ending this bitter exile from human appreciation and consideration?

PERTINENTLY, one recalls, from the classical myths, how the gods of Olympus revelled in the delight of Ethiopia; and, therefore, one readily infers that, back in prehistoric times, when Europe was sleeping and Asia was only semi-awake, a cultural life and quest pulsed in the vast Southern realm. The alleged darkness might indeed have primarily been a reign of light. According to the Greek tale of Phæthon it was a very excess of light that caused the hue of the Ethiopian cheek; for when the luckless son of Apollo and the nymph Clymene tried to drive the chariot of the Sun and the reins fell from his eager but unskilled hands, and the fiery steeds, in their mad course through the heavens, dipped too close to earth, the blood of Ethiopians was called by the heat of light so suddenly to the surface that the skin turned black. This myth is not without its ethnological message: it well indicates that the ancients traced color to no human inferiority and treated it as superficial. And such an inference accords with His Holiness' expressed belief that the African civilization of old was by no means of lowly degree.

The fact that early Africa "first domesticated the sheep, goat and cow,

developed the idea of trial by jury, produced the first stringed instruments, and gave the world its greatest boon in the discovery of iron" (*The Miseducation of the Negro*, Woodson, p. 21), combines with many another argument, all too little realized or advanced, to strengthen the proposition that the by-gone African estate was far from humble.

However, it is in the field of Philology that the Holy Father finds special proof of the ascendancy of the race in earlier days. He is satisfied that most of the ancient African languages belong to the superior Semitic group; and, inasmuch as a superior tongue argues a superior development, the popular notion of Africans groping in utter darkness from the start would be manifestly false.

The present Ethiopian status, then, must be the result of historical adversity rather than native lack of culture; and the possibility that, with the removal or amelioration of malign factors, the ancient glory of the race could again obtain, sparkingly appears.

NEGRO scholars have been rightly indignant that recorded history has been in the nature of a conspiracy against African worth, and that a sin of silence has been generally committed against the more presentable Ethiopian facts. At the fair example of His Holiness, delving for the gold of truth and so inspiring his sons and daughters to do the same, their feelings should be much relieved. What earnestly Catholic mind would blind itself to Negro possibilities, in the light of the able African past, so freely accredited by the Father of Christendom? What true Catholic heart could close itself against a people tragically fallen from an olden splendor and made, through an interminable night, to tread the winepress? What Christian hand can refuse to lend itself to the ideal of ending this bitter exile from human appreciation and consideration?

His Holiness is delighted to learn that, right in the American city where the centre of the slave-traffic was once to be found, a fair monument has lately risen in atonement for the past and in earnest hope of a bright Negro future—Mother Katherine Drexel's foundation, the Colored Catholic University of the United States. With his conviction that, given the proper facilities, opportunities and stimulation, the race can shed its present restrictions and assume its ancient prestige, he is confident that Xavier University is destined to play a stellar rôle; and so he pronounces God's blessing on the noble purpose of the foundation and foretells an abundance of merits and graces for all those who have made this Catholic contribution to the future of Afro-America possible,

In a special manner he blesses Mother Katherine and her Sisterhood, all the students of Xavier University, all their efforts and undertakings, and all those associated in the heavenly purpose of the great liberation and awakening.

The evidence from the interview was that His Holiness equally knows and loves the subject on which he spoke, and that it was really the dignity and merit of the Negro cause which inspired him to dwell at such length on the question of color and the educational path to Negro fulfillment, the fruits of which are guaranteed in the earlier chapters of the story of African development and attainment. No mere transcript of his interview could convey the intonation of his voice, the lustre in his eye, the *obiter*

dicta, and the other notes which so eloquently proved that his heart was in his utterances, and that the successor of Saint Peter is, indeed, the mouthpiece of Christ in his esteem and consideration for those on whom the folly and pride of the world have elected to look askance.

Over the sea of time, Rome has come to extend her hand to yesterday's lowly ones and to welcome them to a higher culture even than that of their brilliant past in the days when Europe was still lost in the pre-historic dark. It remains for America to follow this apostolic and humanitarian leadership; seeking the merits of Ethiopia, amending social attitudes, helping to restore that which was lost, and solving the color-question with the only solution—Love.

The Eighth Station

By Matthew Richardson

DAUGHTERS of Salem, weep not over me.
Rather for your own children mourn and cry.
My People, if this Wood be your green tree,
Then what will be your dry?
The Day shall come—

Alas, thou burning City,

Thy thousand crosses on the midnight sky! . . .
O wailing mothers, here's the Heart of Pity
For all who come to dying! He must die.

DIE, and our God! Yes, you who deny,
Mock not His claim with your homage of pity.
Call it imposture, let Him go by;
Call it delusion, and let Him die.

Lord, canst Thou bear their pity, their shame,
Bear their delusion, bear their imposture,
Who to deny Thy holiest claim,
Shoot from the shelter of Thy Name?

Through Thy death all these were hired,
Set to guide Thy chosen People.
Lord, of such Thy People are tired;
They shall depart, and not be desired.

But Thy Children: Lord, for the pain,
Prayers and tears of chosen women
Following Thee in Thy Mother's train,
Do not pity Thy Children in vain.

O My God, to the leaderless rout
Speak not in unavailing compassion!
Here, for the last time turning about,
Look to the Temple that thrust Thee out!

NO lovely innocence
But calls to mind Thy Cross.
Our children shame us by their confidence;
We pity them for loving us.
O may our life record
Some memory after death
To breathe with fragrant thoughts of Mary! Lord,
Pity us, think of Nazareth.

FACT NOT GUESS

The First Year's Balance Sheet of the New Deal

By George Rypins

DEBIT

ARMAMENTS. The Government signed contracts calling for construction of armaments valued at \$220,000,000.

BANKS. The ultimate loss which the people suffered in trusting their money to the banks, is put at two-and-a-half billion dollars, or about 35c. on each dollar of all deposits in closed banks.

DEBT. The National Debt reached a new all-time record of more than 27 billion dollars.

DEFICIT. The Federal Government closed the fiscal year with a deficit of nearly four billion dollars on its books. Since March, 1933, the National Debt has increased by more than five billion dollars of which at least 70 per cent has been advanced by the banks.

GOLD. This country imported during the first 6 months of the current year 800 million dollars' worth of gold, thereby depriving other countries which need the precious metal more urgently than the United States.

GOVERNMENT. The number of Government employees rose from 917,000 in March, 1933, to 1,570,000 last April.

LIVING COST. Today, the people pay over 10 per cent more for the necessities of life than they did a year ago.

NIRA. The National Recovery Administration abolished price-fixing and the fair-trade practice control, so important for the orderly planning and execution of economic activity.

PUBLIC WORKS. While the PWA allotted all of its 3.3 billion dollar fund, only about one-third has actually been spent, which indicates slow progress of the public works plan.

TAXES. Income taxes jumped from 20 to 30 per cent within the year.

WAR DEBTS. Of fifteen countries all but Finland defaulted on their June instalments, and the chances that the United States will be able to collect any considerable sum grow dim and dimmer.

CREDIT

AGRICULTURE. The farmers' cash income in the first four months was 35 per cent above that of a year ago.

AUTOMOBILES. The automobile industry produced in May fully fifty per cent more vehicles than it did in May, 1933.

BANKRUPTCIES. In May, the last month on record, commercial failures were reduced to 977, which is the lowest since January, 1930.

BANKS. Since March 4, 1933, a total of 15,450 banks have been reopened. The Federal Deposit Insurance Law swung into action when the first bank failed (in East Peoria, Ill.) under the new plan; the Government took over the defunct bank, paying the proved claims of all depositors up to \$2,500 each.

CONSTRUCTION. Engineering construction awards during the first half of 1934 totaled more than \$630,000,000, a gain of over 40 per cent when compared with a year ago.

EMPLOYMENT. Over three million persons out of work found employment during the first year under the New Deal.

FOREIGN TRADE. Exports in the first 4 months of the current year were some 290 million dollars higher than a year ago, and imports about 220 million dollars.

HOUSING. Expenditures for housing during 1934 are estimated at 1.5 billion dollars, which compares with 300 million dollars last year.

INCOME. The total income of the Government in the fiscal year was considerably above the three billion mark, while in the preceding fiscal year it totaled only slightly above two billion dollars.

MORTGAGES. The Home Owners Loan Corporation re-financed 290,000 homes at a cost of \$871,000,000.

NEW DEAL. The Literary Digest poll on the New Deal gave President

Roosevelt a majority of 61 per cent out of a total of 1,772,000 votes cast.

PRICES. Since March, 1933, prices advanced 70 per cent, making business profitable again.

PROFITS. Industrial profits in 1933 totaled over a billion dollars, as compared with but 131 million dollars in 1932.

RAILROADS. During the first 4 months of the present year, railroads earned \$145,000,000, against \$54,000,000 a year ago.

RELIEF. In May, 1933, the monthly cost was \$100,000,000 while a year later it had risen to \$297,000,000 when there were 800,000 more families receiving Government support. If these additional millions had not been spent, countless millions of people would have been left in utter distress.

ROAD BUILDING. In the first year of the New Deal, more than 22,000 miles of highways had been either completed or were under construction, at a cost of nearly \$400,000,000.

STEEL. Production of steel in May was 72 per cent higher than a year ago. The improvement in this key industry reflected, of course, upon the general economic situation, just as it did in the case of the automobile industry.

STRIKES. Through the year, nearly 4,000 disputes were arbitrated by the National Labor Board and its branches, returning to work some two million men who would have otherwise lost their jobs.

WAGES. The general wage level throughout the nation is now 20 per cent higher than it was at this time last year.

NOTE. In the above comparison, only the factual side of the balance sheet is considered while the legislative side is too uncertain and controversial to be included as "facts."

Re-Armament and Insecurity in Europe

THE collapse of democratic government in so many European countries has increased instability in international relations, even if it has provided better hope of effective Government in the countries concerned. Foreign policy has become largely dependent upon the aims and demands of dictators or small groups who control the new forms of Government; and the fact that dictatorship has resulted everywhere from a nationalist revival compels the dictators to adopt a more arrogant and defiant attitude towards their neighbors.

By Denis Gwynn

A SUCCESSION of extraordinary events have followed each other during June, which have been received with so much apparent unconcern that it becomes more difficult than ever to discern the probable outlines of future developments. England has formally defaulted on the American debt, although the British Government still professes its anxiety to resume payments as soon as a general reconsideration of all war debts and liabilities has taken place. Germany has since declared a six months' moratorium on all foreign debts, including even the Dawes Loan and the Young Loan—which were raised under American inspiration (as their names clearly indicate)—to restore Germany to her feet financially. Practically every other country has also joined in refusing to pay further installments on the war debts to the United States.

Yet in spite of all these flagrant violations of commercial tradition the London Stock Exchange, with its tradition of acute sensitiveness to such shocks, has shown no signs of alarm. On the contrary the British Government stocks have slightly appreciated; and even the Dawes and Young Loans are actually quoted at a higher figure at the time of writing than they were before the moratorium was declared.

It would be a great mistake, however, to assume that this apparent strength of the Stock Exchange reflects a deep-seated sense of security and confidence in the future. Unfortunately, the opposite deduction seems to be nearer the truth. Vast sums of money are still awaiting investment and the British Government is still able to borrow its Treasury Bills from week to week at less than 1 per cent. The War Loan, amounting to over 10,000 million dollars at the present

rate of exchange, has already been converted without compulsion from 5 per cent to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; and a series of other conversion schemes have since been carried out. Many great corporations have also been able to carry through similar conversion schemes on their debentures or preference shares, knowing that there are many millions of idle capital available which would be quickly invested in sound securities at low rates of interest if the holders of the existing stock should elect to be paid in cash instead of accepting new bonds bearing a lower rate of dividend.

In England, employment has been gradually increasing; and the total of unemployed has been steadily declining, until it now stands at not much over 2 millions as compared with almost 3 millions a couple of years ago. There has been a slow but consistent improvement in trade activity with rising prices. But there is still very little sign of increased investment in new enterprises. So many industries had been working under capacity that the revival as yet has done little more than restore a more normal rate of activity in factories and business houses which had previously been working at a loss. The recent improvement in the market price of Government stocks is rather a sign that big money is once more being invested in them for safety, by people who had been thinking of spending more freely on industrial or commercial enterprise.

As for the German Loans, the sudden rally in their market price after the brief panic which followed after the German moratorium was announced, is chiefly due to the threat by the British Government that it will impound all payments due to Germany in trade, and deduct the

interest on the German Loans as a first charge upon the amounts which can be collected. It is apparently the same method which the British Government has adopted in regard to Mr. de Valera's refusal to pay the Irish Land annuities. Severe special tariffs on Irish imports have yielded a considerable revenue to the British Exchequer; and the official figures show that virtually the whole sum due last year has been collected by the Irish duties in that way.

The British Government still appears to be convinced that it is worth while collecting revenue in this way, even by instituting a "tariff war" which has gravely reduced British exports to Ireland and has created intensely bitter feeling between the two countries. If the same plan is to be tried against Germany we can only expect a similar shrinkage of British exports to Germany, and a further set-back to trade recovery just when the prospects of real revival seemed more bright.

Meanwhile a much greater element of uncertainty has been introduced by the failure of the Disarmament Conference and the subsequent meeting between Mussolini and Hitler. The Disarmament Conference has somehow contrived to avoid the final breakdown which was expected a few weeks ago. It is apparently kept alive only by the reluctance of all parties concerned to assume responsibility for destroying it. Its achievements up to date have been absolutely nil. It has certainly not restrained the Powers concerned in it from increasing their present armaments, or from preparing to increase them much further. On the contrary all countries are beginning to re-arm in earnest. It is even felt that it may be better for the Disarmament Conference to go out of being, so

that the world may be forced to face the realities of the new situation.

There is no longer any pretence at hiding the fact that Germany has begun to re-arm as rapidly as she can. The chief effort of the Disarmament Conference has been to try and persuade Germany to delay her preparations for re-armament while the other countries argued among themselves about reducing their own armaments down to the German level. The main difficulty lay in persuading France to agree to such disarmament; and France has refused absolutely to risk reducing her armaments while the present régime in Germany continues. Anybody who has followed the discussions and negotiations must sympathize strongly with Germany's refusal to submit to such a position. But the plain fact remains that Germany's decision to re-arm has started all the other countries re-arming. And once that process starts—as it has now started in earnest—each country is obliged to equip itself with forces equal to any emergency which it may have to face.

England, for instance, had gone much further than any other country in Europe in reducing its armaments. It could safely do so during the period since the war; and it would be absurd to claim that British policy, in giving a lead to the other countries in actual disarmament, was the result of any greater desire for peace than is to be found elsewhere. But when France begins to increase her armaments with the deliberate intention of arming faster than Germany can arm, it becomes impossible for her neighbors to disregard that situation. England is no longer protected to the same extent as in former times by her island frontiers. She is exposed to air bombardment within a few hours, or less, from either Germany or France. If war between France and Germany should result again (as would be almost inevitable) in Belgium or Holland being turned into a battlefield, she would be exposed still more nearly to possible attack from Germany.

STILL more alarming is the problem of defending British ships against attacks from the air. Not only the fleet in home waters but the whole shipping upon which England depends for her supplies from day to day would be at the mercy of attacks from the air. Yet the British air force has been reduced to a level far below that of other European Powers. No British Government, no matter of what political complexion, could allow that danger to continue once re-armament begins in Europe; and the present Government has already announced its plans for an immediate increase of the British Air Force, which will double its strength within five years, if the Disarmament Conference

breaks down without reaching effective agreement.

This is only one symptom of the general movement towards re-armament. Mussolini has suddenly announced that the Italian Navy is to be increased by the inclusion of two great battleships of 35,000 tons. Hitherto Italy has had no battleships of that size. Mussolini is not the man to spend such vast sums for purely spectacular purposes. If he means to add two battleships to his fleet in the Mediterranean it is not difficult to imagine what they are intended for.

ALL through Europe the same process of increasing armaments is already beginning. Poland and Germany have signed a pact to keep the peace, and not to quarrel about the Polish corridor or similar questions, for the next ten years. But when Germany begins to increase her army Poland also must feel obliged to increase hers. And when Poland increases her army, Czecho-Slovakia must increase hers. Then Jugo-Slavia and Roumania and Bulgaria must all follow suit; while Italy cannot allow any disturbance of the present balance in the Balkans without considering what its effect on her own military position must be.

Yet if Italy tries to prevent re-armament in the Balkans, she is met with the argument that Turkey is becoming a more serious menace to the Balkan nations than before. Nor can this be denied: for the Turks have quite lately been insisting upon their right to reconstruct the fortifications at the Dardanelles which were demolished by international agreement after 1918. The response to these requests from Turkey has also been symptomatic. When the Great War ended, Turkey had been driven clean out of Europe and nobody expected that within a few years the Greek occupation of Asia Minor would have been extinguished by Mustapha Kemal in a sanguinary debacle. Even then, Russia was regarded as the common enemy of all civilized peoples. But in the past few months Russia has been acclaimed as the possible savior of peace in Europe. For years it was unthinkable that Russia should be admitted to the League of Nations on equal terms. Today she is being begged to join the League, in the hope that her example will bring back Germany, and perhaps even persuade the United States as well as Japan to come in. But the question of Russia's outlet into the Mediterranean is intimately involved in any decision about Turkey's re-armament of the Dardanelles; and once again that old problem seems likely to produce a conflict of interests in Europe.

These are only examples of how enormously complicated is the European situation if once the old game of rival armaments and rival alliances is re-

sumed. It is almost as difficult in England as in the United States to believe that any country really desires re-armament for its own sake. But when Hitler is drilling every boy and young man in Germany in the use of arms, when Mussolini begins to build battleships for his Mediterranean fleet, it is not easy to feel convinced that these measures are really compelled by France's superiority in the air and in submarines. To apportion blame or praise is utterly futile. The fact remains that Europe is rapidly preparing for future wars, without any clear notion as to where or why the next war is to be fought. Fear of invasion in France, and the determination of Germany and of Italy to rise to a position of equality with the greatest Powers, are the root causes of all the present unrest and anxiety, which can only increase.

The meeting between Mussolini and Hitler in Venice has been one of the most important events since the Great War ended in 1918, yet nobody can say what has resulted from their meeting. There has probably been no such spectacular occasion in any country for many years. A few months ago Italy had thrown all her weight against Germany when Austria was threatened with an internal collapse which would have enabled Germany to annex her territory. Dollfuss in Vienna succeeded in establishing his authority on a most precarious basis, with the help of immense outside pressure. Had Austria's independence been extinguished, Italy would have been confronted with an immediate and permanent menace from across the Alps; and Italy joined with France in guaranteeing Austria's right to have a separate existence. The temporary set-back to Hitler's dreams of a Pan-German State was so severe that he sought the opportunity of a friendly conference with the Italian Duce: and the meeting in Venice has been a new landmark in post-war history. But the two leaders met in absolute privacy, without the presence even of an interpreter, although Mussolini speaks German with difficulty; and only guess-work can indicate what conclusions, if any, were reached between them.

WHAT indeed could be more dramatic than this secret colloquy between two men, both young still, who were without any authority whatever at the time the Great War ended. Both had served only in the ranks in the Great War. Mussolini is the son of a blacksmith, who made his name before 1914 as an extreme socialist in northern Italy, before he was inflamed by a passion of nationalist fervor in 1915 which made him the Socialist champion of Italy's intervention in the war. Hitler is a former house-painter, who has risen to be Chancellor of a new Germany by sheer force of personal leadership among the

working class. Both men are, in the ordinary sense, uneducated. Hitler is still almost untrained in political responsibility, whereas Mussolini has shown in the ten years of his dictatorship that he possesses an amazing genius for realistic diplomacy. The one characteristic common to both, apart from their absolute sincerity and their power of leadership, is the absolute faith of each in the genius of his own country.

BOTH men personify the national revival of their own peoples. Even the ex-Kaiser, in a recent interview, has paid full tribute to the genius of Adolf Hitler in renewing the confidence and the courage of a new Germany which has ceased to venerate the feudal traditions of twenty years ago. So Hitler came to Venice as the Great Demagogue. But Mussolini appears to have determined to show all the world that he himself was second to none in his power of swaying enormous crowds. His speech to the multitudes in the famous Square is said to have surpassed anything previously seen in its power of exciting crowds to a frenzy of enthusiasm. It ended with the memorable question, "Tell me, do you find that after eleven years since the Fascist march on Rome, my voice has altered in its tone?" From a window alongside, Hitler surveyed the Italian crowd, and could compare the impression made by the Duce with the effect which he has so often witnessed at his own orations in Germany.

Next morning, there were headlines in the newspapers announcing that the two dictators had reached agreements of immense consequence for the world's peace. But no one can say yet what agreement, if any, was actually reached. Certainly there could be nothing which could be translated into terms of a concrete alliance until much fuller consultations had ensued. But Mussolini's speech, with all its insistence upon the desire of both Italy and Germany to establish peace, was scarcely reassuring. Its theme was the familiar exaltation of the historic greatness of the Italian people, and a triumphant reminder of how both a war and a revolution had been necessary to convert the dream into reality. His ten years of dictatorship had, he claimed, been simply a continuation and development of the March on Rome. For the future, Italy would never cease to "defend the greatness of the Italian people," and that defence, if it could not be achieved by peaceful negotiation, would be accomplished by "the song of our machine-guns."

Whether such speeches mean anything remains to be seen. For the present they only serve to explain re-armament. The "defence" of national greatness in Italy means something very different to what is meant by "defence" in France. The French have suffered invasion of their

Eastern frontier twice within living memory; and when they talk of defence they mean nothing more nor less than securing that Germany shall not be able to overrun their territory again. But Mussolini has all through been the prophet of a national revival, and he claims that Italy is entitled to a much greater place in the world than she has held for centuries. He recalls openly and without the slightest hesitation the memories of Imperial Rome; and in practice everybody knows that his immediate objective is to increase Italian jurisdiction in Northern Africa, and before long, the recovery to Italy of France's southeastern provinces in Savoy and along the Riviera. Modern Italy itself dates only from 1870, and Mussolini feels that he will have been a very feeble leader of his people if Italy has not become a considerably larger and more powerful country before his own guidance of her destiny has terminated.

In practice, that means that he challenges France's control in Northern Africa, especially in and around Tunis. Equally, he is determined to preserve Austria's independence as a buffer state between Italy and Germany. His new battleships are quite obviously a threat to France in the Mediterranean. To that extent, he has had common ground with Germany as an adversary of France; and he and Hitler have had many points of contact as successful leaders of revolutionary agitation in their own countries. But it is impossible to find any solid basis for permanent agreement between the ideal of the two leaders, each desiring and claiming the right to national expansion, when their interests are so obviously in conflict over Austria. The most one can hope is that an absolutely frank exchange of ideas and discussion of difficulties will have produced a truce over Austria which will gain time before the race of re-armament develops.

FROM the more detached standpoint of England, and still more of the United States, what is the ordinary man to make of the new situation? No disturbance of the Peace Treaties can be contemplated without facing explosions in many directions. Yet the Versailles Treaty was grossly unjust to Germany, and the Treaty of the Trianon was grossly unjust to Austria. Italy gained far more than she was entitled to receive at Austria's expense; yet Italy now claims still greater expansion at the cost of her neighbors. It is not surprising that convulsions have occurred in Germany, and Hitler will be a very great man indeed if he can control the highly dangerous situation which he has created by his reckless defiance. It will be a miracle if Germany can produce another dictator who can last as long, and show

the same power of statesmanship, as Mussolini in Italy. One could wish that there were any clear evidence in the results of their meeting at Venice to show that he and Mussolini are likely to control the position in Central Europe securely between them. But at the time of writing there has even been a revival of outrages in Austria, which ceased while the discussions were in progress, and which have been generally regarded as the most obvious symptom of continued Nazi pressure against the Dollfuss régime.

IN Austria the position of Chancellor Dollfuss appears to have grown considerably weaker. Although he has abolished parliamentary Government and established what is virtually a dictatorship in the framework of a "Corporative State," his position is utterly different to that of either Hitler or Mussolini. He has never even been the leader of an organized popular party. He owes his present position entirely to his personal courage in undertaking the task of presiding over a coalition Government, which had baffled his predecessors, and to his capacity for political diplomacy. But whereas both Hitler and Mussolini personify the national revival in their own countries, Dollfuss cannot claim to represent even a majority in a divided and distracted country. The Austrian Nazis are certainly not less than one-third of the whole people, and the Socialists are quite certainly one-third. Dollfuss commands only the temporary support of the remainder, who have contrived to gain military control, by smashing the Socialists and by resisting the Austrian Nazis with constant help from other countries. A Nazi success in Austria is by no means improbable; and if the Austrian Nazis can obtain control in Austria without violence, the relations between Germany and Italy will become intensely strained once more.

The collapse of democratic government in so many European countries has increased instability in international relations, even if it has provided better hope of effective Government in the countries concerned. Foreign policy has become largely dependent upon the aims and demands of dictators or small groups who control the new forms of Government; and the fact that dictatorship has resulted everywhere from a nationalist revival compels the dictators to adopt a more arrogant and defiant attitude towards their neighbors.

It will be surprising if France also does not find dictatorship of some sort a necessity before long. M. Doumergue has obtained far wider powers than his predecessors to carry out urgent reforms and other measures by decree. But Doumergue is an old man, who cannot be expected to sustain for long the strain of emergency government after being

recalled from the complete retirement of his old age. Internal problems alone will soon require much more drastic reforms than have yet been carried out; and international complications may produce still more urgent problems at any time this year.

EVEN in England parliamentary government has fallen into discredit, and the emergence of Sir Oswald Mosley's British Fascists as a national movement is one of the most striking symptoms of the time. A year ago, nobody took his Fascists seriously; but he has made extraordinary strides since the beginning of this year. He has acquired an ally of enormous usefulness in Lord Rothermere, whose newspapers, with their vast circulations morning and evening and on Sundays, have been converted quite openly into propagandist organs of the British Fascists. Literally millions of people read no other newspapers than the *Daily Mail* or the *Evening News* and the *Sunday Dispatch*—to say nothing of their associated provincial newspapers. Day after day they are informed of the rapid growth of the Fascist agitation in England; and the free publicity which it receives in this way ensures the enormous attendance which Sir Oswald Mosley has been able to draw to his monster meetings. The result is already becoming apparent. One meets people constantly who take it for granted that the movement is sweeping the country, after reading so constantly about its alleged success.

The propaganda of the British Fascists has been most skilfully conducted upon precisely the same lines which brought Hitler to triumphant success in Germany. Every method of advertisement and of spectacular effect which can be borrowed from a close study of commercial advertising, of the cinema industry and of broadcasting, has been systematically and cleverly applied to political propaganda. Mosley himself, an athletic and graceful figure in his blackshirt uniform, has been popularized as though he were a film star. He has even acquired a considerable resemblance to Mr. Douglas Fairbanks (senior). He combines this picturesque appearance with extremely formidable political abilities. He has long been one of the most magnetic orators in English politics; and his intellectual qualities were so far above the level of the other Labour leaders when he was a young Minister in the Labour Government, that he was generally regarded as certain to succeed to its leadership when the older leaders had dropped out.

Sir Oswald is one of the most remarkable figures in modern England. He has inherited great property since his father's death a few years ago. His marriage to Lord Curzon's daughter (who died last year) brought him into

the centre of the "governing class." He entered politics as a young Conservative immediately after the war, but he soon took an independent line, and after some years he joined the Labour Party. He rose rapidly to the front rank among its younger leaders, and was in the Cabinet in the second Labour Government. He was surrounded by elderly trade unionists like Henderson, Clynes and Lansbury; and when he was specially deputed to take charge of the Labour Government's unemployment policy, he was obviously marked out for the highest rank.

But his patience failed and he seceded from the Government before it had to face the crisis of 1931. He has since devoted himself to propaganda for a complete transformation of English politics. At the last elections he formed a "New Party" which failed to win any seats and was apparently killed by ridicule. But he has since watched for his opportunity, and to-day, in his surprising alliance with the plutocrat Lord Rothermere, he is spending all his energies on discrediting the older Parties and preaching the necessity for an English constitution on the lines of Hitler's reconstruction in Germany.

His method and his propaganda have been so obviously borrowed from foreign countries that most people have assumed that they could never succeed in England. But extraordinary changes have occurred in England, as in all countries, since the Great War, and especially since the years of depression. Much of the old self-confidence which expressed itself in contempt for foreign institutions and customs has vanished in these years; and the need for a drastic reconstruction of parliamentary government in England is felt on all sides. Two years ago it was even believed that the National Government had come to stay, and that a return to party politics would be unthinkable. But recent by-elections have proved that the forces of discontent are gaining ground very rapidly.

Reckless Dawn

By EARL LAWSON SYDNOR

THE sun stabs yellow daggers
At the stars, while on the sea
A million star-chips
Fall like diamonds
On a counterpane of hammered gold.

Gulls,—
Like sea-foam on the wing,
Dart,
Swerve,
Streaking day with thin white cries.

And where the land points
A greedy finger out to sea,
Dawn dumps a fist of gold,—
Lake a gaudy spendthrift.

A general election to-day would unquestionably result in great gains for the Labour Party as the organized Opposition. But it is almost certain that the result would be a deadlock, with no Party able to command a decisive majority. Sir Oswald Mosley is obviously counting upon such a result, in the belief that Parliamentary Government would then be completely discredited, and that his demand for a dictatorship controlled by young men would soon be accepted widely as the only solution to provide strong government.

HIS calculations may easily be upset by different factors, the result of which can scarcely be estimated in advance. Day after day his propagandists insist that the present recovery of trade is only a temporary improvement, and that a set-back is sure to ensue before long. International complications would undoubtedly hasten such a set-back; but Mosley and his friends declare that it is inevitable in any case, as soon as revived production has overtaken the arrears due to years of depression. They point out that there are still a million more workers unemployed than there were during the last "boom" period of 1929; and that in the recent absorption of unemployed there has been a wholly disproportionate increase in the distributive and luxury trades — which would both shrink at once if trade depression came back again. There is much truth in these assumptions; few leaders of big business feel really confident that the present recovery will last. If unemployment should begin to grow again, instead of declining, discontent would certainly grow again and there would be a clamor for entrusting full responsibility to a central authority divorced from party politics.

Therein Sir Oswald Mosley sees his chief hope of future triumph. But Fascism is by no means the only alternative. The National Government itself swept the country last time when a crisis arose; and some new form of coalition government, comprised of younger leaders, may be the solution once again. The British temperament—in so far as it has not changed in recent years—dislikes theatrical politics, and the black-shirt uniform is not likely to appeal to British tradition in a time of crisis.

Yet the movement is undoubtedly making great strides, and its leaders are becoming more widely known. Mosley's powers as a mob orator, and his great intellectual force, would have made him sure of inclusion in any National Government if he had remained in ordinary politics. It is by no means probable that he will have wrecked his prospects as a national leader by creating a national following of his own, organized with military discipline in the blackshirt uniform, before the next depression comes.

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

M. K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The following prayer, entitled "Prayer in choosing a State of Life," is taken from the *Raccolta*: "O my God, Thou Who art the God of wisdom and of counsel, Thou Who reatest in my heart the sincere will to please Thee alone, and to govern myself with regard to my choice of a state of life entirely in conformity with Thy most holy desire; grant me by the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin, my Mother, and of my holy patrons, especially of St. Joseph and St. Aloysius, the grace to know what state I ought to choose and, when known, to embrace it, so that in it I may be able to pursue and increase Thy glory, work out my salvation, and merit that heavenly reward which Thou has promised to those who do Thy holy will. Amen." 300 days indulgence is attached to the recitation of this prayer.

R. D. S., PHILLIPSBURG, N. J.—It is impossible to answer your question, as you have put it. We suggest that you read *Convent Life* by Rev. Martin Scott, S. J. Price \$1.50, cloth; 50c, paper. Postage 10% extra. The author describes the various Sisterhoods and the general requirements of aspirants. For more detailed information consult your pastor or confessor.

L. C. F., DORCHESTER, MASS.—The two divorces will not help the individual to become reconciled to the Church, but true repentance and resumption of family life with the first husband, if he can be found, will. This is a case for the pastor to handle.

N. E. P., PLYMOUTH, MASS.—We do not know anything about a seven decade rosary. The only one with sets of seven beads is the Chaplet of the Seven Dolors. The only chaplet, peculiar to the Passionists, is the Chaplet of the Five Wounds.

P. S., ELIZABETH, N. J.—There are 896 Catholics of the Latin Rite in Persia at the present time. Ten years ago there were only 100.

N. K. L., BOSTON, MASS.—The Congregation of St. Joan is a community of women who serve as housekeepers for priests. The principal house is located at Bengerville, near Quebec, Canada.

F. G.—Your question is too indefinite to attempt an answer. The Christian law is that no one validly married may marry again while his or her partner is living. If you have a particular case in mind, it must have been that the party regarded as married, was not married. We suggest that you read *This IS Christian Marriage*, noticed in our Book Department.

S. M., CANADA—The author is very much alive at the present writing. He lives in New York and is the editor of *The Commonwealth*, a weekly Catholic magazine.

A. H., JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.—Let the party seek the advice of her pastor or confessor. She may be allowed to receive the Sacraments again under certain conditions.

W. F., BOSTON, MASS.—If your marriage is valid (and the Church presumes that it is valid, until proved invalid), the civil divorce does not dissolve the bond thereof. For further information, see the pastor of the Catholic party.

SIX-DECADE ROSARY OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES

Is there any explanation given for the fact that the statue of the Blessed Virgin as Our Lady of Lourdes has six decades of the Rosary?—G. C., MONTREAL, P. Q.

Not having any information about this we wrote to Rev. Dominic Dolan, O.P., Editor of *The Rosary*, asking him the meaning of this fact.

He replied that the only six-decade Rosary is the Chaplet of St. Brigid, which calls for the addition of the Apostles' Creed after each of the six decades, which consist of the usual Our Father, ten Hail Marys, and one Glory be to the Father, terminating with an extra Our Father and three Hail Marys.

He adds, "The whole tradition is to the effect that St. Bernadette used the five decade Rosary, or the customary one-third part of the fifteen-decade Dominican Rosary. Monsignor McMahon, pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes, New York, N. Y., who has studied Lourdes history closely, says that this representation, according to the best authorities, is merely a freak of the sculptor who made the first image. The actual Rosary in the Apparition was of five decades, like the common five-decade Rosary beads. This opinion is based on the depositions of Bernadette to the Church authorities, in which she always speaks of Our Lady smiling with her in the recitation of Our Father and ten Hail Marys, and joining her in the recitation of the Glory be to the Father, etc. No mention is made in these depositions of Bernadette concerning the recitation of the Apostles' Creed after each decade."

MARYLAND THE CRADLE OF TOLERANCE

Enclosed you will find a clipping from "The Voice of the People" column of the Chicago Tribune. It deals with the old question of the first religious tolerance colony in this country. Any information or reference which you can give me for further reading on the subject will be appreciated. I have had some of my Protestant friends tell me that we Catholics were not the first to establish religious tolerance in this country. The writer claims that "thirteen years before the Toleration Act, Roger Williams settled Rhode Island on principles of religious freedom, which were never at any time achieved in Maryland." She quotes as her authority Prof. D. S. Muzzey, author of *American History*.—E. A. H., CHICAGO, ILL.

It has been disputed whether Maryland or Rhode Island was the cradle of religious tolerance in this country. But the common opinion is that the honor belongs to Maryland and not to Rhode Island. It is a mistake to date the beginning of tolerance in Maryland in 1649, with the Toleration Act. Rather, religious toleration began with the very inception of the Maryland plan in England, in 1632. Cecil Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, instructed his representative, Leonard Calvert, that there must be no disputes concerning religion during the passage across the Atlantic, and when the shores of Chesapeake Bay were reached, March 25, 1634,

the principle of toleration was acted upon for the first time in the colonies. The Act of Toleration of 1649 was merely an expression, in a limited degree, of the policy of the colony from the beginning. Rhode Island was settled in 1636. It was in 1644 that Roger Williams returned from England with a royal charter, which was to "hold forth a lively experiment that a most flourishing civil state may stand and best be maintained with a full liberty of religious concerns."

Whatever the wording of the law was in Rhode Island, it is certain that there was in fact no toleration of Catholics in the colony. In 1664 a law was passed by the Assembly which expressly excluded Catholics from the franchise.

The question is not one of dates but of facts. In Maryland there was real toleration from the beginning and freedom of worship continued as long as Catholics were in control. Once they lost their leadership, religious freedom and toleration were abandoned, not to be recovered until they were again in the ascendancy. In Rhode Island, on the other hand, Catholics and Quakers were discriminated against with such violence that Roger Williams can be given no other name than that of bigot.

For further reading see Bancroft's *History of the United States* (vol. I, 18th edition, p. 244); *Catholic Colonial Maryland*, by H. S. Spaulding, S.J.; *Roger Williams, Apostle of Religious Bigotry*, by J. Moss Ives, LL.D., in *Thought* (Dec., 1931); *Maryland's Tercentenary*, by J. Eliot Ross, in *THE SIGN* (Nov., 1933).

EAVESDROPPING DURING CONFESSION: PRAYERS FOR MONEY: FUNERAL MASS ON VIGIL OF EPIPHANY: SNOB-BISH RICH CATHOLICS

(1) *A mother listened when her daughter went to confession to make sure that she told a sin, which the mother knew that she had committed. Was the mother justified in doing this?* (2) *Is it sinful to pray for money when one does not want riches, but enough to get along on?* (3) *A friend told me that when her sister died the pastor said that a funeral Mass could not be celebrated on the Vigil of the Epiphany. Please explain.* (4) *Why is it that rich Catholics do not seem to have charity for their employees, and do not leave their snobbishness outside the church door either? Yet they seem to lead very holy lives, receiving Holy Communion daily. When I see all this, the text of St. Paul—"If I should deliver my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing"—comes to my mind. I don't mean that these rich Catholics should be overfond of their employees, but there is a happy medium in their relation to other Catholics not blessed with riches.*—J. R., HARRISON, N. Y.

(1) Such an action is wrong and cannot be tolerated. The confession of sins should be secret, and no one besides the confessor ought to hear what a penitent reveals in the act of confession. To eavesdrop has a sacrilegious quality about it. Yet, we can appreciate the solicitude of the mother that her daughter make a worthy confession. Her anxiety may be the result of zeal, but of a zeal which is not according to knowledge.

(2) It certainly is not. The Wise Man asked for neither poverty nor riches, but a certain competency; and to imitate him is surely according to right reason, especially when money is not sought for its own sake, but for the purpose of leading a life of decent comfort.

(3) The liturgical laws permit a chanted funeral Mass of Requiem, or a Low Mass, on the Vigil of the Epiphany, when the corpse is physically or morally present; but a Requiem Mass for one who died at a distance may not be sung. The reason of this latter prohibition is due to the fact that the Vigil of the Epiphany is privileged. (*Matters Liturgical*, Wuest-Mullaney, C. SS. R., n. 544.)

(4) It has never been our privilege to know or to associate intimately with rich Catholics. Consequently, we can furnish no light on this matter from the standpoint of personal ex-

perience. But we imagine that rich Catholics, like other Catholics, whether poor or middling well-off, manifest a variety of dispositions; and that both virtues and vices will be found among them. Writing impersonally, there is always a danger of pride and even snobbishness accompanying the possession of wealth. Money is power, and when a person feels powerful on account of his money, he is inclined to confide very much in himself, to the detriment of his sense of dependence on God. When this sentiment prevails it is very likely that he will be lacking in charity to those in lower states of life. While various classes of men are of Divine ordinance—"the poor and the rich have met together, the Lord is the maker of them both"—and classes may with justice associate among themselves, nevertheless, the Divine law of charity must make all men of whatever rank regard those of other classes as their brothers in Christ, with Whom there is no class distinction. The only riches which are of value before God are those of true virtue. Fraternal charity is the test of real religion: "If any man saith I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar." (I John, 4:20.)

OBLIGATION AND BENEFITS OF SACRAMENT OF CONFIRMATION

Is it necessary to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation, especially when one is old? Of what peculiar benefit is this Sacrament?—S. P. E., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

There is an obligation for baptized Catholics to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation, for the Canon Law states that, although this Sacrament is not necessary by a necessity of means (such as Baptism) for salvation, nevertheless it is not lawful to neglect its reception when opportunity offers. Pastors are instructed to take care that the faithful receive this Sacrament. (Canons 786, 787).

Theologians usually hold that, although an obligation exists, it is hardly a grave one, unless one treats the Sacrament with contempt. Yet, since every Sacrament is a source of sanctifying grace and many actual graces besides, every Catholic who has the opportunity should correspond with it and be confirmed. Confirmation makes one a soldier of Christ; and, as every soldier who fights in the battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil should be fully armed, it behooves all who can do so, to strengthen themselves for this incessant warfare by putting on "the whole armor of God." It may well be that many Catholics are weak in faith, either because they have neglected to receive this Sacrament or, having received it, use little effort to employ the weapons of faith which it supplies. The pastor will know how to smooth away all difficulties in the case of those of advanced age who are timid about receiving this Sacrament.

CELEBRATION OF MASS: PRIESTS IN SPORT CLOTHES: LAY PERSON BECOMING CARDINAL: PRAYERS AFTER ROSARY AND LITANY: INDULGENCES

(1) *Is a priest bound under pain of mortal sin to say Mass on Sundays and Holy Days? If not, when is he obliged?* (2) *Is it allowed a priest to wear sport clothes?* (3) *Can a lay person become a Cardinal? How are Cardinals elected?* (4) *What prayers are to be said after the Rosary and Litany, in order to gain the indulgences?* (5) *How often can a plenary indulgence be gained between one confession and communion?*—A. M. C., AUSTIN, MINN.

(1) Canon 805 says that all priests are obliged to celebrate Mass *pluries per annum*—several times a year. But bishops, as well as religious superiors, ought to arrange that priests subject to their jurisdiction should celebrate Mass at least on Sundays and Holy Days of obligation. The Canon regards priests merely as priests. There may rise other obligations to celebrate Mass, e.g., by reason of one's office or from the acceptance of a Mass offering. It is gratifying to know that most priests endeavor to celebrate Mass every day, unless impeded.

(2) There is a letter from the Consistorial Congregation in Rome to the effect that the clergy, even when on vacations, should not wear clothing unbecoming a clergyman.

(3) Lay Cardinals have been elected in the past, but the present discipline of the Church is that the candidate must be a priest. Cardinals are chosen only by the Pope. There is no special form required, but the Pope usually submits the name of the new Cardinal to the other members of the Sacred College, in consistory.

(4) The method of reciting the Rosary of Saint Dominic was given in *THE SIGN* (May, 1934, p. 603). In the official *Raccolta* there is no prayer following the Litany but in most prayer books, the prayers, "Grant, O Lord God, we beseech Thee," etc., and "We fly to thy patronage," etc., are added.

(5) Strictly speaking, only one plenary indulgence can be gained at one time. A plenary indulgence, if fully gained, takes away all temporal punishment due to sin already sacramentally forgiven. So, if all is taken away, another indulgence is not applicable to the soul. But for most Catholics, no doubt, this theoretical application does not have a place. Canon Law says that, even though a plenary indulgence may not be gained wholly, it may be gained partially. How many plenary indulgences may be gained at any one time depends, first, on the will of the Holy See; and second, on the number of indulgences which the devout Catholic endeavors to gain.

INSTITUTION OF CONFESSION: MEANING OF MONASTIC TERMS: ORIENTAL CHURCHES: PONTIFICAL PROPHECY: LIST OF PERIODICALS

(1) *When and by whom was Catholic confession established? Can you recommend a pamphlet or a book giving a brief history of the practice? (2) Are the Eastern Orthodox Churches, as the Greek or Russian, Catholic or not? (3) What is the difference between a monastery and an abbey? What is an abbot? Who elects or appoints abbots? How many abbots are there in this country? Are the abbots subject to the bishops in whose dioceses the abbots are? Are the mitres the abbots use identical with those worn by bishops? What is the head of a monastery called? (4) If I remember correctly, some half dozen years ago, when King George V was sick unto death, the Pope predicted that the king would not die. Despite the attitude of the physicians, who did not hold out any hope for the monarch, the Pope foretold that the king would get better—which really happened. Now, where did the Pope get this information? (5) Are any of the following periodicals Catholic: The Churchman, Church Monthly, Ecclesiastical Review, Journal of Religion, and Philosophical Review?—P. J. I., MORTON, WY.*

(1) The Sacrament of Penance, like all the seven Sacraments, was established by Jesus Christ. The Biblical authority for the Sacrament of Penance is found in the Gospel (*John* 20:21,23): "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained." The forgiving and retaining of sins implies the necessity of the penitent confessing them, so that the priest may know which sins deserve to be forgiven, and which retained. Read *Confession of Sins a Divine Institution*, by Rev. Bertrand Conway, C.S.P., Price 5 cents; postage 2 cents. (The Paulist Press, 401 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y.)

(2) All Orthodox Churches, no matter where found, are schismatic and not Catholic. (Have you been following the several answers about Oriental Churches, which have appeared in *THE SIGN*?)

(3) A monastery is the fixed abode of a community of monks or nuns. When the monastery is one which houses monks of the Order of St. Benedict, or of the family of St. Benedict—as the Trappists, Carthusians, etc.—it is called an abbey. There are about 20 abbeys in the United States—17 of the Order of St. Benedict and 3 of Cistercians. Abbeys are usually exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, except in matters

defined by Canon Law, such as public worship. The regular superior of a Benedictine Abbey is called Abbot (from the Syriac *abba*—meaning father. He is elected for life by secret ballot of the professed members in Holy Orders. There are three types of mitres worn by bishops—the precious, studded with jewels; the golden, covered with gold cloth or brocade; and the simple, made of silk or linen cloth. Abbots are not supposed to wear the precious mitre, but are permitted the other two. The superior of a monastery is called Rector, Guardian, or by some other title.

(4) We don't know if the Pope had the information or where he got it.

(5) Only one of these magazines is Catholic—*The Ecclesiastical Review*.

COMMUNION UNDER ONE KIND: WHY MARTIN LUTHER LEFT CHURCH

(1) *A non-Catholic asked the reason why Catholics don't take the bread and wine, instead of the bread only? (2) He said that the reason why Martin Luther fell away from the Catholic Faith was that he had to walk up a certain number of stair-steps before he could have his sins forgiven. Please explain fully his reasons for protesting against the Church?—J. E. R., St. JOSEPH, Mo.*

(1) Catholics take neither bread nor wine when they receive Holy Communion. By virtue of *Transubstantiation* the substance of the bread is changed into the substance of Christ's Body, and the substance of the wine is changed into the substance of Christ's Precious Blood; but the species, or sensible appearances, of the bread and wine still remain. Therefore, when lay Catholics receive Holy Communion they receive the Body of Christ under the appearance of bread.

The Church through the Council of Trent teaches that the Holy Eucharist is the *living Christ*; that His body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, are present, whole and entire, under both forms, and under each form (of bread and wine) and under each part of each form. In other words, the living Christ is received, whole and entire, under both species, and under each species. Therefore, when a person receives Holy Communion under the species of bread, he receives the Body and the Blood of Christ. The same would be true if he were to receive the Blood only under the form of wine.

Christ instituted the Mass as the unbloody Sacrifice of the New Law, which He commanded His priests to offer up under the form of bread and wine; for that was the manner in which He offered It at the Last Supper. This mode must be followed by all priests, for Christ commanded, "Do this in commemoration of Me." But the faithful in general are not commanded to receive under both forms. The same effects are attached to the bread as to the Body and Blood as can be seen in the Gospel. (*John* ch. 6.)

The Church has varied her discipline with the ages. At the present time she commands that the faithful receive only under the form of bread. This method has many advantages, which were enumerated in the August 1933 issue of *THE SIGN*, page 23. It is interesting to learn that the Episcopalians are in favor of communicating the laity under the form of bread only for convenience sake.

(2) Perhaps the kindest explanation of Martin Luther's revolt against the authority of the Church was that he was mentally unbalanced. A man of violent emotions and strong passions, he worked himself into the belief that traditional and orthodox Christianity was impossible; that original sin took away man's freedom, and that salvation consisted, not in controlling one's passion, with the help of Divine grace, but by a blind faith in the merits of Christ which, to those who would be saved, would be imputed by God. He did not like the Church's doctrine of salvation and, as the first Protestant, rejected it and made another to suit his own peculiar character. Climbing stairs had nothing whatever to do with his revolt, but neglect to curb his passions, especially to bow his stiff neck

to duly constituted authority, did. He did recant in the beginning to Pope Leo X in the most abject terms, but he did not live up to his word, proving thereby that he was not only an innovator but a liar.

FATE OF UNBAPTIZED CHILDREN: INFALLIBILITY OF POPE

(1) *If a child is born of Catholic parents and dies before it is baptized why doesn't it go to Heaven?* (2) *Why is not such a child buried in consecrated ground?* (3) *No man on this earth is infallible. Why, then, do they say that the Pope is infallible?*—E. C., W. ROXBURY, MASS.

(1) The reason why the souls of unbaptized children do not enter the Heaven of the Blessed is that they lack the necessary condition for admittance there, viz., regeneration in Christ, which raises one to a supernatural mode of life. Christ Himself explained the condition of eternal life when He said to Nicodemus: "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." (John 3:3.) However, God, Who loves children better than their parents, will provide for them as He knows best.

(2) Burial in consecrated ground is reserved to those who die as members of the Church, or at least as catechumens—those preparing for Baptism. These latter have the Baptism of Desire. Unbaptized children of Catholics are to be buried in a place set apart.

(3) This assertion is a begging of the question. Of course, it can be maintained that all men, as men, are naturally fallible; but it is not true to say that all men, no matter what their capacity or office, are fallible. The Catholic doctrine is that the Pope is personally infallible in strictly defined matters, that is, in questions of faith and morals. This prerogative is a special Divine assistance whereby God preserves the Pope from falling into error in matters of faith and morals. This assistance was promised implicitly by Our Lord when He said to Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. 16:18, 19.) On this occasion Christ promised that whatever St. Peter bound or loosed on earth should be bound or loosed in Heaven. This could not occur, were not the teaching authority of St. Peter immune from error. Again, Jesus renewed His promise of infallibility, more plainly, in these words: "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not. And thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren." (Luke 22:31, 32.) If Christ prayed that St. Peter's faith should never fail, nothing can be plainer than that it did not fail, whether in himself, or in his successors, as the Teacher of Christians. The promise to preserve him from error was fulfilled after the Resurrection, when Our Lord in most solemn form gave St. Peter the commission to feed His sheep and lambs (John 21:16, 17)—a jurisdiction over both the shepherds and the sheep of Christ's flock. Now, this jurisdiction in so grave a matter as feeding the flock with teaching, ruling, and sanctifying, could not be carried on without error were it not for the fulfillment of the promise of Divine assistance.

All Christian Tradition has always maintained that these texts are the foundation of the doctrine that St. Peter and his successors in the Papacy did and would continue to enjoy this special protection of Christ, from falling into error as Supreme Shepherd of the flock. What St. Peter needed in the first century is more than ever needed today, when there are so many attacks made by false teachers upon the true Faith.

NOAH AND THE ARK

Where did Noah go after building the ark?—M. K. B., MEDIA, PA.

After building the ark Noah and all his house, entered into it and remained there during the deluge. When the rain ceased and the waters receded from the earth, the ark rested "upon the mountains of Armenia." (Gen. 8:4.) The name commonly given to the place is Mount Ararat, which, in the

Persian tongue, means "the mountain of Noah." Ararat is in a chain of mountains in Asia, south of the Caucasus, between the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea. Somewhere in this region Noah and his family made their home after the deluge.

THE PAULINE PRIVILEGE

What is the Pauline Privilege? My present understanding is that this is granted in marriage cases where an unbaptized person is marrying a Catholic. If this is correct, will you answer the questions arising from this hypothetical case? A Jewish man and a Catholic girl are married with Catholic rites by grant of a dispensation. Some years later he obtains a divorce and legally this marriage is dissolved. He then decides to become a Catholic and is baptized in the faith. He meets another Catholic girl and intends to marry her. (1) Can he be married to her with the sanction of the Church? (2) Is his first wife permitted by the Church to marry again?—F. J. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Your understanding of the meaning of the Pauline Privilege is erroneous, and consequently your questions are based on a false assumption. The Scriptural source of the Pauline Privilege is found in 1 Cor. 7:12-15. The marriage to which the Apostle refers is a natural marriage between two unbaptized persons, one of whom becomes a convert to Christianity, and the other either refuses to become a Christian, or, failing that, to live in peace with the converted party. Therefore, the grant of a dispensation to allow a Catholic to marry an unbaptized person is not an instance of the use of the Pauline Privilege, but rather an example of a dispensation from the impediment of disparity of worship. The answer to both your questions is that the Pauline Privilege cannot be used in such a case. (Canon 1120.) You will find these matters discussed at length in *This IS Christian Marriage*. (Price \$1.60, postpaid.)

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

St. Anthony, M.R.E.L., East Cleveland, Ohio; Souls in Purgatory, N. E. McD., West Roxbury, Mass.; Miraculous Mother, Little Flower, St. Joseph, Sacred Heart, C.T.W., Philadelphia, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, H.E.H., Plainfield, N. J.; St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, M.S.D., Bridgewater, Mass.; St. Anthony, St. Theresa, St. Joseph, Blessed Virgin, St. Rita, St. Anne de Beaupre, I.E.M., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, S.B., Bellevue, Kentucky; Holy Souls, J.C., New Brunswick, N. J.; Sacred Heart, H.C.Y., New York, N. Y.; St. Paul, St. Gabriel, B.G., New York, N. Y.; St. Joseph, St. Anthony, M.F.F.H., Owensboro, Ky.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, M.J.F.R., St. Louis, Mo.; Sacred Heart, M.A.G., Elizabeth, N. J.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Virgin, M.J.S., Bronx, N. Y.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, B.McE., Lincoln Place, Pa.; Blessed Virgin, St. Gabriel, St. Paul of the Cross, M.B., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Our Lady of Lourdes, St. Joseph, St. Ann, Little Flower, Blessed Gemma, L.P., Fort Wayne, Ind.; St. Gabriel, E.D., Harrison, N. J.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, M.B.E., Freeport, N. Y.; St. Anthony, E.B., Providence, R. I.; Souls in Purgatory, M.A.J., Arlington, Mass.; Blessed Gemma, C.E.McD., Hollis, N. Y.; Holy Mother, M.N.P.R., Shelbyville, Ind.; Little Flower, Mary Immaculate, Sacred Wounds, A.O'B., Yonkers, N. Y.; Our Lady of Prompt Succor, St. Ann, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, M.F.F.H., Owensboro, Ky.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, St. Rita, M.D., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart, C.M.G., Syracuse, N. Y.; Blessed Gerald Raymond, N.E.J., Oklahoma City, Okla.; Blessed Mother, M.M., Jersey City, N. J.; St. Paul of the Cross, M.E.W., Bronx, N. Y.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

R.M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A.R.M., Union City, N. J.; M.J.M., McKeesport, Pa.; W.A.S., Philadelphia, Pa.; C.T.W., Philadelphia, Pa.; I.E.M., Pittsburgh, Pa.; C.E., Oaks on Hudson, N. Y.; E.A.K., Pittston, Pa.; M.G., New

York, N. Y.; H.C.Y., New York, N. Y.; L.C., New York, N. Y.; G.W., New York, N. Y.; F.D.G., Lemoyne, Pa.; H.C., McKeesport, Pa.; M.C.L., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M.F.D., Jersey City, N. J.; M.A.G., Elizabeth, N. J.; M.G.C., Rockwood, Mich.; M.G.M., St. Louis, Mo.; Anon, Boston, Mass.; P.A., Jamaica Plain, Mass.; M.B., Pittsburgh, Pa.; H.D.B., Haverhill, Mass.; M.H., Bayonne, N. J.; M.C.L., Bronx, N. Y.; F.J.O'C., Newark, N. J.; M.N.P.R., Shelbyville, Ind.; A.L.H., Neponsit, L. I., N. Y.; J.F.L., Portsmouth, N. H.; F.D.P., Newport, R. I.; M. G., Mineola, L. I.; M.C.W., Los Angeles, Calif.; M.H.H.B., Point Pleasant, N. J.; W.J.M., Crofton, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c. each or 15 for \$1.

A CONVINCED AND ACTIVE LEGIONNAIRE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am writing to say that I have just finished reading "The Catholic Call for a Legion of Decency" in the July issue of *THE SIGN*. I agree wholeheartedly with everything in the article. I am not an ardent movie fan, as the saying goes, but do enjoy a movie with a good plot and story.

I want you to know, and I sincerely hope that my letter will give you an idea of how I, myself, along with many, many others—Catholics and non-Catholics—are longing for pictures which will help to recapture the decency and cleanness of mind and body which surely must have existed at some time, and which can be brought back to life if an honest effort is made. I will do my best among my circle of friends in my own way to help you in this fine movement of yours. I will follow your magazine for further developments.

Please accept my congratulations and sincere hope that you succeed to the highest degree in ridding the country of the rot which has such a strong grip on it at this time.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

MARY ELIZABETH ECK.

WE'RE GLAD TO BE THE VICTIM

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The sweeping success of the Legion of Decency has affected me so deeply that I must express my thoughts to someone. Pardon my effrontery if I make you the victim.

The unprecedented success of the Legion of Decency has but one explanation—united action. Whereas formerly a protesting voice was drowned in the flood of filth flowing from Hollywood, united action on the part of clean minded Americans has stemmed the tide. In union there is strength! Thank God, our bishops have sponsored the crusade for a clean screen. True shepherds, they have led their flocks out of poisonous pastures and even those not of the fold have heard their voice. All praise to our bishops for submerging their diocesan interests in a cause greater than any diocese.

If the success of this crusade proves anything, it proves that the better elements in our country are looking for leadership. Where can such leadership be found better than in the leaders of the Church, our bishops? The first salvo has sounded! May our prelates seize this God-given opportunity for leading the Church Militant into the thick of the fight for decency; may they rally all God-fearing Americans in annihilating the vicious products of Hollywood.

Too long has the Church in America kept in the back-

ground, her strength untried. Are 20,000,000 Catholics, nourished with the Body and Blood of Christ, too timid for action? Can the children of the Crusaders remain idle while the forces of evil triumph? In a phalanx of prelates, priests and people, let us carry the assault to the citadel of sin, not content until we have planted the Cross in its smoldering ruins. There can be no compromise with sin. Under the leadership of our bishops, let us have Catholic Action. Catholic Action in action.

DUNKIRK, N. Y.

ROBERT MULLINS.

A CORRESPONDENT'S INDEBTEDNESS TO MR. BELLOC

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just finished *How the Reformation Happened*, by Hilaire Belloc. It is magnificent! So illuminating!

Now, may I ask will it not be possible to have in pamphlet form the three series by Belloc published in *THE SIGN*? After I have read my copy of your magazine I send it to India, so I cannot refer to these articles as I should like to.

I have three prides in my life (if I can so title them): that I am a Catholic; that I was born in America; and that I am of Irish descent. I suppose that I could help none of these things, but I'm proud of them just the same. Most of my friends are Protestant. Hilaire Belloc more than any present-day author writes so clearly and convincingly that I use him much in my "off-and-on" arguments with my non-Catholic friends and relatives.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ISABEL A. ENNIS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: There is no immediate prospect of Mr. Belloc's former series in *THE SIGN* appearing in book or pamphlet form, though we hope a more prosperous period will see them published. In the meantime we feel sure that subscriber Ennis and many other readers will find the series beginning in this issue the finest with which he has honored our pages.

STRACHEY'S BIOGRAPHY OF CARDINAL MANNING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Under the caption "Private Replies" in the June issue of *THE SIGN*, it is evident from your reply to R. F., Syracuse, N. Y., that the latter is looking for a life of Cardinal Manning by Lytton Strachey. There is a short biography of the Cardinal in Strachey's books entitled *Eminent Victorians*.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

G. M. HURLEY.

CATHOLICS AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Since the advent of the so-called New Deal, some of the practices advocated by Pope Leo XIII pertaining to the rights of Labor have been incorporated in the various codes governing different industries, among them the right to form labor unions. Industrialists and financiers almost wholly oppose workers' unions, I believe, because the driving whip is taken from their hands. Quite a number of so-called Catholics are among the leaders of the auto-union groups, who stop at nothing to prevent unionization of workers. Their actions are, in my opinion, in conflict with the teachings of the bishops of the United States, the present Pontiff, and Leo XIII.

Should these industrialists or financiers die while in active opposition to the teachings of recognized Catholic authorities, would Catholic burial be permitted? If allowed, why? Are these opposers of Leo XIII's teachings considered as members of the Church?

A few years ago a German Socialist of prominence was refused Catholic burial because of being a Socialist. Aren't our present Catholic financial and industrial barons equally as guilty of disregarding the teaching of the Church, as was the German Socialist, or any other Socialist? Both, it seems

to me, are guilty. If one is punished, why not the other? Please answer through THE SIGN.

CARNEGIE, PA.

J. E. BROWN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: All Catholics who die as members of the Church are entitled to ecclesiastical burial, unless they have maliciously violated a law to which the deprivation of such burial is attached as a penalty, and have died without repentance. There is no penalty of this kind directly attached to the non-observance of the directions in the Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI on Social Justice. Catholics are bound to give to them interior as well as exterior assent and obedience, for they are doctrinal expositions of the Christian attitude towards Social Justice. Members of the Church who fail to comply with these teachings are certainly not obedient sons.

We think that, with the majority of Catholic industrialists, the vexing question is not so much the soundness of the teaching of the Popes, but its application. In this matter there is bound to be a difference of opinion, and for this reason it is difficult to measure the guilt, if any, of a Catholic industrialist or financier who appears to violate the terms of the Encyclicals. It would be a sin against the very virtue which the Popes so strongly inculcate were any Catholic, not certainly guilty of grave sin, to be refused the sacred offices of the Church at death. But in regard to Socialism, no Catholic may espouse that brand which denies the natural rights of man and militates against the Church and the State. To do so maliciously until death entails excommunication, which in turn deprives one of ecclesiastical burial. (Canon 2335.)

"GOOD" REASONS SUBSTITUTED FOR "REAL"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A noted American financier once testified in an investigation that there were two reasons for everything: a good one, and the real one.

The present revolt against our popular journals is attributed to their almost universal tendency to manufacture or convey the "good" rather than the real reasons for important political acts.

In the first place, everybody realizes that a reason that is merely a "good" reason is a bad and false reason. The only really good reason is the real reason. The plausible and specious is not "good" except to a pragmatist. Of course, our great mind-moulding propaganda instruments are pragmatic rather than ethical. When you ask a Jimsian to define Pragmatism he will tell you arrogantly that whatever works is right; then he'll deny that whatever works is good and assert academically that whatever works is "true"—thus he finally assures you that Pragmatism is not only distinct from and above ethics, but that (lo and behold!) it is the *only* ethics. Then you conclude that such ethical words as good and bad, right and wrong, have a reason for existence in their pragmatic usefulness as preventing our forgetting the doctrine that they don't mean anything. Anyhow, you cannot longer doubt that the ethical reason is the latent "real" reason in all its hideous and inconvenient truthfulness while the pragmatic reason is a sort of show-card labelled "good."

So hungry are people these days for the hidden real reasons that they are inclining to believe that the real reason is always vastly different from and more sordid than the published "good" reason. They will believe anything now, provided the announcement is not official. No reason for stopping the Chaco shooting seemed to hit the mark until the news broke out that the embargo would probably prevent seizure and destruction of American property now imperilled.

Some months ago an article was printed in a prominent magazine, the topic being silver demonetization and the basic assumption being that "good" reasons for the Act of 1873 were the real reasons. If this assumption could be applied to history in general, what couldn't we learn about the past!

Taking another assumption, quite the opposite, that the act was a gigantic crime, could we not expect that the published reasons would be "good" ones and not the real ones? On a similar question, we learn that Lincoln said that if a government contracted debts and then diminished the volume of the currency it would be the greatest possible crime against the people who must pay those debts with overvalued money. Yet during the past year this has been done by the Federal Government, as it was done in 1920 when almost 2 billions of currency was retired in 18 months. Now, in such cases "good" reasons are advanced. But we must become hard-boiled in judging whether they are the real reasons.

The principle of substituting a "good" for the real reason is applied almost without limit in the case of disguised advertising in the news columns. It is apparent in what the politicians do and what the judges do. The whole thing is reducible to the human tendency to salve one's own conscience and to whitewash one's sepulchral actions.

BOSTON.

WILLIAM C. CARTER.

FATHER FIDELIS' "AN AWAKENING"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It was my privilege to have had Father Fidelis as a friend and patient during the last years of his life, so you will understand with what appreciation I read the fine article "Fidelis Goes South" which appears in the June issue of THE SIGN.

I wish to call your attention, however, to an incorrect footnote which, I believe, is due to an oversight. The reference is given to *The Invitation Heeded*. This book, you will recall, Father Fidelis amplified in the last years of his life and re-issued it under a change title. The proper footnote should have referred to *An Awakening*.

I believe some mention should be made of the correction as the book is very well worth anyone's time.

PARK RIDGE, ILL.

T. F. CONLEY, M.D.

AN APPRECIATED NOTE FROM ST. PAUL'S GUILD

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am enclosing a copy of the first issue of our quarterly bulletin, the *Epistle*, which I believe, you will find interesting.

I do not want to let this opportunity pass without thanking you for the help you have given us by your very fine editorial on The Saint Paul's Guild, which appeared in THE SIGN for May, 1934. Due to this editorial, we have received no less than sixty inquiries, and numbers of those who wanted information about The Guild, have become members.

From reading the letters of the inquirers, I am convinced that you have a very enthusiastic membership, and they certainly read THE SIGN from "cover to cover."

ST. PAUL'S GUILD,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

(REV.) HENRY P. FISHER, C.S.P.
SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR.

OUR CATHOLIC DUTY TO THE BLACK MAN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Gerard Ottman of New York City, has a letter in THE SIGN, July issue, headed: "The Negro is a Catholic Problem." That letter begins thus: "The problem of the Negro is very acute." My experience among "good" Catholics is that there is a tendency to neglect the Negro. How can those Catholics be called good if they neglect and despise those whom God loves, and for whom Christ died. Indeed many white Catholics are shamefully ignorant on this point and THE SIGN will in the future, as it did in the past, have the mission of instructing ignorant and prejudiced white Catholics on their duties towards their Negro brother. God grant it! How can white Catholics expect to enter Heaven with hatred in their hearts for the humble oppressed Negro race? White Catholics should answer this question and repent before they meet, face to face, with their God.

DENTON, TEXAS.

(REV.) RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

THE FIRE-BRINGER

By Daniel B. Pulsford

IT was not only Hebrew prophets who anticipated the Advent of Our Lord. Pagan mythology also looked forward to the coming of a Divine Deliverer. Mingled with much that was puerile and obscene in the stories told of the gods were hints that foreshadowed the Gospel of Christ. Just as St. Thomas Aquinas discovered in Aristotle the material for a Christian philosophy, so was there found in the poetry of the ancient world something akin to the Faith. How significant is it that Dante in journeying through Hell, Purgatory and Paradise represented himself as taking for his guide through the first part of that pilgrimage the Latin poet, Virgil, who surely inspired, had sung of a coming Messiah:

Now hath arrived

The latest period of Cumean song;
The order of the ages 'gins anew;
Returned is the Virgin, and the reign
Of Saturn is restored.

... From high heaven

Now is a new and nobler race sent
down,

Do thou, O chaste Lucina! favors show
Unto the infant Boy—through whom the
age,

The iron age shall end, the golden age
Rise glorious throughout th' awakening
world.

Virgil lived on the very threshold of the Christian era and it may be deemed not so wonderful, therefore, that his sensitive genius should have felt what was, so to speak, "in the air." But this cannot be said of the unknown myth-makers who first conceived the story of Prometheus. Æschylus, a Greek dramatist, who used the story for one of the greatest dramas in literature, was born 512 years before Christ and the myth must have been in existence long before that. Yet we can see in it a dim anticipation of Him Who, for the sake of us men, suffered on the Cross.

The story was originally an attempt to account for the existence of fire. Some imaginative pagan had watched the dancing flames flinging themselves hither and thither in the wind; had noted their changing colors and their mysterious fierceness. He remembered what a useful servant to man was this fierce creature, how it warmed him, cooked his food, and lit his path. We remember that, long after, St. Francis of Assisi, looking at the fire with the wondering eyes of the poet, called it "Brother." The old Greek began to ask him how this writhing iridescent crea-

ture came to be on earth. The question, even to us, is fascinating. What low-browed savage in the beginnings of history first struck fire from a stone and caught the spark ere it died? Nameless as he is, he is one of the great men of all time, for with him began the long story of material progress.

But the obscure Greek's mind travelled beyond the domain of humanity. So great a gift, he thought, must have come from the gods. Then his imagination set to work and the story was fashioned of Prometheus who brought fire and other gifts from heaven for the use of man. Perhaps it was some other myth-maker who added to the legend and declared that Jove was jealous and punished Prometheus for stealing what was the prerogative of the gods. At any rate that is the form which the myth eventually took. And it was on this basis that Æschylus constructed his great drama, *Prometheus Chained*.

HE pictured the god bound by order of Jove to a rock high up on the mountain side. There for unnumbered years he would be exposed to the violence of tempests and the attacks of ravenous vultures. The wrath of heaven allowed of no respite but, sure of the ultimate downfall of his enemy, he refused to submit. For the fact that he had endowed the human creature with the blessings of civilization he was unrepentant. Let us listen to him as he enumerates defiantly some of the powers which he has brought to earth! After speaking of various arts which he has made known to men, he proceeds:

The rich train of marshalled numbers
I taught them, and the meet array of
letters.

T' impress these precepts on their hearts
I sent

Memory, the active mother of all wis-
dom.

I taught the patient steer to bear the
yoke,

In all his toils joint-laborer with man.
By me the harnessed steed was trained
to whirl

The rapid car, and grace the pride of
wealth.

The tall bark, lightly bounding o'er the
waves,

I taught its course, and winged its fly-
ing sail.

The use of drugs and the art of dis-
covering and using the metals buried in
the earth he also taught. In fact, as
he declares, man owes to him all the

useful knowledge he possesses. Con-
cluding his enumeration of the blessings
he has brought from heaven, Prometh-
eus adds a touch which reminds us
irresistibly of Calvary:

To man I gave these arts; with all my
wisdom

Yet want I now one art, that useful art
To free myself from these afflicting
chains.

Is there not here an anticipation of
the taunt flung at our dying Lord.
"Others He saved; Himself He cannot
save"?

The Chorus interrupts the imprisoned
god and cautions him in the spirit of
wordly wisdom:

Let not thy love to man o'erleap the
bounds

Of reason, nor neglect thy wretched
state;

So my fond hope suggests thou shalt be
free

From these base chains, nor less in
power than Jove.

To which Prometheus replies:

Not thus, it is not in the Fates that thus
These things should end; crushed with a
thousand wrongs,

A thousand woes, I shall escape these
chains.

Necessity is stronger far than art.

The drama ends on a note of implacable defiance and resolute stoicism. The differences between this and the Christian Story are plain and the superiority of the latter obvious. But it may be well to state them.

OBSERVE in the first place the nature of the gifts bequeathed by Prometheus. Fire, drugs, craftsmanship of various kinds, intellectual powers—these are the things upon which civilization rests. And it was in the arts of civilization that Greece excelled. It was from that source that Rome, and indeed the whole of the Western World, acquired its culture. Paganism could think of no greater gifts than those enumerated by Prometheus. Materialistic and cultural progress was the highest object of life.

It was fitting, therefore, from this point of view, that these things should be regarded as the supreme gifts of the gods. Nor is this view dead. Mr. G. Lowes Dickenson, after describing what the modern world owes to Greece, suggested recently in a lecture delivered at Cambridge, England, that "the Greek spirit, rising again more splendid and more potent than before," will "ac-

compleish the salvation of mankind, in the greatest crisis with which it has yet been confronted." Indeed, you might say that something like this is the theory commonly held in these pagan times. "Progress," in the modern acceptation of the term, means progress in just such things as Prometheus suffered to bring us. If, instead of fire, we understand electricity, and if, for ox-wagons and sailing boats, we substitute automobiles and aeroplanes, and if by "memory, the active mother of all wisdom," we mean what most of our contemporaries mean by education, then we have an exact duplicate of the objects for which, according to the Greek myth, we have chiefly to thank the gods. And it is the spirit which creates these that, Lowes Dickenson says, is going to be our salvation in the present crisis.

Any discerning person who has read history or perceives the signs of our own times will have something to say to that. We cannot forget that the civilization which had been built up by "the Greek spirit" became, later, putrid with unspeakable vices.

And it was not a renaissance of the Greek spirit which saved it, but the spirit of Him Who brought from Heaven fire of a very different character from that of Prometheus. Salvation did not come from Athens or from Rome but from Jerusalem. It did not come from the people devoted to physical and intellectual culture and imperial power. It came from a people whose main concern had been righteousness. It was what the dilettanti whom St. Paul addressed on the Areopagus and the venial politicians of Rome regarded as the religion of a narrow and fanatical people who injected into the veins of the dying world the vitalizing force of Christian faith. It was the simple yet profound teaching held by unlettered fishermen, peasants and slaves which redeemed culture and civilization from the corruption which had overtaken them.

WHEN the "Greek spirit" revived at the close of the Middle Ages, creating what is known as the Renaissance, in those cases where it worked apart from Christianity it produced only moral decadence. Never was the spiritual life of Christendom at such a low ebb as during the years when the Renaissance was at its height. It needed the Counter-Reformation to bring Europe back to the paths of true progress. It was not the classical scholars collecting old manuscripts and statues who saved Europe then but Saints like Teresa of Spain and John of the Cross and scholars like the Blessed Thomas More combining the New Learning with a devout and humble faith.

The nineteenth century saw another kind of Renaissance. Men believed that

Science and Socialism between them would give us a new and better world. But the "Science" was agnostic and the "Socialism" was allied with definitely anti-Christian forces and there is no one today who can deny that they have failed to fulfill their promises.

Our Prometheus did indeed bring "fire" from Heaven, did indeed teach men celestial wisdom and suffered for so doing, being nailed to the Cross as the mythical god was fastened to the rock. But the "fire" was that which descended at Pentecost, endowing those on whom it fell with spiritual gifts, and the wisdom that He taught was very different from the sophistry of the Schools. It is something infinitely more precious than "civilization" which He bestows.

In the second place, it is to be observed that when Greek myth-makers set to work to imagine one of the gods suffering a kind of crucifixion to save man they could only do so by picturing him as acting in defiance of the will of Heaven. No Greek was able to imagine such a thing as that "God so loved the world as to send His Only-Begotten Son" into it. Prometheus was a defiant exception and achieved his end only by an act of rebellion.

It was for this reason that the atheist-poet Shelley made Prometheus his hero and wrote a poetic drama founded on the Greek myth. Shelley's Prometheus blasphemously cursed the Power that had punished him:

Fiend, I defy thee! With a calm, fixed mind,
All that thou canst inflict I bid thee do;
Foul Tyrant both of gods and human-kind,
One only being shalt thou not subdue.

Shelley fixed on this humanitarian hero because in that way he was able to attack religion. His argument went something like this: "Your God is a cruel tyrant who inflicts untold suffering on man, here and hereafter, but our humanitarian code teaches us to be just and merciful, mild and patient. The humanitarian therefore is nobler than that God whom you worship."

That was not a bad argument when the "God" attacked was the lascivious deity who reigned over the Greek pantheon. It was quite true that Prometheus was better than his celestial persecutor. It is significant that when the Greek poets wished to set up a lofty standard of character and conduct they were bound to come in conflict with traditional religion. Socrates, a sort of Prometheus in actual life, taught a noble philosophy and an inspiring morality but he was put to death by the State for undermining the faith of Athenian youths in the gods.

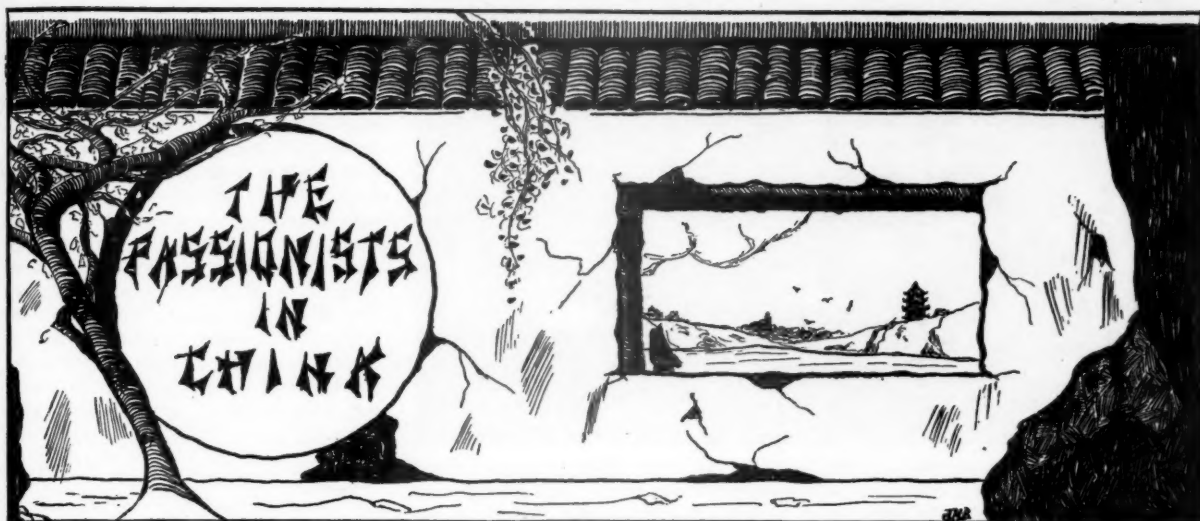
Shelley assailed religion with the weapons borrowed from the Religion of the Cross. It was the graciousness of

Jesus that supplied him with his argument against Christianity. He turned the humanitarianism ultimately derived from the Church into an anti-religious thing to be used in attacking the Church. All that was chivalrous and lovable in his creed (and much of that creed was chivalrous and lovable) had its origin in the Creed he attacked. And this has been the method adopted ever since by those who wished to overthrow Christianity in the name of humanitarian morality. They introduce a schism between God the Father, with Whom is all power, and His Son Who stands as an embodiment of love.

THAT disposes of the arguments used, for instance, to set up Science as a substitute for Christianity. The services rendered by the Man of Science in overcoming disease and developing our civilization has constituted him, in the eyes of many, the modern Messiah. It is he, we are told, to whom we must trust for the future in making life better and happier. But the heroism which often animates the Man of Science and the compassion which frequently inspires his efforts were learned at the Cross. Science in a de-Christianized world would become the servant of ambition and hate, as indeed it often is.

The same may be said of the moral idealism which animates many Socialists. Socialism with its professions of brotherhood and its opposition to economic injustice has been set up as a rival to Christianity. Those who have suffered for it are hailed as martyrs for humanity. And it is this romantic idealism which has recommended it to many who have never studied it as an economic system. Because they find some Socialists more concerned with the material welfare of their fellows than some Christians they hasten to the conclusion that Socialism is ethically superior to traditional Christianity. But it was Jesus from Whom the world learned brotherhood. It was the Church which first dared to overstep the barriers of race, nationality, and class. The attempt to set Prometheus against God—humanitarianism against religion—is doomed to failure. The Greek myth is dead. Nineteen centuries of Christianity have taught us better.

Nevertheless, it was an amazing thing that five hundred years before Christ Greek genius could conceive of a god coming from heaven to suffer agony for man. The heart of paganism, we can see, was crying out for the Religion of the Cross. It could not of itself create even a myth which came up to the actual truth of Revelation. The boldest spirit could not imagine God dying for His creatures. But the story of Prometheus, the Fire-Bringer, is a literary gesture profoundly suggestive of the need there was of the Gospel.



Business and Pleasure

By Sisters of Charity

IT HAS been written, "An endless significance lies in work." Perhaps that is why we call our needlework department "the embroidery school." For, school it certainly is not. Even less is it a factory, that word connoting to our American minds vast buildings, up-to-date machinery, rapid workers, and—what is the result of these combined forces—high-powered production. Force of contrast is probably, in this particular case, the most effective way of presenting a clear-cut picture. Suppose, then, that we take separately each of the four attributes we have already mentioned as being inherent in the American concept of a factory?

The first was vast buildings. We have one long room. It is in the same building with the dispensary, which is next door to it; and with the girls' school, which is just above it. The ceiling is very high; and the lattice-work, beginning about seven feet from the ground in the two longer sides of the room and running its entire length, provides plenty of light and ventilation. In mild weather this arrangement is admirable for obvious reasons. In winter, it is almost equally admirable. Then the open spaces are covered, in Chinese fashion, with tough white paper, through which light filters softly. Again, Chinese fashion, each worker brings her own heat in a small wooden tub of glowing charcoal. This she places under her feet; and, if her placid face be any guide, she lends truth to the old theory about warm feet keeping the whole body in comfort.

The next attribute we mentioned was up-to-date machinery. For the simple

reason that it would be almost impossible and incredibly expensive to get machinery safely into this corner of Hunan, we have absolutely none of that. Besides, our chief stock in trade is our boast that every stitch of our work is hand-sewn. The wooden embroidery frames, individual benches, and cabinets alike were handmade by craftsmen here in Shenchow.

And our workers are the antithesis of "rapid." Slowly they work, and with painstaking care; two of them, usually, sitting across from each other, stitching on the one frame. Occasionally they look up and wait for fresh directions; but they rarely speak. When you walk into the room from the noisy crowds on the street, the silence there is almost too great, and you pause a moment to adjust yourself to it.

Which brings us to the production. (We deliberately omitted the "high-powered" adjective, lest it intrude upon our peace.) At the present writing, we have been in operation a little more than two months, and have about twenty women employed. As we have already hinted, their work is careful to the point of strain. But each finished piece is so exquisitely wrought that it overwhelms us, with a sense of the perfection of true workmanship.

Our purpose in conducting the embroidery school is twofold: to make contacts and so win converts, and to help support the Missions. Just a few of our workers are Christians. The others are pagan women, poor enough to need an increased income. In the beginning no word of Doctrine was spoken to them;

but for the benefit of the Christians and for the sake of example, each period was begun and ended with prayers. After a while, as they learned the words, the pagans joined in. From time to time we hung sacred pictures on the wall and, being a naturally curious people, the women who didn't know their significance quietly questioned those who did. Now there are several attending Mass of their own volition. By the time that this paper is published, every afternoon the workers will be hearing ten or fifteen minutes' Doctrine from Sister Marie Therese, our Chinese professed Sister. We hope that eventually some of these women will express the desire to become Christian. But no pressure whatever, not even that of suggestion, will be brought to bear on them.

AS to the second purpose, that of helping the Missions by the sale of embroidery, if we wished we might try to realize this aim by conducting operations on a larger scale. We might have tackled it, for instance, as a business man would, by having catalogs printed and distributed, by laying in supplies in anticipation of demands, and by widespread publicity. But here in Hunan there is the ever-present menace of Red and bandit invasion; and we have already had the sad experience of being forced to leave to gentlemen of these two classes rich stores of goods. So, now we build slowly, buy as we need, and make concessions only to publicity. Yes, this is an advertisement! What can we do for you and your friends in the line of vestments, scarfs for both wear and decora-



FATHER NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.F., OF THE LIU LIN CHA MISSION, TELLS A JOKE TO HIS SCHOOLBOYS WITH WHOM HE HAS BEEN TAKING A HIKE. THE HAPPY LADS HAVE A READY WIT AND A SHARP SENSE OF HUMOR

tion, pictures, luncheon sets, handkerchiefs—anything, in fact, that requires embroidering?

"He who laughs lasts"—a bit hard on the tongue, that; but pithy enough to satisfy. If we dared to believe in it literally, however, we could promise ourselves more days than even Methuselah had. Despite work in the embroidery shop, school and dispensary we do laugh here, both early and often. That doesn't mean that we hold a monopoly on the world's sense of humor, nor yet that we are sillier than the rest of men. It's just that, all around us, the incongruous is happening; and the incongruous has a habit of provoking laughter.

DESPITE the very real strain involved in trying to make ourselves understood, it is perhaps our struggle with the language that provides the most fun. The Chinese alone know what we actually do say, when we think we are making our most dignified speeches; and, though they poke fun at us privately, they're usually too courteous to openly remind us of our errors. But let another one of us be present when the mistake is made, and let us show by the slightest change of expression that we are aware of it—then the native part of the audience will outdo the foreign in merriment. This happened when a Sister, meaning to inquire how they cooked their vermicelli, gravely asked a group of young Chinese women how they cooked their *men!* It happened again when a second Sister thought to use a word learned that very morning. Spying a goat ambling along a nearby path, she exclaimed to the group of orphans with her, "Look at mother!"

And there is the native reaction to seeing us for the first time. This usually results in some embarrassment to the Sister, but there is always a laugh or two not far away. One of the Sisters

was walking down the street one day when a child who saw her coming ran crying to its mother, "Mother, oh my mother, what is it?" "Hush, my little one!" answered the woman, "and don't you fear!" Then, grabbing up the baby girl and holding her close, "It is a freak thing!"

A freak thing! But it isn't only babies and young mothers who show their wonder and fear. Just the other day, as a Sister was standing near the gate of the compound waiting for her companion, along came two country grandmothers, who stared in amazement at her. Finally, one of them came forward, began fingering the material in the Sister's habit, and peered so curiously into her face that the Sister began to smile, "Ah," said the little old lady, "whatever you are, you have good teeth!" Now that particular Sister knows what to do to save herself from too close inspection; for, satisfied that the strange being at least had teeth, the bolder of the two grandmothers plucked the other one's sleeve and off they went.

No matter how sad the sick-bed to which we are called, nor how depressing the circumstances, there is usually a funny side to the case. In the better homes, unless the people know our customs well, the Sister is courteously offered a long water pipe to smoke. This she refuses with many protestations of her unworthiness of such an honor; but inwardly she is convulsed at the picture she sees of herself placidly pulling away at a pipe, while the rest of the community back home looks on with horror. Once in a while, she is offered a cigarette, which affords even better mental pictures than the water pipe, but which she declines in the same polite phrases.

If the family is poor, living in a house that has not the privacy of an enclosing wall, passersby and loiterers from the

street will follow the Sister into the room and watch closely her every movement. Their intense interest would be amusement enough; but invariably they think aloud too, and their remarks are the best part of the show. Not long ago a call came from the parents of a girl who had tried to commit suicide by taking an overdose of opium. When the Sister who answered the call found the young woman still conscious, she gave her an antidote, made her swallow quantities of water, and walked her up and down, up and down—this last to keep her from lapsing into a coma. Meantime, half of Shenchow (more or less) had crowded into the small house. As Sister exercised the patient some curious souls who weren't going to miss anything fell into line and made the rounds of the room with her, while the bystanders pressed backward and swelled forward to let the parade pass. Then the desired reaction came upon the sick girl; suddenly her face changed color, and she vomited the water, the medicine, the opium, and her last few meals. The room cleared immediately, the audience making one mad stampede for the street. Sister was finally alone with her patient.

THE language, the native reaction to strangers, the customs—these are all ordered and, after we've become accustomed to them, will probably lose some of their potency to make us laugh. But there is always the unlooked for that is bound to crop up whenever things are dull. About two weeks ago, one of the Sisters was returning from the post-office in company with a Chinese girl, when she saw an avalanche of water coming her way. She clutched her companion by the arm, and stood stock-still. Meantime the water had landed on the ground before her; and, being well-behaved water, it did what all water does under similar circumstances, it splashed all over her. She looked right, left, before, behind. Finally she discovered the culprit. There he was, a man of fifty or so, leaning over the counter of his open shop, his mouth agape, his eyes popping with surprise, and his right hand still raised holding the telltale jug. The Sister forgot that she was a stranger in a strange country, and found herself beginning in English, "S—a-y!" Then she bethought herself that her perfectly good and fluent English would be wasted, so without more ado she continued in Chinese, "What's the matter with you?" By this time the inevitable crowd had gathered, and there was a good-natured laugh. The Sister's exclamation and the laugh of the crowd broke the spell the shop-keeper was laboring under, for his mouth shut, his eyes blinked, his arm came down. "I didn't see you coming!" he apologized.

Then there is the mad woman in

town, who walks about with a big stick in her hand and is self-appointed bodyguard to any Sister she meets. "Look at my big sister!" she cries to all who have ears to hear; and she emphasizes her announcement by using her stick to knock the merchandise down from whatever stall she happens to be passing. At

first we were in terror of the stick. But now we know that she flourishes it only in play, and always picks up whatever the stick has thrown down. Even so, we like to see a policeman in the distance, because our Lady of the Big Stick and Flowing Hair doesn't wait to meet him—She dashes down the

nearest alleyway with amazing speed.

And so, the people of Shenchow are themselves, and we laugh. And we are ourselves, and the people of Shenchow laugh. Nobody is hurt, and the natural arrangement is a healthy one. Doesn't the Good Book say, "A merry heart doth good like medicine"?

Chinese Banquets

By Nicholas Schneiders, C.P.

IN a previous article for THE SIGN, I wrote something of Chinese etiquette. Now let us get down to the essence of etiquette in China—a Chinese banquet.

One of the missionary's greatest trials is to attend or to give a banquet. And yet, there is often no escape. Either you must go, or the inviting host will feel put out; even insulted. When you have attended, much against your wishes, some of the banquets to which you were invited, you will be lacking in all courtesy if you do not give a banquet in return. So, dear reader, by way of performing a little penance, come with me to a Chinese banquet.

Yesterday, in order to give you ample time to prepare, you received an invitation. All the names of those invited were written on a slip of red paper, so that you know beforehand who will be your fellow-guests. Your name stood first on the list, indicating that you were of higher rank or more important than all the others. But don't get proud. You may be fooled. The host probably had half a dozen lists written and put a different name in first place on each list. Underneath your name you write your acceptance in some polite word or phrase. If you are not going, you send your thanks and regrets.

Today, about two hours before the banquet, you are invited again. It is, let us suppose, some military official who is giving this banquet, and he sends one or two of his bodyguard to accompany you. As you walk down the street, all who know you will ask: "Are you going to eat wine?" This is the common expression for a banquet. Perhaps, they just state, in the affirmative, that you are going.

We arrive at our host's place, in this case the military headquarters. We hand in our cards, are invited to enter. I step aside to let you, the honored guest, enter first. As soon as we get to the banquet or guest room we bow to the assembled company. They all rise, bow and wait until we are seated before they themselves sit down again. Tea, cigarettes and watermelon seeds are brought

in. Try to hide your embarrassment when everybody stares at you, asks your name, your occupation, where you come from, how much money you have, and so on. Make yourself comfortable, if you can, for it will still be a full hour before the banquet begins, and all you can do is sip tea—thirty-nine cents per pound; smoke cigarettes—twenty cents per hundred; and munch watermelon seeds—ten cents per pound.

Whilst we are being scrutinized, we can make our own comments, in English, of course, but we must be very careful in doing so. The Chinese are past masters at the art of reading faces and expressions. They can very often guess correctly what two foreigners are talking about by simply watching closely, even though they don't understand a word of their language. For example, two missionaries were looking over a certain building which they contemplated buying. The prospective buyers should have compared the building to the White House or to Holland's Peace Palace. Instead, one of them, of course through ignorance rather than malice, laughed at something about the building and turned to the other missionary with

some such expression as: "So this is his idea of the acme of perfection!" The Chinese did not understand the language but caught the meaning from the expression on the face of the one who made the comment, and mighty unpleasant, as well as serious, results followed. It was a sad mistake on the part of the missionary; but we must all learn by our mistakes.

WHILST I was telling you the above, progress was made in the preparation of the banquet, and here comes our host. With a smile and a bow and his left arm extended in a graceful curve towards the table (very likely, for most Chinese do things left-handedly) he invites us to be seated.

Now comes the grand squabble! Who will sit in the place of honor? As in the Gospel narrative, you will make an effort to choose the lowest place, and, if you are considered the most important guest present, the host will invite you to "go up higher." You will protest, the host will protest, and so will the guests. The more arguments you put up the better. Never mind if the food should get cold meanwhile; never mind if you



COTTON IS AN IMPORTANT PRODUCT IN CHINA, SINCE FROM IT CLOTHES FOR THE POORER CLASSES ARE ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY MADE. A SHIPMENT IS BEING CARRIED HERE FROM RIVER JUNKS TO LOCAL STORES

are really the biggest man in the party; never mind if everybody says you ought to take the highest place, don't do so without a struggle. Moreover, if you wait until you are forcibly placed in the seat of honor—why, all the better.

At last the banquet begins. Let's not talk about the various dishes that are set before you. It will be hard enough for you to eat them without the description of them that will make you lose all appetite.

We pick up our little wine cups, and thank the host for his kindness. He'll answer that there isn't anything to eat, that his banquet is a very poor one, that he has no face by serving us so poor a meal. All the guests tell him the opposite, praising the food. After a sip of wine, we take our chopsticks, and wait for the most important guest to point with them at the dish and invite us to eat. After that it is a question of catch as catch can. Again we take a sip of wine, and pick at the next dish that is brought in. This will go on for eight or eighty dishes, depending on the size of the banquet. Those waiting on the table will see to it that our wine cups are kept constantly filled.

How do you like the wine? I know you don't like it at all. It tastes poison-

ous. Here in my Mission I have a kerosene lamp which must be started with alcohol. But instead of spirit alcohol or wood alcohol we use Chinese wine. It gives the same results, except that the Chinese wine probably is dirtier than the pure alcohol.

Towards the end of the banquet the rice is brought in. It is the rule that you cannot start to eat rice until you have emptied your wine cup. Here is where you have to be very watchful and foxy. The rest of the party will see your cup empty, fill it again before you can get a hold of your rice and make you empty the cup. Or they will wait until your cup is empty, and tell you that they themselves cannot take rice until they finish their cups and that you must drink with them. The more they can get you to drink the more pleased they are.

When you have finished your rice, you show the others at the banquet your empty bowl and tell them, "Eat slowly, eat slowly." It is perfectly all right, as soon as you have finished, to get up from the table and not to wait until the rest of the company is through. A towel, wrung out in hot, perfumed water, is handed to you with which to wipe your hands and face. Let the elements do

the drying. If you were not the first to finish eating, others will have used the towel before you. You hope and pray that the alcohol in the perfume is strong and sufficient enough to kill all germs.

Another sip of tea, another cigarette and you take your departure, first thanking your host once again. He'll protest again that he wasn't worthy of your visit, that the meal was disgusting. He takes you to the gate and with a bow you make your departure. You hurry home and look for the soda tablets or the epsom salts. It is the end of a Chinese banquet.

I am sure, dear reader, who went with me to the banquet, you did not enjoy it at all. Neither did I. But it can't be helped, we must be on good terms with the officials and the citizens. They can make life very hard for us here in China, at times. They can also make things very easy. It all depends on what they think of you. Be on friendly terms with them and, indirectly, you are helping your Mission. Show that you are "one of them" and they'll go out of their way to help you. Show yourself superior to them, be supercilious, and they have a hundred ways to "bring you down a peg." If you wish to be a successful missionary, "Be all things to all men that you may gain all."

Gleanings from Paotsing

By Dunstan Thomas, C.P.

I THINK that if the missionary were asked who, next to himself, is most important, that a sensible answer would be, the cook, though for other reasons the catechist holds this distinction. Napoleon said that an army travels on its stomach. Blessed is the cook in China who does his part in furthering the health and good humor of the missionary. The day can be wrecked or made on the coffee in the morning. I want to bring out not so much the desirability of a delicious cup of coffee after the morning's thanksgiving, as the fact that in my experience with cooks I have at last found one whom I can honor for efficiency and interest in his work.

Stephen, whose Chinese name is "Precious Treasure," lives up to that name. Indeed, he seems to live for nothing else but to cook. He would be amusing to one who did not realize that he is wrapped up in his work. Long before we reached Paotsing and while on the boat, he talked mostly of cooking, telling me about the beautiful stove and the *'batterie de cuisine'*, the well-stocked storeroom and the plates in the cupboard. I think it was the fifth day on the boat when he said, "But, Father, wait till you

see the kitchen." "Well, what about it, Stephen?" I asked, hoping to hear still more glorious things. "It's run down," he answered. I saw it afterwards. A thorough going-over transformed it into a cook's paradise and such it is still, after two months' use.

Can you imagine your cook on Saturday nights asking for the week's menu? Well, Stephen wanted one, but diplomatically I told him that a daily one would do. Should the yeast for making bread be the least sour he makes more and then offers me some to taste for approval. The stove at times does not draw well. If I am in the vicinity of the kitchen I see Stephen on the roof cleaning the obstructed flue. If rice hasn't figured in the menu for some time he will suggest making dishes with rice as an ingredient. Then I get broth, pudding and Chinese delicacies. And custards! The most fastidious epicure would long for them every day.

I take long walks every afternoon and come home with a keen appetite. There is danger at present of an increasing waistline. Though the Chinese say stout persons are brainy, I shouldn't care to have them sing my praises. In-

telligence alone won't help me to climb hills and there are many mountains in the territory where my stations are. So the very next time Stephen asks for the menu I am going to give myself a new deal. I am in favor of a waist depression.

* * * * *

AT THIS season the Chinese seem to live, talk and dream of the New Year. It amounts to a craze and the missionary also seems to be affected by it. This explains why he loosens the purse strings wider than usual and all in the Mission enjoy better things to eat for a few days. Now is the time when every family rests from the labors of the year and spends a time in feasting and jollity. The family pig, raised for a year, is now gracing many a meal in the form of delicious ham. When the pig had been killed and hung in convenient sizes above the smoking kitchen stove there to season into ham, it was guarded with all the watchfulness that a miser guards his horde of gold. It would be a calamity little short of devastating if a thief made off with the "pièce de resistance" of the New Year. It would be like missing your Thanksgiving dinner.

Our New Year's pig was almost lifted one night. We had heard that the Confraternity was operating and had designs on our New Year's meal. A large hole was discovered in the back wall of our Mission. One of the boys had heard someone pounding on the wall one night. Thieves! We have a dog, but he does day duty. So we hired a night-watchman to go the rounds at night. He beats on a hollow bamboo box which is a warning to lurking thieves to steer clear of the property.

WHATEVER is done for God will be rewarded a hundredfold in this life and in the next. We have His Divine Word for it when He says, "Give and it shall be given unto you." The truth of these words comes home to the missionary when he hears of the death of a good benefactor to the Missions. So when we here in the Paotsing Mission heard of the deaths of parents of three of our missionaries, there was a spontaneous act of great charity shown towards the soul of the departed benefactors. Many Christians, especially the Mission orphans, offered Communion on two days, while others asked to have Masses said. I took occasion during the Sunday sermon to impress on my Christians the obligation they have of praying for our benefactors. It is they who make it possible to carry on our grand work. To ask God to heap His blessings on those who make sacrifices that His work will go on, is the best way to draw down the graces we need. Surely when our good benefactors come to die they get off quite easily from a long sentence in Purgatory because of the alms they offered to God during life. It is well to remember that one way for satisfying for the punishment due to sin is in giving alms.

WHAT I should call a "Comedy of Errors" happened to me recently while visiting Lao Wu Ts'e, one of my Mission stations. The only thing that was in my favor was the weather. Mostly all else connected with the trip was one mix-up after another. There was the date to begin with. When last I saw the Christians of this Mission I told them that I would return on February 16. They said they would be waiting for me. A few days previous to setting out for Lao Wu Ts'e, I told my house-boy to hire carriers. Then the day before my trip I sent two of my Mission boys with a letter for the Yungtsui catechist telling him to be in Lao Wu Ts'e with the boys the next afternoon and to bring along a few articles for Mass. So I left Paotsing by chair accompanied by my Mass server and the man carrying my bedding. This last fellow said that he knew the road. When the time came to turn off the main

road for Lao Wu Ts'e he was in a quandary. Luckily he struck the right trail and got directions from the natives. When we were sure of our road I began to worry a bit about not seeing the catechist coming along. Finally after turning a corner, there he was. "Why, Father," he said, "we were not expecting you today. I told the Christians you were coming tomorrow." "But I said the sixteenth," I replied.

Then, to muddle up things still more, he had been to see the catechist of



THE MAKING OF STRAW SANDALS IS AN INDUSTRY IN ITSELF. IN SOME SECTIONS OF CHINA THE BLIND HAVE A MONOPOLY ON THIS BUSINESS. THIS OLD GENTLEMAN IS BLESSED WITH SIGHT, HOWEVER, AND IS ABLE TO PEDDLE HIS SANDALS WHEREVER THERE IS A PROSPECT OF A SALE

Yungtsui but that gentleman was not at home. Nor had he seen the two boys, he said. There I was, expecting to say Mass next morning and my things hadn't arrived. Morning came and still nobody arrived. So that day I went without the consolation of Holy Mass. However, about noon-time the Yungtsui catechist appeared, but not the boys. He said I had told them to go back to Paotsing, which of course was another misunderstanding. Upon asking him for the letter I had sent, I found out that it contained

merely the news that I was coming. Both catechists were under the impression I was to travel on Saturday by boat, since it was the custom of the former missionary to do so. What could be at the bottom of this grand mix-up, but a similarity of sounds about the pronunciation of two words, "a ku joh," and "a ku jung!" The first one means the sixteenth, while the other one means the seventeenth. Most of the Christians came for the Sacraments and Mass the next day. Then to make up for the disappointment I had the consolation of knowing that twelve more catechumens from Lao Wu Ts'e would be coming in a short while to the Paotsing Mission to prepare for baptism.

TO VISIT a neighboring priest is one of the delights which come from prolonged missionary activity. It is a recreation which fits us on our return home to take up our work again with renewed enthusiasm. Ordinary recreation such as reading a good book or listening to music or even a sally into the country to see your Christians in the out-stations won't distract a missionary. Hence the need of a complete change of environment for a few days, when you can get to see and talk to your fellow-missionary and enjoy listening to your own native tongue once more.

When the urge for visiting comes and it is convenient to leave your Mission you don't mind the fatigue of travel. There are no facilities in our district for rapid or comfortable travel, so we either ride a mule, take a chair or get on a boat, keeping foremost in our minds the pleasure in meeting. We know that at our journey's end there will be a happy reunion. Then, to make us feel comfortable, there will be a hot bath ready to soothe our stiffened bodies, a nourishing supper to repair the exertions of the day's trip and the joys of a good evening's chat.

Every three months seem a fair average for a get-together. In my own case I hadn't seen a fellow-missionary since late December. It was now middle March. Fathers Timothy, C.P., and Bonaventure, C.P., are my next door neighbors in Yungshun, a city some thirty miles distant. They too felt the need of getting away for a while. We decided to have a rendezvous at the Wangtsun Mission, which is a day's journey from both our towns. If we went there possible sick calls in either of our Missions could be more conveniently handled. Then again, the Wangtsun Mission has particular charms lacking in ours. There is a large porch off the second story commanding a pleasant view of the countryside. On sunny days nothing is more enjoyable than to sit there discussing mission problems.

Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League, but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are



GEMMA GALGANI

generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle "for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy."

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Recently she has been beatified and we hope soon to call her Saint Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

Masses Said	26
Masses Heard	36,113
Holy Communions	29,369
Visits to B. Sacrament	49,717
Spiritual Communions	43,686
Benediction Services	19,783
Sacrifices, Sufferings	43,022
Stations of the Cross	13,419
Visits to the Crucifix	19,498
Beads of the Five Wounds	12,183
Offerings of Pp. Blood	100,775
Visits to Our Lady	70,526
Rosaries	30,636
Beads of the Seven Dolors	6,370
Ejaculatory Prayers	2,651,950
Hours of Study, Reading	36,272
Hours of Labor	59,758
Acts of Kindness, Charity	42,510
Acts of Zeal	114,875
Prayers, Devotions	195,022
Hours of Silence	20,848
Various Works	40,368
Holy Hours	368

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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REV. JOHN S. SCHOFF
REV. W. L. LONG
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REV. FATHER ALLAIN
REV. JOHN A. GROGAN
SR. M. PHILOMENA, R.S.M.
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ELLEN T. O'MARA
BRIDGET SWEENEY
EVA M. McDOWELL
MRS. JAMES CONATY
JOSEPHINE MCCUDDEN
EDWARD BELL

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

The YOUNG Man

By Charles Willis Thompson *of the Tribe*

MOST of the thinking of man is done by the acceptance of ready-made dogmas, and even assumptions and phrases. A good, lusty, resounding assumption needs only to be handed out by a single loud voice to be instantly and forever repeated by the rest of the race, the rest of the race occupying always, alas, the position of chorus to whoever momentarily has a solo part. So it always was, so it is, so it always will be. The individual dissident who thinks for himself is as rare as that solitary Greek who voted against the just Aristides for no other reason than that he was sick and tired of hearing every parrot in Athens eternally repeat the phrase, "Aristides the Just."

One of these parrot-cries happens, for the time, to be the one most frequently heard, and as it is false—they almost always are—its general acceptance misleads mankind to his harm. Much magic is in a spoken word; yes, and if it is a false word the magic is black magic. Macbeth learned that fact when Birnam Wood did come to Dunsinane and when he was indeed slain by a man never born of woman; the witch-spell spoken to him had kept the word of promise to his ear and broken it to his heart. So, in the small corner where this voice is heard, I intend to raise it against this particular superstition. The corner is small compared with the vast auditorium of humanity which will never hear it, but I always did like that slambang hymn which used to be sung at Billy Sunday's revival meetings, "Brighten the corner where you are."

The superstition is that youth is the time of radicalism—religious, social, ethical and what not—and that age is the heyday of the hidebound reactionary and standpatter in all such fields. It is heresy to doubt it, heresy being a different thing in the twentieth century from what it was in the thirteenth, and I shall therefore cheerfully accept the imputation of being a heretic and take my place in the pillory. It is heresy now to doubt that eager, enthusiastic, flame-eyed youth turns naturally to subversive doctrines and sees, with lambent piercing eye, their truth; or that crabbed age, "whose heart is dry as summer's dust," as naturally turns its dimmed eyes to the rear—the rear being necessarily the false. Let me, therefore, take my place with the heretics; only, for a moment, hear me for my cause.

To be as heretical as possible, here are the postulates right at the beginning. First, childhood is the time of conservatism, of rigid adherence to the straight line, of utter orthodoxy. Second, in youth, young manhood and young womanhood, there is still no attraction toward radicalism or skepticism; what there is is an attraction toward what Kipling calls "something new and never heard before." If that something happened to be conservative, or even hidebound and reactionary, it would be as eagerly accepted—for the time—as the innovative doctrines are today. Third, incredible as it seems, just that thing has happened in the world's history, and is likely to happen again if things go on as they are going—happen, say, in the next generation. Fourth, to a real radical age makes no difference except to intensify and extend his radicalism. The ideal and incorrigible and unconvertible radical is always an old man or woman. And the older he gets the more his radicalism spreads; he becomes radical in directions he never dreamed of when he began.

"There," as Huckleberry Finn said after springing all his bad news on Miss Mary Jane in one sentence and without preface, "now we're over the worst of it; you can stand the rest middling easy." Having packed all the dynamite in one paragraph and exploded it, this article can now proceed to address itself to those who have survived the shock and have not yet thrown this magazine away in sheer disgust at such ravings, and can go on to particulars.

MAN is born a conformist. As a child he hews more rigidly to the line, follows more blindly the standard, than he ever will again. But as a child he likes to learn a new game. At eighteen or so his mind has expanded, and he still likes a new game, but now it is a game played by his brain, no longer by his hands or feet. As a child it made no difference to him what the game was, so long as it was new; and this is still the case, now that he is playing it with his mind. If he were born in a world of pure radicalism, and at eighteen heard the confoundingly new doctrine of conservatism, he would accept the new game and play it just as hard. Radicalism is getting so popular that the next generation may be born into just that kind of world, and if it is it will astound and horrify its

parents by trumpeting the new and subversive doctrines of reaction. That iconoclastic generation, the one to be born this year or next, will undoubtedly shock its hidebound reactionary parents (the radical youth of today) by trumpeting such horrid novelties as monogamy, the family, the social order, monetary return for thrift, or perhaps even Christianity or religious faith; may even be so damnably adventurous in new and untrodden paths as to repudiate those standbys of conservatism by that time, birth control, companionate marriage, sterilization of the moron, "living your own life," Governmental seizure of earned individual income, even masked atheism under the present-day banner, "one religion is as good as another." It seems fantastic to suppose such a thing, but "tis histhry," as Mr. Dooley philosophically explained to the modernist Hennessy; in each generation youth, like the Athenians, seeks ever for some new thing.

THE foregoing impudent heresy is flaunted only by way of concession to the popular belief that youth is always turning its clear and unpoisoned eyes toward radicalism. In truth, only some youths do that. A monomaniac named McConaughy, whose book was published this year and after his death, allowed for this aberration, as it seemed to him; he said that every "decent" young man or woman must be a Communist, thus admitting that there were indecent young men and women who were not. He might have gone further and admitted that they were the majority. His book was entitled *Who Rules America?* and was a monomaniacal attempt to prove that from its birth to the present moment it has been always ruled solely by thieves, elected by a thievingly-disposed and eagerly-acquiescing populace.

Whatever there is in the youth that turns him to the new merely because it is new does not last long. The shibboleth accounting for that is that, as he grows older, his early knight-errantry begins to slip away. To misapply slightly Wordsworth's lines about the glory that surrounds the childish and the youthful mind:

At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

His last state, naturally, is worse than this intermediate one. He becomes, mentally, old Scrooge. The older he grows, the "narrower" he gets, until he has become the Old Man of the Tribe and there is nothing left to do except, as barbarous tribes do in such cases, to knock him in the head and install in his place some inexperienced young chief in whose veins still courses the generous and fiery blood of youth.

This last is no more true than the rest of the standard delusion. The natural or temperamental radical becomes, in fact, more and more radical. More and more does he make war on the standards of the past, until nothing is left at which his battle-axe is not aimed. His increasing range is never abbreviated until death steps in and shortens it for him.

To clarify what has been said and to leave no doubt of its meaning, the word "radicalism," as used here, is meant to describe all the apparently flourishing innovations in the thought of today, religious, economic, social, ethical, moral, political, artistic, scientific from the seemingly unchecked rush to overthrow or at least emasculate the Christian religion, clear down to that comparatively slight and amusing trifle—the notion that the standards of art have changed and can be illuminated by energetic iconoclasts. Robert Buchanan, implicitly believing this in the 1860's and 1870's—for, strange as it may seem to this brand-new generation, its "new" ideas were those of the infantile Victorian age and of all other ages—thus visualized the mental progress of man, whom he called the "Deicide."

Now every God, save one, is dead
Now that last God is almost sped;
Cold falls the dew, chill rise the tides,
To this still Song of Deicides.

He was wrong about it, as his predecessors had been wrong about it for ages and as his successors are wrong about it now. "Youth will be served," but not in the fashion they believe and their ancestors believed. This article rises to defend youth from the charge, or from the eulogy as they think it; and to defend age as well. The Deicide, whether striking at God or at any standard of human life—for not even morals are spared from the axe of today's "thinkers"—is always in the minority, always will be; and that applies to maligned youth as well as to any other season in life.

NOW to descend to particulars, in which I shall draw from a not unobservant lifetime and one not narrowed in range, not even in geographical range. The life of one man is a microcosm of the life of others, which is my defense against the charge of courting the limelight.

Childhood is intensely conservative;

there is no conservatism like it. Compared with the child, the Old Man of the Tribe as shudderingly imagined by H. G. Wells is a ramping, roaring radical with a fierce thirst for trying out anything new because it is new. There is no such tyranny as that of "The Gang," Nero was a mild constitutional monarch alongside the despotic parliament of boyhood. You not only have to play just like all the other boys, but you have to dress like them, talk like them, do everything like them. The punishment for a deviation is the keenest suffering any one can ever know, for the unminted child mind is more sensitive than the grown human body; the derision, the contempt, fall on fresh and unprepared natures and cause an agony never forgotten in all the decades following, even when they are not accompanied by ostracism or blows. The scars inflicted on the child heart are there for life, and last even after the mature mind knows how trifling the incidents were and they have long ceased to hurt.

IT used to be said that boys suffered tortures when compelled to wear Fauntleroy suits. That depends. If only one boy in the block wore a Fauntleroy, his punishment was immediate and terrific, but that was not because he was thought to be a sissy. It was because he was wearing something the other boys did not wear; he was defying conventions. If two boys on the block had appeared in Fauntleroy suits, there would not even have been a laugh, much less a hoot; if several had, then all the other boys would have been besieging their own parents for Fauntleroy suits because they were out of style and behind the times. If you are a boy, then absolutely you must look like the other boys or take the consequences. You must talk like them; the objection of boys to "big words" is not that they are highbrow, but that they are not the conventional words used by "the gang." If in school you speak grammatically, you must become ungrammatical as soon as the class is dismissed, unless you live in a neighborhood where it is conventional to talk correctly.

In Perth Amboy, New Jersey, where my childhood was spent, the boyish dissipation was soda water. Once my visiting uncle treated me to root beer. Incautiously, I let out the fact; and for days fled before the howls of "Root beer! Root beer!" yelled at me by "the gang" in raucous tones with derisively pointing fingers and snarling mouths. Anything but soda, you see, was against the canons, because the other boys didn't drink anything else.

My mother, in her innocent Scot pride—she was a Logie, and even remotely, a "Logie o' Buchan"—once bought me a bonnet—or "Scotch cap," as we call it in this country. It must have cost a lot, being a splendid-looking cap, and with

its two tails of black velvet; but it was against the unwritten boy law, one article of which is that you mustn't wear anything other boys don't wear. My punishment for this crime was condign and swift; the whole boy population visited it on me. They howled and yelled at me and made me so miserable—and feeling so guilty, too—that I pleaded with her to let me cease wearing it. She looked very sober and I guess she had set her heart on it; but she had a remarkable understanding of child minds, and knew how much more keenly a child suffers from ridicule than from anything else. The bonnet disappeared, and though I did wonder what had become of it, I never saw it again, nor did she ever refer to it, so I never knew what disposition she made of it.

A month or so ago my chum of those 1870 and 1880 days and I were recalling reminiscences of them. They were long ago, but we still call each other "Chum," instead of by our christened names. She was the Perth Amboy tomboy, and incidentally the most popular little girl in town. I told her this story of the Scotch cap, and she said: "You got off lightly. Once Aunty went to New York and bought Arthur one of those Eton silk hats; must have cost seven or eight dollars." Arthur was her elder brother, now dead. "Arthur wore it to Sunday school once—just once—and what you underwent with that Scotch cap was nothing to what happened to him. He escaped with his life, but that was about all. He came home in such a state of desperation, and scared, too, that he was never asked to wear it again. We kept the silk hat, and it did duty for years in private theatricals, tableaux, charades, masquerades, and everything like that. People we knew used to send around and borrow it to help out in comic costumes in something they were getting up. Finally it disappeared, I never knew how."

If you ever saw the Eton silk hat, you can imagine how it worked on the feelings of the boy population. A silk hat, but much abbreviated, and meant only for boys. It went all right at Eton because all the boys wore it on dress occasions, and not to wear it would have made a boy unconventional and therefore punishable by the boy tribunal; but you can guess what a commotion it raised in Amboy when poor innocent Arthur wore it all alone to Sunday school.

I NEED not give further illustrations, not even of the time when my mother started teaching me French and the outraged boy tribunal visited this infraction of custom upon me by howling derisively "Fr-r-rantch! Frantch!" in high nasal tones of derision and with pointing fingers whenever I appeared on the street. French was not in the Perth

Amboy curricula, hence the unanimous assumption that I had departed from staid conservatism. I merely commend these instances to the attention of such men as my friend of twenty years, Heywood Broun, who is somewhat given to attributing everything in manners and customs to the great advance in freedom and the vast jump this generation has taken in thought. Heywood, who is a dear fellow, was born much later than I was, and gleans his knowledge of such days only from books.

These personal experiences are given only because they are an emphatic way of illustrating what has been, in one form or another, the experience of everybody. There are differences, but only in detail, and in detail because, as another old friend of mine, Samuel Hoffenstein, truly sings in his *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing*, six years ago a best-seller:

Oh, how various is the scene,
Allowed to Man for his demesne!
Here it's cold and there it's hot;
Here it's raining, there it's not.

"But let's get on," as Hoffenstein continues with feverish haste in this thoughtful poem.

The curtain rises again when I am in New York and am around eighteen. The dramatis personæ are different, but the action is the same; for "Anarchists" substitute "Communists," for "Single Taxers" say "New Dealers," for "Atheists" say something like "Dr. John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Community Church." That will make you feel up-to-date. I am at the age when my mind is aware of itself, is more active than my hands and legs, and is reaching out eagerly and in a prehensile way for anything that is, to return to Kipling, "something new and never said before."

At eighteen I have passed by two years the Henry George and Single Tax stage in sociology, and the "Higher Criticism" stage in what I suppose to be religion. There is a highly popular group of Anarchists and Atheists—one invariably though needlessly follows the other—and its most popular preacher is Hugh O. Pentecost. He had been a fashionable and celebrated Congregationalist minister, but his mind has become "enlarged." Now he preaches Anarchism and Atheism three times a Sunday, once in Newark, once in New York, once in the then city of Brooklyn and he edits a weekly review, *Anarchist and Atheist* of course, optimistically and confidently entitled, *The Twentieth Century*. Its contributors include such then great names as that of Colonel Robert Green Ingersoll. Twice have I had the honor of writing articles for it and seeing them in the glory of type, and in a handsomely printed magazine. I feel that I am helping, as an Ohio friend of mine

in a slightly later day said of the Single Tax Mayor of Cleveland, the once famous Tom L. Johnson, to "jounce the human race forward a step or two."

BUT, and this puzzled me at the time, though it does not now, none of my young friends shared this desire to be "broad-minded." They went to church, and they had no patience with the economic and sociological vistas that were opening before my vision. When I told them I was a "radical" they opined that I was a freak. This is all contrary to the present-day assumption, which was also the assumption in the 1890's, that youth is the time of mental fermentation. Obviously these young men could not have been, according to the McConaughy positive, which has the widely-published endorsement of such better known men as another one-time friend of mine, Alexander Woollcott, "decent."

Here too is another strange thing, jarring also on the assumption of the 1930's and of the 1890's, and for that matter of all previous decades and centuries, historically most notable in the fifty years preceding the French Revolution. Not in youth, but as they became middle-aged, did these same young men grow toward "decency" as defined in the McConaughy dictionary. When they were in their early forties they were denying orthodox religion, some of them tending to agnosticism or accepting it, and were equally "decent" about social problems and lending a hospitable ear toward all other novelties, scientific, artistic, and so forth. I had been the only "flaming youth" in their teens and twenties, and now I found myself almost the only conservative among them not very conservative yet, but a mossback compared to them. I astonished them at one intellectual gathering when, as one after another made speeches about the decay of religious faith and of Christianity in general as illustrated in the lack of church attendance, I answered with another declaring that Christianity was as alive as ever, that so was church attendance, and inviting them to attend a Catholic service and see for themselves. I astounded them much more by adding that the Catholic religion was the original Christianity, and that those who held it believed what had been believed in the first century, with no change in the teaching of it or the faith in it; that this was why its vigor was undiminished after nineteen centuries while younger religions grew weaker in the reality of their power over men's minds.

After that I lost sight of them until two years ago, when for a month or so I came again in contact with them. With an apathetic and indifferent or careless exception or two, they were more radical than they had been in, say, 1910 or 1912. Perhaps not "flamingly"

so; their attitude might be described as one of quiet negation toward everything their fathers had believed. But that might have been due to age; the youngest of them was sixty. Still, this too was all wrong, according to the accepted tenet that age is the time of mossbackism and that youth is the age of adventure in thought. Can it be that the accepted tenet is as hopelessly askew as it was in 1890, and in 1789? It was the same tenet then, and in all ages, as it is in 1934, differing only in details—in those details which my friend, Samuel Hoffenstein, comprehensively summed up in the title of a poem, or human vagaries, "Some play golf and some do not."

"We must now return," as Sir Walter Scott so irritatingly says in beginning another chapter of a novel, to the time of my flaming youth under the wing of Pentecost and his like. I was struck at the time by the fact that when I met the chief apostle of Anarchism, Benjamin R. Tucker, he was a sedate man with a broad gray beard; Pentecost was young. Emma Goldman had not yet made her appearance on the horizon; she was to do that in 1893, at the age of eighteen. She returned to this country this year, more Anarchist and no less Atheistic than when I knew her in from 1909 to 1916; old as she now is; and this again is contrary to the fundamental tenet of the "broad-minded" about the relative radicalism of youth and age.

IN Pentecost's weekly audience I saw many young people, but, and this is puzzling, more middle-aged and old people. Not all of them were Anarchists and Atheists; probably only a minority were. But they were all radical, in one way or another. Once the meeting was visited by an old man with a long white beard. He was the centre of an ovation; it was like the historic coming-back of the aged Voltaire to Paris after his long silence. The reason was that this man, A. P. Brown, had been an abolitionist in the anti-slavery days, fifty years before. Now, in his old age, he has progressed, he was an Anarchist and everything else. This was and is flatly contrary to the youth-age axiom, which must be the right one because so many people say so in print and nobody—at least nobody but a few reactionaries whom no one listens to—says anything against it. Brown was not there to make a speech and did not make one; he was merely the centre of an adoring crowd who saw itself in him, and he enjoyed it and was happy. His eyes sparkled, and you could see that in such a scene the millennium was only a day or so off to this young man. Young? What am I saying? He was old; and yet, impossible as it must seem, he was growing daily more radical more iconoclastic.

Pentecost changed into an extreme

conservative, made speeches for Tammany Hall, and rose so high as to be appointed an Assistant District Attorney. As he grew older, he became more of a "liberal," and he ended his days as one, again from a weekly platform. But now he was not so extreme; he was not an Anarchist, only a Socialist. If he had lived until now, Norman Thomas might have welcomed him as a brother in arms.

Mr. Thomas and I are good friends. A couple of years ago he sent me, to testify to that fact, a presentation copy of one of his books, *As I See It*. It is a statement of his Socialistic beliefs and how he came to entertain them. But to me the most interesting chapter is that in which he describes his youth among orthodox Protestant ministers, of whom his father was one. There is a tender reverence in his vivid account of them, of their earnest and undoubting lives; there is also almost audible a sigh. He has long since graduated from such superstitions as any sort of orthodox Christianity, but not so far as to throw bricks at it; on the contrary, mistaken as their faith seems to him now, he dwells on it with an affectionate respect that is to me pathetic. What is odd is that he is not young; he is in his fiftieth year, and he did not become a Socialist until he was entering middle age. Surely there must be something wrong about that; it is not according to the rules of the game. Still, it is so. And, what is still odder, he did not see the folly of revealed religion until about the same time; you will find the dates in *Who's Who in America*, and find there the year when he gave up his vocation as a Protestant minister.

THE most famous radical of this century was Nikolai Lenin, and I do not remember that he grew any more reactionary as he grew older. As for Trotsky, as he has grown in years he has also grown so irreconcilably radical that he is too steep for Stalin, and the Soviet has had to banish him to other countries, where he weaves newer and more grandiose plots for the world triumph of the proletariat. But, to be more moderate in our outlook, let us leave the world at large and confine ourselves to the English-speaking race. Has anybody noticed any growing conservatism in Bertrand Russell as he has grown older? On the contrary, the older he grows the more convinced he becomes that the salvation of the race and the reign of happiness depend on the abolition of that foolish and wicked superstition, marriage. So did the Pankhursts begin by being merely suffragettes and progressively include other ideas that had nothing to do with suffrage, such as free love.

In his young days, those daring and adventurous and innovating days, H. G. Wells was content to write novels with

no moral, no propaganda about planets warring against each other and men riding on bicycles into a future eight hundred thousand years hence, and so on. But as he grew older he became progressively—or centrifugally—radical. At first he was only a Socialist, but in later years he was "singing the song of Deicides" and hurling God off His outworn throne. He has devised an educational revolution, whereby the world's mind shall be made over according to the Wells-born model; he has—but it would take an essay merely to count up his ever-growing list of proposed revolutions. He is not so old as George Bernard Shaw, so it may be better to substitute Shaw for him and ask in what particular that unconquered Fabian is any more of a reactionary and mossback than he was in his flaming youth. It may seem like an anti-climax to end with the name of Harry Elmer Barnes, but there are thousands of fly-gobblers to whom Barnes' daily pronouncements are as the voice of God, if such a minor poet as God may be compared with the omniscient Barnes. Literally there is no topic on which Barnes is not qualified to pro-

nounce final judgment the moment it is mentioned; and the older he grows the wider expands his field of radicalism. To shorten the list of illustrations, what is here said of Barnes is true of all the iconoclasts, all the innovators, all those who think they have found something new and yet are only repeating what previous sages like Victoria Woodhull said when they too imagined they were saying something new.

Early in this article it was premised that it would be a championship of youth, but also a championship of age.

It may appear that this promise has not been fulfilled; that if I have vindicated maligned youth to some extent, I have arraigned age as the period of incandiarism. This is nothing more than an appearance. What I have sought to show is that the passion for something new is of no age—young, middle, or old—that those who are proclaiming themselves to be the voice of "youth" deceive themselves. And the ark of the world's safety is that in all history those who go mad over the new because it is new, and not because it is good, have been forever in the minority.

The Web

By Mary Welcome

I WONDER, dearest, what you do,
The while I sit and weave for you
A silver-shining web of prayer,
To hold you in its silken lair.
By night and day I weave it round,
Till you are fettered fast, and bound.
Your body sweet I snare from harm
In the close magic of its charm.
Your golden head I wind about,
To keep all thoughts of sadness out.
Your darling hands, your darling feet,
Are safe within its meshes sweet,
For Heaven is every angel's home,
So lest some fellow-sprite say, "Come,"
And you should strive to spread your wings,
For the glad sound of what he sings,
So fast my web shall wrap you round,
You shall not leave this earthly ground;
For I have wrought it strong and well,
And only GOD can break the spell;
Yea, round His Hands I weave my net
That so He may not break it yet.

IL DUCE in secret session confronts DER FÜHRER

THE meeting of the two great Dictators, Benito and Adolf, was a world event. But the world will never know what really happened. Therefore, a psycho-astrologer has been asked to give his version of the stupendous encounter. Except in the vulgar matter of fact, it may be taken as entirely accurate.

By W. R. Titterton

THE DUCE is seated on a temporary throne made of disused ballot-boxes. He seems to be sitting for his portrait. Yet he is alone. He presses a bell-push. Through a trap-door pops an officer, in a blackshirt entirely surrounded with medals, the hand raised.

THE DUCE: "I will see this Herr Hitler."

The officer salutes and disappears. Instantly the door facing THE DUCE flies open, disclosing HITLER with hand up. He advances at the goose-step, still making the Fascist salute.

THE DUCE rises; and so does his hand. He stares at HITLER. HITLER stares at him.

THE DUCE: "Holy Benito, do I look like that?"

HITLER: "Thank Odin, distinctly Teutonic!"

THE DUCE takes his hand down, and slips the finger in his waistcoat. HITLER tries to do the same, but his waistcoat is too tight.

THE DUCE: "Stand at ease! Easy! Sit down!"

They both sit.

THE DUCE (pushing a box of cigars towards HITLER): "Will you smoke? These are imported by a Jewish firm; and I regret that I have no German tobacco?"

HITLER (smiling, and taking a cigar): "In Rome one must do as the Romans do."

THE DUCE (frowning): "Precisely. My quarrel with you, Herr Hitler, is that you have tried to do in Berlin what only the Romans can do in Rome."

HITLER (proudly): "There is nothing the Germans cannot do."

THE DUCE (laughing): "Except, you will concede, be humble."

HITLER: "You are right. We cannot be hypocrites. And the prime virtue of a dominant race is pride."

THE DUCE: "You interest me. Perhaps that is why you cannot establish a popular dictatorship."

HITLER: "I rose to power on the shirts of my countrymen."

THE DUCE: "By adoption. Yes, you climbed on a mound of shirts. But I, Benito, marched to the Capitol in the ranks of my comrades."

HITLER: "Well, you had an *ausver-seichnete* drill-sergeant."

THE DUCE: "It was not drill. It was discipline. My comrades demanded it. They demanded ME."

HITLER: "And, now they've got you, they can't get rid of you."

THE DUCE: "You are wrong. Attempts have been made to kill me; but the assassins always missed. There's such divinity doth hedge—a-ahem!—a popular dictator. When I cease to be the most popular man in Italy the assassin won't miss."

HITLER: "Nobody has ever tried to assassinate me—(grinds his teeth)—let them try."

THE DUCE: "They won't try. Germans have not the habit of revolt."

HITLER (rising in anguish, and automatically putting hand up): "You—you believe in revolt?"

THE DUCE: "Take your hand down! You don't know the answer."

HITLER takes his hand down. It trembles as he selects another cigar.

THE DUCE: "Yes, I believe in revolt. If I didn't I should not be here. With you it is different."

HITLER: "*Selbstverständlich*. I am the heir of the Iron Kaisers."

THE DUCE: "Quite. But I believe in revolt as profoundly as I do in order. You, by the bye, only believe in orders."

HITLER: "They are the same thing."

THE DUCE: "Despotism tempered with assassination—or abdication—is my recipe for sound government. Remember, of the same steel was fashioned the Roman sword and the daggers that stabbed Cæsar."

HITLER: "Senator Mussolini, I believe that you are a democrat."

THE DUCE: "Herr Hitler, you insult me. The people don't know what is good for them."

HITLER: "Bravo!"

THE DUCE: "They only know the man that is good for them."

HITLER: "Bravissimo!"

THE DUCE and HITLER: "And I am the man."

They look doubtfully at each other, and then cough.

HITLER: "Hahn't we better get down to business?"

THE DUCE rises and folds his arms.

THE DUCE (oratorically): "I, Benito, am nothing. Nothing but a sword—no, pardon me!—a torch, in the hands of Rome. It is because I am nothing that I am obeyed."

HITLER (rising): "I am Hitler. I am—er—I am." (He sits.)

THE DUCE: "Dear me! I understood that you were eloquent."

HITLER: "I am. Very eloquent. I sweep men away. But I need the men to sweep."

THE DUCE: "That is a weakness. I can be eloquent in my bath."

HITLER (bowing from the hips): "It would be a privilege to hear you. But I did not come to Italy to listen to your rhetoric."

THE DUCE: "Then you should not have come to Italy."

HITLER (flushing): "I came because you asked me to come. Why did you ask me?"

THE DUCE: "I wanted to see Adolf Hitler."

HITLER (*rising, and folding his arms*): "And, now that you have seen him?"

THE DUCE: "I am not sure that you will do."

HITLER: "*Herr Thor noch einmal!* What do you mean?"

THE DUCE: "Tell me, what do you think of the Holy Roman Empire?"

HITLER: "That its true name was the Holy German Empire."

THE DUCE: "Then we shall do no business."

HITLER (*thoughtfully*): "But perhaps we mean the same thing. After all you Italians are Aryan, and the best of you are Teutonic."

THE DUCE (*smiling*): "You won't need to keep up that Nordic stunt if we come to terms. What? You don't mean to say you really believe it?"

HITLER (*shaking himself*): "I have said it so often. . . . But go on!"

THE DUCE: "What do you regard as the natural capital of the Holy Roman Empire?"

HITLER: "Vienna."

THE DUCE: "Ah!"

HITLER: "As you may remember, I am an Austrian."

THE DUCE (*laughing heartily*): "What a pushful little man we are! Now don't be angry. Come and see my wife. I am a great family man." (*He rises, and takes HITLER by the arm.*)

"You must dine with us. We will give you macaroni, which is like the corporate State, so united and yet so diversified. And over our wine we will settle this question of Austria and the Holy Roman Empire. And . . . oh, by the bye, do you regard the Danube as a German river?"

HITLER (*disengaging himself*): "Ja!"

THE DUCE (*regretfully*): "Dear me! I might just as well have seen Goering."

He presses a bell-push, and HITLER disappears through a trap-door. THE DUCE sits down. He seems to be sitting for his portrait. Yet he is alone.

(Rights of translation into German and Italian are most strictly reserved.)

Catholic Terms Defined

By Donald Attwater

ABBE (French). i. An abbot.

ii. The title given in French-speaking countries to anyone who is entitled to wear clergyman's dress. An *abbé* in this sense, then, is not necessarily a priest, e.g. the famous musician l'Abbé Liszt was only in minor orders.

ABBESS. The superioress of a community of certain orders of nuns. Though a position of great dignity and of full power within her convent, an abbess has no sort of ecclesiastical jurisdiction whatsoever.

ABBEY. A monastery of men or women having not less than twelve members and governed by an abbot or abbess. There are more than 20 abbeys of monks in the United States.

ABBOT (Syriac *abba*, father). The superior of an abbey of men, elected for life by his subjects and solemnly blessed by a bishop. All abbots are now "mitred abbots," that is, they may use the mitre and crozier in church and exercise, in respect of their subjects, certain powers normally reserved to bishops. Monks owe complete obedience to their abbot as to a father, but he must use his authority without tyranny and according to the rule of his Order. Monks and canons regular have abbots; friars and clerks regular do not. An archabbot is the president of a confederation of monasteries and his own is an archabbey (St. Vincent's Archabbey, Beatty, Penn.). A titular abbot is one that has that title but does not govern a monastery. An *abbot-nullius* is one whose monastery is outside any diocese, his spiritual jurisdiction extending over all the clergy and people of the surrounding district, e.g., the Abbot-nullius of Maryhelp, Belmont, N. C.

ABDUCTION. If a man carries off

("abducts") a woman he cannot contract a valid marriage with her unless and until she is released from his power and freely consents to marry him.

ABLUTION (Latin *abluer*, to wash).

i. The washing of the thumbs and first fingers of the priest after the communion at Mass. ii. The wine and water in which he washes them are also called the *ablution*.

ABSOLUTION. (Latin *absolvere*, to loose from).

i. The act whereby a priest pardons the sins of a penitent in confession. Ordinarily the priest must have jurisdiction, i.e., authoritative permission to hear confessions in that place; but a Catholic in danger of death may ask for and receive absolution from any priest whatsoever, whether he be Catholic, Orthodox, apostate, heretical, schismatic: but he must be a priest, e.g. an Episcopalian clergyman who calls himself a priest won't do.

ii. An act whereby a person is relieved of ecclesiastical censures (q.v.) by a cleric.

iii. **Absolutions for the Dead** are special prayers, with holy water and incense, said around the coffin or catafalque after a requiem Mass.

ABSOLUTION, FORMS OF. There are two general forms of absolution, the indicative, "I absolve thee . . ." as used in the Western Church and the deprecatory, "My God, through me, a sinner, forgive thee . . ." as used in general in the Eastern Churches. Catholics of the Eastern rites are now usually absolved with the indicative form borrowed from the *Rituale Romanum* and translated as required. The wording of the forms differs considerably between one Eastern rite and another, but in the Latin rite the following is the usual form: "May Almighty God have mercy upon thee, forgive thee thy sins, and lead thee to everlasting life. Amen. May the Almighty and merciful Lord grant thee pardon, absolution and remission of thy sins. Amen. May Our Lord Jesus Christ absolve thee, and I by His authority absolve thee from every bond of excommunication (suspension), and interdict, so far as I can and you need. Therefore, I absolve thee from thy sins in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. May the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the merits of the Blessed Virgin

EDITOR'S NOTE

UNFORTUNATELY, the majority of American Catholics, even those who have the advantages of high-school and college education under Catholic auspices, are woefully ignorant of Catholic terminology. This ignorance extends to even the most simple and commonplace Catholic terms employed in religious books, sermons, prayers, etc. Following our consistent policy of giving our readers articles that are instructive and of definite Catholic interest, we have arranged with the distinguished editor and author, Mr. Donald Attwater, to contribute to this and subsequent issues a collection of descriptive definitions of the more commonly used Catholic terms.

Mary and of all the Saints, whatever good thou shalt have done and whatever evil thou shalt have endured avail thee for the forgiveness of sins, increase of grace and the reward of life everlasting. Amen." Under certain circumstances the first two and last of these prayers may be omitted without affecting the validity of the absolution.

ABSTINENCE. The denying oneself of flesh-meat and soup made therefrom; it is not the same as fasting but may be combined with it. The Church imposes abstinence on all Catholics over seven years of age as an act of penitence on certain days of the year, principally every Friday.

ACADEMIES, PONTIFICAL. Academy (the name of the garden in which Plato taught) means in this sense a society for the study of literature, art, etc. The principal are the Artists of the Pantheon, founded in 1542; the Arcadian, a literary society founded in 1690; the Theological (1718); of Liturgy and of Archaeology, these two founded by Pope Benedict XIV; of the Catholic Religion, founded by Pope Pius VII in 1801; of the Nuovi Lincei founded by Pope Pius IX in 1847 for the study of the physico-mathematical sciences; and of St. Thomas Aquinas, founded by Pope Leo XIII in 1879. Their subjects of study are indicated by the names. The Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics (q.v.) is a college.

ACCIDENTS. (Latin *accidere*, to happen). The qualities of bread and wine (which are not themselves bread and wine) that remain in the Blessed Sacrament after consecration, namely, quantity, shape, color, taste, smell, brittleness, and wetness.

ACCLAMATION. i. One of the three ways of electing a Pope. It consists in the electors unanimously proclaiming one name without proceeding to a vote. It is also called quasi-inspiration.

ii. A ceremony of greeting and invocation which takes place after the collect of the Mass at a papal coronation. It is also found in the coronation rites of secular princes. See also *Laudes*.

ACOLYTE (Greek *akolouthos*, follower). A cleric in the highest of the four minor holy orders, whose business it is to assist in the sanctuary. The name is extended to those laymen and boys who ordinarily perform an acolyte's duties, such as serving Mass.

ACT. A human act is the result of any human activity, e.g., a thought is as much an act as a blow. Acts of faith, contrition, etc., are in the first place internal acts and need not be expressed in spoken words at all. In practice all acts, however trifling, are either good or bad.

ACT OF WORSHIP. The principal services of the Catholic Church, namely, the Mass and the Divine Office (qq.v.) are primarily acts of worship (and social, not merely individual, acts), and not a series of vocal prayers. The Mass is the offering of a sacrifice, literally and not figuratively; the Office is a world-wide and never ceasing service of praise, thanksgiving, and petition at which one assists whether in public or private. For this reason a verbal following and under-

standing of the Mass, or even of the language in which one is saying an office privately, is not necessary to Divine worship, which is directed to God and not to ourselves or one another. Nevertheless, the Church prefers that the faithful should be instructed in these matters, that they may pray and sing in understanding as well as in spirit (1 Cor. 14:15), and for the avoidance of mere routine and ritualism.

ACTA APOSTOLICAE SEDIS (The Acts of the Apostolic See). The official organ for publication of decrees, decisions, pronouncements, encyclical letters, etc., of the Holy See; it also contains the decisions of the Roman Congregations, Tribunals, and Commissions; a dairy of the Curia Romana; and notices of all ecclesiastical appointments and honors. Legislative acts of the Holy See are promulgated by their appearance in A.A.S., unless promulgation is otherwise provided for. The A.A.S. is printed chiefly in Latin.

ACTA MARTYRUM (The Acts of the Martyrs). i. The official records of the trial and execution of martyrs.

ii. Any account of their life and death written or purporting to be written by eye-witnesses or contemporaries, or founded upon such accounts. The value and degree of authenticity of the Acts of the Martyrs which have come down to us vary greatly; some are undoubtedly completely authentic; others are worthless, even as "pious tales." Between the two extremes is a large mass of mixed material which it has been the work of the Bollandists and others critically to examine and appraise. The collection of *Acta Sincera* (authentic acts) made by the Maurist, Dom Ruinart, is now recognized by critics to contain a good many doubtful pieces.

ACTA SANCTAE SEDIS (The Acts of the Holy See). A Roman periodical for the publication of papal documents; it was never more than quasi-official, and ceased publication upon the establishment of the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* in 1909.

ACTA SANCTORUM (The Acts of the Saints). i. The lives of the Saints as published by the Bollandists. There are three editions, which vary slightly in arrangement: the original, Antwerp, edition (1634-1794); the Venice edition (1764-70); and the Paris edition (1863-69). These extend only to the month of October. The series, still in progress, has now reached the middle of November.

ii. Other collections of lives of the Saints, e.g., *Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti* (of the Order of St. Benedict), *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniae* (of Ireland).

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, THE. A canonical book of the New Testament written by St. Luke the Evangelist about the year 64. It narrates the progress of the Church in Judea and Samaria by the ministry of St. Peter, John and Philip, and its spread to the Gentiles by St. Paul. In parts he writes as an eye-witness and participant; in other parts he uses first-hand evidence.

ADORATION OF THE CROSS, THE. Part of the morning Office of Good

Friday. A crucifix, being ceremonially unveiled is laid on a cushion; the clergy and laity approach with three double genuflections and kiss it. It is fitting that laymen as well as the clergy should remove their shoes while so doing. The choir sings certain "reproaches," mostly taken from the fourth book of Esdras and including a Greek-Latin dialogue, the *Trisagion* hymn from the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, repeated thrice; then an antiphon of adoration; and afterwards the hymn *Pange lingua gloriosi Lauream certaminis*, with a refrain *Crux fidelis* (O faithful cross . . .), and *Dulce lignum* (O sweet wood . . .), alternately between each verse. The priest and ministers then go in procession to fetch the Blessed Sacrament for the Mass of the Presanctified, singing the hymn *Vexilla regis prodeunt* (They bring forth the standard of the King), in honor of the Cross. The name "Adoration of the Cross" has been objected to for this ceremony on the ground that "adoration" implies *latria* (q.v.). It does not necessarily do so, but St. Thomas and others, in fact, claimed that on this occasion the Cross is venerated with a relative *latria*.

ADORATION. (Latin *adorare*, to worship). The supreme homage that must be given to God and to no other person or thing at all. To Our Lady and the other Saints, holy relics, etc., we give veneration or reverence. "Adoration" means exactly the same as "worship."

ADVENT. (Latin *adventus*, arrival). The season of about four weeks which leads up to the commemoration of the birth of Our Lord on Christmas day. It is a time of penitence and preparation for that great feast.

AFFINITY (Latin *affinis*, related). The relationship of a man to his wife's blood-relations, and *vice-versa*. Certain relationships of this kind are a bar to the marriage of a widower or widow with the person concerned, but some of them (e.g., deceased wife's sister) are commonly dispensed.

AGE OF REASON. The age at which a human being begins to be morally responsible, generally about seven years. At that age Catholic children become obliged to confess their sins, go to Mass on Sundays, etc., and abstain from meat on Fridays, etc.

AGE OF THE WORLD. Catholics as such are not committed to any particular theory on this subject.

AGES OF FAITH. The Middle Ages from, roughly, A.D. 1000 to 1500, when the principles of Christianity were accepted throughout Europe and most of her people belonged to the Church. This did not mean an "earthly paradise," because man's will was as prone to evil then as now; it was a time of great sinners and much injustice but also of general "right-mindedness" and many very great Saints.

AGNUS DEI (Latin, lamb of God.) i. The words "Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world," etc., said and sung just before the communion at Mass.

ii. A small circle of wax stamped with the figure of a lamb, representing Our Lord as the victim sacrificed for us.

Agnus Dei are solemnly blessed by the Pope every seven years, and none other may be made.

ALB (Latin *alba*, white). A long white linen garment, often ornamented with lace or embroidery, worn by priests and others below their other vestments.

ALEXANDRIA in Egypt. The second after Rome of the five great Christian cities of the early Church.

ALITURGICAL DAYS. Those days of the year on which it is not permitted to celebrate Mass. Throughout the Latin rite there is only one such day, namely, Good Friday, except in the Ambrosian use wherein all Fridays of Lent are aliturgical. But for the long-standing custom of celebrating the first Mass of Easter on the previous day, Holy Saturday would be aliturgical also. In the Byzantine rite all the days of Lent are aliturgical except Saturdays and Sundays; that is, only the Liturgy of the Presanctified may be said (as on Good Friday) and that, of course, is not a Mass at all.

ALLOCUTION, PAPAL. An address delivered by the Pope to the Cardinals in secret consistory on a matter of contemporary importance. If the subject is one of general interest or effect the allocution is subsequently published; it often announces the papal policy in respect of dealings with a civil power.

ALL SAINTS' DAY. The feast (Nov. 1) on which we celebrate not only all canonized Saints but all people whatsoever who are in Heaven.

ALL SOULS' DAY. The day (Nov. 2) on which we specially pray for all the dead who are still in Purgatory. Every priest may say three Masses for these holy souls on this day.

ALLELUIA. A Hebrew expression of joy, meaning: "Glory be to Him Who Is." It is left out of the liturgy, as a sign of mourning, during Lent and sung with special solemnity at Mass on Holy Saturday to greet the risen Christ.

ALMS (Greek *eleemosune*, compassionateness). Alms-giving is to help somebody in need at the expense of one's own purse or time. It is a duty of men in general and Christians in particular. Alms must not be withheld simply because the needy person is our enemy or a wicked man or not a Catholic. We cannot excuse ourselves from alms-giving on the plea that those in want are provided for by the public authorities or charitable organizations or because it "encourages begging." Catholic friars are beggars by profession. It is better to give to twenty of the "undeserving" poor than to miss helping one "deserving" one.

ALPHA AND OMEGA. The first and last letters of the Greek Alphabet. In the Apocalypse (1:8) they are used to designate the Eternal Father and (in 21:6 and 22:13) God the Son, as eternal, self-existent, infinite being itself.

ALTAR. A table on which the sacrifice of the Mass is offered. It must be either a permanent fixed stone structure consecrated by a bishop or a small piece of consecrated stone laid upon a table or other suitable object. Without conse-

crated stone there can be no altar. The principal altar in a church is called the **main or high altar**; it is not necessarily the one with the Blessed Sacrament reserved on it. A **privileged altar** is one at which a plenary indulgence may be gained for a soul in Purgatory by celebrating Mass for that intention on it.

ALTAR-BREADS. The thin round crisp wafers used at Mass; large ones for the priest, small for the people. They must be made of pure wheat flour and pure water, baked, and unleavened. In the Eastern Church altar-bread is generally leavened and in the form of a small round loaf.

ALTAR-CARDS. Three printed cards put on the altar to help the memory of the priest when it is inconvenient for him to read from the Missal.

ALTAR-CLOTHS. Three white linen cloths with which every altar must be covered.

ALTAR-STONE. A small moveable piece of consecrated stone or the whole top of a permanent altar. Each must have a cross cut in it at the four corners and in the center, and tiny relics of Martyrs sealed into a hole.

ALTAR OF REPOSE. The altar or other place on which the Blessed Sacrament is kept in a vessel for the worship of the faithful from Maundy Thursday till Good Friday.

AMBROSIAN RITE. The ancient form of the Latin liturgy in use in the Archdiocese of Milan, named after St. Ambrose, bishop of that city (d. 397). Pius XI used to celebrate Mass in the Ambrosian way before he was made Pope.

AMEN. A Hebrew word meaning "So be it."

AMENDMENT, PURPOSE OF, that is, a determination not to sin again, is a necessary part of sorrow for sin and includes a resolve to keep away from those things that encourage us to sin. The determination can be made again, however often broken: it is not a promise to succeed but a promise to do our best.

"AMERICANISM." Certain tendencies among some American (and other) Catholics condemned by Pope Leo XIII in 1899; they thought the Church was not "progressive" enough. It has nothing to do with being "100% American."

AMICE. (Latin *amictus*, a garment). A square of linen which the priest wraps round his neck before vesting for Mass. Monks and friars wear it loose and pull it over their heads when going to and from the altar.

ANATHEMA. A Greek word meaning something especially sacred or, later, especially accursed. The name is now given to the most solemn form of ecclesiastical excommunication.

ANCHOR. The figure of an anchor was used in the Catacombs to represent the Cross of Christ. It thus became a symbol of the Christian's hope.

ANCHORITE. An old English word for a hermit. The feminine is "anchor-ess" or "ankress."

ANGEL OF THE SCHOOL, THE. A term applied to St. Thomas Aquinas.

ANGELIC HYMN, THE. The *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, so called because it begins with the words sung by the angels at Bethlehem (Luke 2:8-14).

ANGELIC SALUTATION, THE. The Hail Mary, so called because it begins with the words of the angel to Our Lady (Luke 1:26-28).

ANGELS (Greek *angelos*, messenger). Heavenly spirits, without bodies and with higher powers than human beings, who are always at the service of God. He uses them to watch over individual persons (guardian angels), nations, cities, etc.

ANGELUS, THE. A prayer in honor of God made man (named from its first word in Latin), consisting of three verses and responses, three Hail Marys, and a collect. It is said (standing on Saturdays and Sundays, kneeling on other days) at the sound of the angelus-bell, roughly at 6 a.m., noon, and 6 p.m. *Regina Coeli* is said instead during paschal-time.

ANGER. The emotion of anger is at times good, but when it is without just cause or excessive it becomes sinful and may even lead to great crime, such as murder.

ANGLICANISM. The Church of England (or Anglican Church) and the Protestant Episcopal churches derived from her in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, U. S. A., and elsewhere, and the religious teachings of those churches. Though they are undoubtedly Protestant in origin very many of their members now sincerely profess nearly all of the Catholic Faith and call themselves "Anglo-Catholics" or even simply Catholics. But in fact their claim is false as they are not in communion with Christ's universal Church whose head on earth is at Rome. Nor have they true Mass and Sacraments, for in 1896 Pope Leo XIII declared that their orders were proved to be invalid, that is, that their bishops and priests are neither bishops nor priests. Catholics usually give them these titles, however, from motives of good manners, which are a form of charity.

ANIMA CHRISTI (Soul of Christ). The opening words of a prayer to Christ in His passion, often ascribed to St. Ignatius but in use for at least two hundred and fifty years before his day. The Dominicans, though without adequate authority, call it a prayer of St. Thomas Aquinas, and use a somewhat more extended version than that found in ordinary prayer books and among the *Orationes post Missam*. The popular hymn, "Soul of my Savior, sanctify my breast," is a metrical version, by Father Maher, S.J., of the same prayer, and another translation, by Cardinal Newman, is printed in the *Raccolta*.

ANNULMENT OF MARRIAGE. A consummated sacramental marriage can never be annulled. The statement that an annulment has been granted simply means that there was no marriage. See *nullity*.

ANNUNCIATION, THE. The announcement by the angel to Our Lady that God the Son was to be born of her (Luke 1:26-28). It is celebrated by a feast of the Church on March 25.

WOMAN TO WOMAN

THE MOST WONDERFUL WOMAN

DOROTHY DIX, veteran first-aid to injured feelings, hopes, sorrows and perplexities of all kinds, answers the question of a group of girls, who want to know who she thinks is the most wonderful woman of all time. She listed Eve, Ruth, the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra and Ninon le Clos—all of whom she handled in a humorous way, but still making the point that each would be called great. Then she turned to the moderns—Queen Victoria, Florence Nightingale, Madame Curie and Susan B. Anthony. She spoke finally of the Unknown Woman—the commonplace, ordinary woman who did her quiet best. But not once did she mention my choice.

For some months I have been planning to give a part of this page each month to some Catholic woman who is not one of those who are written about a great deal, but who has done something to help the world. When I read Miss Dix's article I realized who should head my list, and in answer to the question—"Who is the most wonderful woman of all time?"—I give you Mary, the Mother of Jesus. The rest of the women I write about will be modern, but I include her for she is ancient and modern, too. She was willing to do what she was asked to do at any sacrifice. She bore a Son and brought Him up well. She went into exile for the Child's sake. She kept, as goes the phrase, the home going. She stood by her Son when many laughed at His queer notions. She was close to Him on the road to death and beside the tree of death, not in hysteria but in calm sorrow. Hysteria is selfish but sorrow is unselfish, and Mary never thought of herself. Though much glory has been given her she never asked for any. God destined her for great things, but she herself walked over the small ways which every woman knows.

It is not altogether strange that Miss Dix did not consider her the most wonderful woman of all time, but it is disconcerting and alarming to find that she has not even included Our Lady on her list. However, there are so many to whose lips her name would spring in response to the question asked that Miss Dix's carelessness doesn't really matter a great deal. The loss is hers, after all, and not Mary's.

MY BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH

FOR August this department recommends *The Sycamore Tree* by Elizabeth Cambridge. It is a tale wherein simple lives are so skillfully portrayed that they become a very part of the reader himself. The book is very English in that it takes traditions for granted, whereas we in this country, being younger and actually remembering just when the ivy was planted, don't take the value of the past for granted to such an extent. The

By Katherine Burton

ancient traditions of older nations give them a feeling of security which we younger ones lack. Willa Cather, in *My Antonia*, comes very close to this sort of thing, but she has not the material to work with which English writers have. *The Sycamore Tree* is the story of a boy whose father and brother were men of the sea and who himself wants to be an engineer, and whose son in turn wants to be a farmer. At the book's end, the chief character, looking back over his life, the ancient acres now his, his small son eager, in a very practical way, about the land which will some day be his, ponders about relationships and earth's values. "If one could bring relationships into touch with permanence, with the mind of God, then all of them would become different. Perhaps the moment when you stopped asking whether a thing was of any use was the moment when it became of real value." In these days of cheap writing and definite scouting of moral values, here is a book which points out the true values of life, shows how to keep them and use them, and does it so entertainingly that it is an excellent volume to put into the hands of our younger folks who are filling up on dreadful trash.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

ANN CANER is ten and Diana Dodge is twelve, and if they are examples of what the future women of America are using their gray matter for there is

AUGUST, MONTH OF THE MOST PURE HEART OF MARY

THAT lovely Beatitude—

Blessed are the clean in heart—applies without a doubt to many of our truest and greatest Saints. But for Mary alone may the superlative be used—most pure. The rest of us are all women stained with the common stain. Her heart is clean with the stainlessness of the heart of God. To her eminence none of us may attain, but by considering her heart we may become the more eager to cleanse what stains we can from our own. Prototype of purity in woman, now if ever, in these troubled times, the women of this generation should consider her most pure heart. For each who tries to cleanse her own will be an example to some one else just as Our Lady is the perfect example for all mothers and maids.

not so much to worry about for the future. Ann has been reading about the tariff and what she read apparently did not reassure her. So she wrote to the President about it. "At my school," wrote Ann to her President, "we have weekly readers and in one of them I read about the tariffs. I haven't slept very well because they're all I can think about. If we have high tariffs business will become worse. If we have low tariffs every country will be trading and things will be better, but soon the country will be wanting to trade, but can't, why? Because they all have the same things to trade. I think medium sort of tariffs ought to be had. What do you think? You may think this letter the funniest thing in the world, but I mean business. Your humble servant, Ann Caner."

And one of the metropolitan papers contained the following letter while the fleet was in the Hudson: "Sailors in uniform, uniforms in silhouette. Lights raking the sky. Piercing rays. The glamor of it. The lives they will end. The people who will suffer. Lights in the sky making beautiful reflections in the river and hunting out the airplanes to burn and kill. People paying taxes. People building the nation's gorgeous battleships. People killing their brothers. Saying goodbye. Weeping. Our brave sailors. Dying, killing. Taxes. Funerals. Steel selling high. Taxes. Mothers weeping. Breaking the news. Lights reaching the sky. Reflected in the river. Diana Dodge."

Ann got her answer. The secretary of the Tariff Commission sent her a bundle of pamphlets to read. You see the common-senseness of her letter. The letter of Diana is different. She is the high-strung, imaginative sort, whereas Ann is going to see that trade goes right. But both of them are thinking. So long as the Youngest Generation of women is up and at things like this, already working out in their reading and their hearts such opinions as these, opinions which contain all the ideals and the practical work we need to do to run this old world straight, we needn't worry too much. If this is the sort of thing for young hands that are going to grasp the plow some day, then there ought to be a mighty well-turned furrow resulting.

A THOUGHT FOR FOOD

CONSIDER the vitamin, how it makes folks grow. And especially consider it during these hot August days. Cut down on the concentrated foods—the starches and meats. Put salads and vegetables on your table and plenty of fruit. Then your household will not be so desirous of iced drinks, for there is enough water in such foods to kill the unhealthy desire for overmuch liquids, since fruits and salad vegetables carry a great deal of liquid and have, besides, the minerals and the vitamins the system must have to survive—or at least to enjoy life.

MR BENJAMIN



GOES ON HIS OWN

BY ENID DINNIS

MR. BENJAMIN had been Mr. Benjamin for so long that people had almost forgotten that his other name was Lyon. Perhaps it was just as well, for it would be hard to imagine a more lamb-like individual than Benjamin and the fierce name only served to stamp a smile on the undeniable fact.

Now, Mr. Ezra, the elder brother—he was seven-and-a-half minutes older than his twin—was a truly lion-like individual. He had dominated the gentle Benjamin completely, even after he became “rather strange” and had to be looked after by the latter.

Their father had been a highly respected chemist and druggist, and he had left his sons a tidy little income to live on when the days of their quiet clerking came to an end, for neither had gone into the business. After the death of their parents the brothers continued to live together in the villa into which the family had retired from the premises over the business. Neither of them had married.

Ezra carried on the religious tradition of the family by becoming a deacon at the Independent chapel. Benjamin attended the chapel, but remained in the ranks.

For many years the brothers led a queer, hermit-like existence. Mr. Ezra had taken to that form of life and Mr.

Benjamin had followed suit, as was his wont. It would have offended Ezra's sense of symmetry if his twin's actions had not matched his own. Then as years went on the strength of Mr. Ezra's religious convictions began to cause embarrassment in the chapel. He developed a habit of shouting out a loud and lusty “Alleluia!” when he approved of the preacher's sentiments. At first the minister put up with it—he was flattered rather than put out—but after a while the constant interruptions began to get on his nerves, and it was delicately hinted to Mr. Ezra that indulgence in the habit might prejudice his reelection to the diaconate.

For a short time the warning had taken effect; but one day, the preacher having expounded a sentiment particularly in keeping with Mr. Ezra's views, the latter had raised himself from his seat and called out in ringing tones: “Alleluia! Notwithstanding—deacon or no deacon!”

That settled the matter. The minister called and told Mr. Benjamin that he was to keep his brother away from chapel. Fortunately for Benjamin, Ezra took deep offense at his subsequent failure to be reelected deacon and dropped attendance at chapel of his own accord. They would have liked to have made the mild-mannered Mr. Benjamin

deacon in his place, but to Benjamin that was unthinkable. As a matter of fact, he no longer put in an appearance himself. How could he go to chapel and leave Ezra at home? If he had attempted to go, Ezra would have insisted on coming, too; he would not have liked the idea of Benjamin going on his own.

So Sunday worship became a thing of the past for Benjamin, together with many other delectable things. Mrs. Jagers, the good woman who kept house for them, shook her head over the matter, but it was no business of hers to interfere. Mr. Benjamin sensed the atmosphere of disapproval and it strengthened the poor opinion of himself that he already possessed. Ezra became more and more singular in his habit of speech, and visits from outsiders became fewer and fewer. Benjamin remained close at hand, for Ezra was more lion-like than ever, and he by no means always roared to the tune of *Alleluia*.

THEN, one day, Ezra died—quite quietly during his afternoon nap. It was a terrific shock to Benjamin to find himself all alone. The situation had to be realized by degrees. It was too stupendous to be taken in all at once. He was alone. Absolutely free to do anything he chose. He could go to chapel if he wished.

But he had become a black sheep at chapel, or, it might be more accurate to say, a dark gray sheep. The assorted Christians who attended South Street Chapel were, as it were, a batch marked, “selected.” Public worship was still outside practical politics.

Ezra died in December. Benjamin went on living the same kind of quiet existence until Spring came, and then he began to realize that life had possibilities. People were beginning to talk of summer holidays. The butcher's boy told Mrs. Jagers that he was signing on for a week in July, and that he was thinking of spending it at Mobgate-on-sea.

Mr. Benjamin overheard him at the back door and found himself admiring his enterprise. Then Mrs. Jagers herself hinted at a niece living at West-beach who would be glad to have her for a fortnight, and named a respectable body who could do go for Mr. Benjamin in her absence. The request was acceded to cordially. Mr. Benjamin was delighted, quite apart from the fact that he had never said “no” to anybody in his life.

When Mrs. Jagers returned, sun-burned, and rejuvenated, Mr. Benjamin listened to her with a growing wistfulness in his soul until, as he sat by himself one evening, he thought a new thought.

“You ought to be taking a holiday yourself, Sir,” Mrs. Jagers had opined, and Mr. Benjamin, having taken the idea

and turned it over in his mind asked himself, quite flatly: "Why not?"

There had been a swift vision when the butcher's boy had spoken of his coming adventure, for of course a holiday is an adventure, but the thought had followed: "What would Mrs. Jaggers say to it?" She might not approve of being left alone? She might think it a strange fancy on his part. But now Mrs. Jaggers had suggested it herself!

The idea ran like wine through the veins of Mr. Benjamin. How many years was it since he had been away from home? Not since Ezra had begun to get queer, and that was years and years ago, and even before that they had not been people for gadding about. His week's holiday from the office had generally been spent at home. Ezra had always thought holidays a foolish business. There was a smack of jauntiness about this new idea of his that Ezra would not have approved of.

But—the question was, where was he to go? A holiday deliberately planned, with the whole map of the country to choose from, was in the sphere of fantasy. And yet, Mrs. Jaggers had said, "Why not?"

The bewildering nature of the choice stultified Mr. Benjamin's powers of selection. He had no uncles or aunts who required or desired him to pay them a visit. Cousins had thinned out since Ezra took to being strange. Benjamin had nothing to bias his choice of a holiday place. He thought the matter out.

There were cruises, and personally-conducted tours. Those were far too expensive. Fancy a man spending all that money on himself! There were cheap trips; but Mr. Benjamin had never learnt how to trip. He possessed himself of a railway time-table and a road guide and studied the contents until his head ached.

THEN inspiration came to his aid, for Benjamin, with some shame-facedness had put up a prayer for guidance. He had never really felt that God was angry with him for keeping away from chapel.

He opened the guide book at the index and closing his eyes ran his finger down the list of place-names. He opened them, and found that he was reading the name, "Muttlecombe." He gave a little gasp. It really *was* strange, for Muttlecombe awoke a dim memory in his mind. A memory which, though dim as a whole, yet possessed vivid patches. His mother had taken him with her to stay with a married school-fellow at Muttlecombe when he was a tiny child of five or six years old; and he had gone without Ezra! He had a faint, very faint recollection of living over a shop where they cut up cheese—of being allowed to taste a morsel, scooped out as a sample by means of a

fascinating implement made for the purpose, as the grown-up customers did.

There was another, clearer memory of the chapel to which he was taken on Sundays. It was called "Ebenezer Chapel," and it stood off a side street, up a long flagged path with flower beds on either side. He could recall distinctly the three ornamental urns perched up, one at each corner and one over the front door of the chapel. Mr. Benjamin gave vent to a thought in parenthesis at this period—if he took a holiday he could go to chapel on Sunday. Why not?

His memory of the interior of the chapel was even more vivid. He saw himself, a small boy still in petticoats, seated by his mother's side in front of the preacher's desk. The preacher had appeared there suddenly. A young man with dark, shining eyes and a thick head of incongruous white hair. He had gazed, fascinated, at the face of the preacher—he could see it still in his mind's eye—and the latter had leant forward, and slowly and deliberately made the astonishing announcement:

"I am the Good Shepherd."

Mr. Benjamin could still feel the thrill which had shot through his little body at the amazing statement. The man with the white hair and wonderful eyes had paused, and the silence had been broken by a loud "Oh, ooh!" from himself. There had been a sharp reproof

from his mother, and then the protest, very much out loud:

"But he says he's the Good Shepherd."

That had not been the end of it all. The preacher had disclaimed his identity by giving out chapter and verse of the quotation from Holy Writ, and had then gone on to speak of the sheep who heard the Shepherd's voice. The Good Shepherd had said, "My sheep know my voice."

THEN there had been another dramatic moment—how well he remembered it all! The preacher has leant forward and cried, "Listen. Can't you hear His voice speaking now?" And he, Benjamin, had listened, with all his ears; and he had heard nothing. There was no sound to be heard except the heavy breathing of the rapt audience. He must be one of the sheep who did not belong to the Good Shepherd. Fear and sorrow had seized on him and he had forgotten the rebuke he had received and had cried out in agony: "Oh, I can't hear it! I can't hear the Good Shepherd!"

That time his mother had been seriously angry. There was another memory of having tea by himself with no butter on his bread. He had wept bitterly, but it had not been for the absence of the butter.

Mr. Benjamin's finger was still on



AND YET, MRS. JAGGERS HAD SAID, "WHY NOT?"

the name in the railway book. Why not Muttelcombe?

The idea of Muttelcombe had become definitely attractive. It was on the sea. People did go there for their holidays. It would be interesting to revisit the haunts of his childhood. People did revisit the haunts of their childhood. Ezra would have made that a reason for not doing so, but Benjamin preferred custom to give it sanction to his actions. He would love to see Ebenezer Chapel again.

Mrs. Jagers gave her full approval to the selection of Muttelcombe. That was a great relief. She set about packing up Mr. Benjamin's things in an ancient receptacle called a valise, and the latter wrote and engaged a room at the Temperance Hotel in High Street, next door to the shop where they sold cheese. He had thought of making it the Salutation Inn, but his courage had failed him at the last moment.

ON the evening before starting on his holiday a deep depression laid its hand on Mr. Benjamin's soul. It was such a very self-indulgent thing to be spending all this money on himself. There were so many people starving. Ezra would have thought it an indication of the natural levity of his mind. He was only going for a fortnight, but he bade a kind of farewell to the familiar surroundings. He ran his eye over the book-case and it fell on the family album. He had not opened the family album for years and years, and years.

He took it out and opened it. There was a photograph of Ezra in a tunic, frowning ferociously, with a toy horse held head downwards in his hand. Next to it was the likeness of a boy of about ten or eleven with a broad white collar and a big bow, who looked as though butter would not melt in his mouth. That was his cousin Tommy; and, alack! butter would have melted in his mouth with amazing celerity.

In opening the pictorial family record Benjamin had reopened a painful chapter in the past. Tommy had been associated with an episode that had poisoned his life for years onward. They had once played truant together from school; and on that lamentable occasion Benjamin had helped himself to the shilling that reposed inside a vase on the mantelpiece together with two rusty nails and a piece of sealing wax. It had been sheer theft. They had squandered it in cakes. His mother had never missed it, and he had never confessed the theft. When he saw her turn out the vase to get rid of the two rusty nails, she had evidently not expected to find the shilling, and so he, Benjamin, had held his peace. But it had been stealing.

Mr. Benjamin closed the album, hastily. He wished he had never opened it. For quite a long time now he had

forgotten about the skeleton in his cupboard, only the subconscious shamefacedness had remained—the shy conviction that he was no better than he ought to be. If he had actually succeeded in going and seating himself on the penitents' bench at the chapel, as he had been moved to do, it might have eased his mind, but it would have given such scandal—he with his father a deacon!

The result of the little reminiscence was to cast a shadow on Benjamin's soul. He felt very much as though he were playing truant when he started off next morning. There were so few occasions when he had gone on the giddy since that ill-starred day with Tommy.

Nevertheless, as the train sped along Mr. Benjamin felt the sense of exhilaration creeping into his being. This was freedom! He was on his own! Directly he got to Muttelcombe he would go and have a look at Ebenezer Chapel. He believed that he could even find the way there without asking. Of course there might be changes. It was a matter of sixty-five years or so since he had been in Muttelcombe.

Benjamin found that there were changes. The Temperance Hotel had grown quite smart; one could have almost fancied drinks there! The shop where they sold cheese was now the branch of the United Stores and correspondingly palatial. Benjamin walked down High Street after his evening meal and began to wonder about Ebenezer. He passed a large and ornate Gothic edifice which was plainly an independent place of worship. What, he wondered, might have happened to Ebenezer? To Ebenezer, where he had so nearly seen the Good Shepherd, and only his innate naughtiness had prevented him from hearing His voice.

HE pulled himself up. The long railway journey had surely had an effect on his head. He must go down and have a look at the sea. Everybody went and looked at the sea when they arrived at Muttelcombe. Tomorrow he would go and have a look for Ebenezer. Why not? There was no one to quiz his actions. If he wished to be an old fool he could be an old fool. The strong sea air was already having its invigorating effect on Mr. Benjamin.

When he woke up next day Benjamin felt exactly as though the whole thing were a dream. He had his breakfast and spent the morning on the beach. In the afternoon he would be free to go where he chose. Nobody seemed to go on the beach in the early afternoon. Mrs. Jagers would think it unwise of him not to take a nap, but he did so want to see if he could find Ebenezer Chapel.

Accordingly, in the heat of the early August afternoon Mr. Benjamin slipped

out into High Street. He walked a little way, then he stopped a child and asked the way to Ebenezer Chapel. But the other had never heard of Ebenezer Chapel. Mr. Benjamin did not ask again. He was beginning to remember his way about. It was all like a dream. The long distant past seemed more real than the moment. Then he noticed a narrow side street that climbed up a hill. There came a memory of a hot climb up a hill undertaken on a very short pair of legs. Yes, the way to Ebenezer had been up a hill.

THE solitary pilgrim turned and made his way up the street. Yes, it was up a hill! Now-a-days it was his breath that measured the steepness of the upward trend. At the top, on the right, there was a long flagged path leading to a building. Mr. Benjamin's heart gave a jump. Ebenezer Chapel was still there.

How well he remembered it! There were flowers still growing on either side of the path, and there was a stone urn on each corner of the front wall. The one in the centre over the door had been removed, however, and a stone cross occupied its place.

The door itself was ajar. A most unexpected piece of good fortune. Nobody had ever entered the chapel on a week-day afternoon, but someone must be there now. Workmen perhaps? No reason why he, Benjamin, should not have a peep.

Gently the door was pushed open by the visitor. He found himself in a tiny vestibule. He did not pause to read the notices which were pinned up there, but pushed open the swing door beyond and entered Ebenezer Chapel.

Mr. Benjamin stood there, spellbound. The rostrum was gone and in its place there were steps leading up to an altar. There were a few statues dotted about the place, and pictures on the walls at regular intervals. It was all extraordinarily cheerful.

The whole thing was completely and utterly unfamiliar to Benjamin, who had no acquaintance with places of worship other than Protestant. He had never been inside a Catholic Church. He gazed about him, wondering what he was dreaming of. By rights his religious training ought to have made the images abhorrent forms of idolatry, but there was a nice five-years-oldishness about Benjamin which took things without prejudice. They had kind and holy faces, the brightly painted statues—friendly faces. But the wonder of the converted Ebenezer lay in the fact that it had an *inhabited* feeling. It was that, that made it warm, homely and human, and yet, withal, awesome.

Mr. Benjamin slipped into one of the seats, and finding that it was easiest to kneel in the narrow space, did so. He

knelt and gazed in front of him, beyond where the preacher's desk had stood. The thought came into his mind: how he would have loved this Ebenezer as a child. This was what Ebenezer might be like when it went to Heaven.

He was back, thinking of the day when he had heard the words: "I am the Good Shepherd." A voice seemed to be saying it now. There, where the pulpit had once been. The silence in the little church was as wonderful as that silence in which he had listened for the Shepherd's voice. It was silenter than the ordinary empty place! and it was *not* empty! It was silent because it was not empty.

WHAT queer thoughts were running in his mind! He had not heard the Shepherd's voice because he had been a black sheep. But now alack! he was even blacker. There had been that affair with Tommy. He was a thief. He had never owned up. The stain was on his soul.

It was at that moment precisely that there was a sound at his side. Some one was standing there, and a voice was saying:

"Are you wanting to go to confession?"

Benjamin lifted his head from his hands and found himself looking into the face of a young man. A young man with dark, penetrating eyes and a head of thick snow-white hair.

Most certainly he must be dreaming! He half expected to find that he had shriveled up into a little child. But his dimensions remained normal. This was surely the man whom he had once mistaken for the Good Shepherd! But that was nearly seventy years ago.

"My sheep hear my voice." He had heard a voice. Yes, he was certainly wanting to make a confession. He kept his startled eyes fixed on the kindly face above him and nodded.

"Yes," he whispered, "I would like to. I want to."

By way of reply, the other made a sign to him and turned towards a little door in the wall opposite. He disappeared within it and Benjamin followed. It was all part of a dream. The new Ebenezer dealt in such things.

He found himself in a small apartment which had been divided by a screen, on the one side of which the stranger had established himself at a small grilled window. There was a kneeler in front of the latter. Benjamin went and knelt down. It was indicated. Then a thoroughly matter-of-fact voice asked him:

"And how long is it since your last confession?"

Benjamin stammered an incoherent answer.

"I've never made it," he said. "It was when I was a little fellow. I stole

a shilling from my mother, and I never told her, nor anybody. When you asked just now if I wanted to make a confession, I was just thinking of it, and I thought I'd like to speak to someone about it."

The answer came back, promptly.

"Then you are not a Catholic?"

"A Catholic?" So this was a Catholic confessional. Benjamin had heard the usual things about the confessional. But this *was* the Good Shepherd. The Good Shepherd who carried the lost sheep on His shoulder. He had heard his voice. "My sheep hear my voice."

"I came in here," Benjamin explained, "because I used to come here the last time I was in Muttelcombe. It was nearly seventy years ago."

"Ah," the other interrupted him. "That would have been when my dear old grandfather was pastor here. He was a real saint, although he never found his way into the visible fold, but his son, my father, did, and I always hold that it was his good prayers in Heaven that got us this chapel when we wanted a Catholic Church in Muttelcombe, for the trustees were a bit difficult about selling it to papists. The bishop put me here because of the old association. They say I am exactly like my grandfather to look at. He went white in early middle-age; it's in the family."

"You're wonderfully like him," Mr. Benjamin said. And then he added, "I'm glad you were able to get the chapel." And then he told all about the long-ago sermon, for, in spite of the simple explanation, it was hard to believe that it was not the man who had said, "I am the Good Shepherd," who was there, listening.

Mr. Benjamin concluded, boldly. It was his holiday and he was being adventurous.

"I'm not one for changes," he remarked, "and that new chapel on the High Street next to the cinema doesn't attract me; I'd rather keep to the old one, so I think I'll come to service on Sunday at Ebenezer Chapel, the same as I intended doing."

"You couldn't do better," was the reply. "You know, Ebenezer means, 'stone of salvation,' and the Catholic Church is the one that is built on a rock."

So Mr. Benjamin stuck to Ebenezer; and Mrs. Jaggers was informed at the end of a week that he intended to prolong his visit to a month. At the end of the month Mr. Benjamin arrived home with the astounding news that he would be returning to Muttelcombe to take up his residence there, leaving Mrs. Jaggers with the villa and furniture to make a living out of it for herself.

"I've grown attached to the chapel there," he remarked. It was a singularly alert and resolute Mr. Benjamin, far more like Mr. Ezra at his best. "The Roman Catholics have taken it over and I am intending to become a Catholic."

"My heavens!" Mrs. Jaggers ejaculated. "Whatever will the minister and the deacons say? They'll think you are no better than a thief, or a gunman!"

The Muttelcombe air had certainly wrought wonders on Mr. Benjamin. And, as the psycho-analysts would say, the Cousin Tommy complex had been successfully dealt with during the visit. He looked Mrs. Jaggers squarely in the eye and then, with a smile, remarked: "'Alleluia, notwithstanding,' as my poor brother would have said, 'deacons or no deacons.'"

A Boon, Lady!

By Frances Marie Shannon

AVE MARIA! The Prince of Archangels
Hails thee as Princess Immaculate.
"Ecce ancilla"—Lo! clothed in thy heartlove,
Little Lord Jesus, the Word Incarnate.

To thee, Lady Mary, divinely entrusted
With moulding the man-life of God's only Son;
To thee, who have dwelt with the Godhead's Perfection,
I come for a favor. Ah, grant it be won!

'Tis this, Lady Mary, sweet Mistress of Heaven:
Train me, thy earth-child, in Christ-courtesy;
Gentle I would be in thought, word and judgment,
Silent in sorrow, and humble as He.

Clothe me, O Lady, in snow-whited pureness;
Cincture me softly in love's lasting rose;
Fibre my will with the rich woof of martyrs—
My heart in thy heart, a garden enclose.

The War on Children

By G. M. Godden

THE world, today, is rightly preoccupied with talk of Disarmament. But there are worse horrors and greater tragedies than those of the battlefield.

Today, there is being enacted that which the Holy Father calls, in the eloquent phrase of the Encyclical *Caritate*, the "slaughter of immortal souls." Today, a murderous frontal attack is being launched, by past masters in such warfare, upon the souls of men and women, and of little children.

While the child casualties are heaviest in Soviet Russia, which is the headquarters of these "battalions of evil," America and Europe can show a quota which will increase unless the peoples of both continents realize the deadly nature of the moral poison-gas now being liberated in schools, in children's camps, etc.

The organizers, to quote again the words of the Holy Father, "of the campaign of Atheism and the Anti-Religious Front, wish above all to pervert youth, abusing its simplicity and ignorance."

It is a first obligation on parents and teachers that they should put up an effective defence for the children dependent upon them. To do this the nature of the attack must be known.

When, to take one single instance, nearly one thousand children can be gathered together in New York, under the auspices of the Communist children's organization, the "Young Pioneers," (*Boston Herald*, 20:10:28); when more than twenty Communist Children's camps have been located in the United States, the numbers increasing ten-fold in four years; when Communist papers are widely distributed in American schools; when groups of "Young Pioneers" are already formed in schools of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, and other cities; when over 15,000 young Communists are turned out each year, from the "Young Pioneer" camps in New York State; it is surely time for the Catholics of America to take the lead in organizing measures for the protection of American children.

Such measures could have no better slogan than that expressed by an Irish bishop, when confronted with Communism: "EXPOSE and OPPOSE!"

The limits of this article will allow only a brief indication of how to expose the tactics of the trained Communists who are seeking to slaughter the souls of American children, and precisely what manner of child they intend to create.

The Communist ideal of the soulless man is too well known to need description. In Soviet phraseology, the pre-Soviet human being has been "soul-encumbered," and everything that fosters the illusion of the existence of the soul must be destroyed. Last year the English

branch of the world-wide *Society for Promoting Cultural Relations with Soviet Russia* held an Exhibition of Soviet Education in London, and one of the official exhibits was a series of five "levels" or degrees of anti-religious training for little children. From the first "level," of children who still believe in God, through these five carefully constructed stages in the eradication of the soul, the children are led up to the final stage when "they deny any necessity whatever for prayers; reject the idea of God; and refuse to accept the existence of the soul." (Document of the *State Institute of Scientific Teachers*, Leningrad.) The child, continues the Exhibit, is then ready to enter the ranks of the Militant Atheists; namely, is ready to "convert" other children.

After having destroyed all that belongs to the soul of the child, Communism proceeds to campaign against the innate moral sense. Lenin has laid down the Soviet ideals in morals: "We deny all morality taken from super-human or super-class conceptions . . . our ethics are wholly subordinated to the interests of the class-struggle." (Lenin, *Youth*, pp. 62, sqq.)

The results of the new war upon morality, among the children of Communist Russia, have been very frankly described by Soviet experts. The Soviet Ambassador, A. Kollontai, wrote, five years after the institution of the new education, "Immorality in the schools is making satisfactory progress." Madame Smidovich, writing in the official journal *Pravda* described the moral formula for Communist youth as "everything is allowed." (*Pravda*, March 24, 1925.) Trotsky in his well-known book *Between Red and White* declares that "revolutionary morality dethrones all absolute standards." The ideal Communist child is disencumbered of its soul, and disencumbered of any "absolute" morality; for this child there is no such thing as a distinction between right or wrong, truth or falsehood, honor or dishonor, cruelty or kindness, decency or indecency; all that matters is the furthering of Communist methods for advancing the Dictatorship of the Proletariat—in the words of Lenin—"the interests of the Class-Struggle."

Thus, the little American "Pioneers" are taught to hate all men and women save those of their own class. "We must know how to hate . . . what we need is hatred," declared the Soviet Minister Lunatcharsky. They are taught to hate all religion. They are taught that restraint is needless; and abortions are practised in Russia upon school girls.

They are taught that the only "loyalty" is to the Communist Party; children in Russia betray their own relatives to the Secret Police, and the latest Soviet hero is Pronya Kolibin who, in May of this year, reported his mother for stealing grain, this being an offence punishable with death, and was publicly rewarded for his good deed. They are taught to spread the Communist "ideals" among other children, by collecting groups of little comrades in their schools; and by acting plays, and giving concerts, at which God and religion are scorned.

London "Pioneers" have staged a children's play, the theme of which is the ridiculing of the parable of the loaves and fishes, verse after verse of the Gospel being read aloud by the children and then derided. American "Pioneers," in New York, have staged an "Anti-Christmas Evening," in one of the large theatres of the city, at which anti-religious sketches were given by the "Pioneers Players' Company," the young players playing the rôles of "priests, rabbis, and even of God Himself, who was represented as a business man." The audience numbered some 3,500 workmen, with their wives and children. (*Anti-Religious*, No. 2, 1931.)

THESE American children had been well grounded in the teaching demanded by Lenin's widow Nadazhda K. Krupskaya, herself a leading Soviet educationalist: "We must make our school boys and girls not merely non-religious, but actively and passionately anti-religious." (*Time*, January 14, 1929, p. 19.)

How are American children captured for the Communists ranks? How are ideals so alien to American life made attractive? "Nothing is easier than to attract children," says the writer of a manual for Communist child groups. Members of the *Young Communist League* get in touch with children in the streets, the park and playgrounds. Copies of *The Pioneer* are distributed, with its gay cover; and with such alluring slogans as: "Fight for free hot lunches in school!" or "Fight for free clothing!"

The trained propagandists of the Communist International are capturing children in America, in Europe, and in the East, for war upon God, war upon man, war upon Christian civilization. They rob their child victims of all faith, all compassion and kindness, all innocence, all truth and honesty. They slay, not the body, but the soul.

How long will America continue to permit this new massacre of the innocents, this moral poison-gas attack on the minds and hearts of her children, this slaughter of their immortal souls?

PASSION PROTOTYPES

AS FOUND IN THE BOOK OF GENESIS

1. ADAM: Comparison and Contrast

By Herbert McDevitt, C.P.

THE Apostle St. Matthew wrote the first history of the Passion of Our Lord. His simple narrative was a guide to the other evangelists and the beginning of a vast literature on the subject, which, with the ages, seems ever new and inexhaustible. Like the rays of the mid-day sun, "the beginning of the sixth hour" at that time, the Passion of Christ is the light of the world that draws all things to Him and searches the minds and hearts of men that thoughts may be revealed.

There was no need, at first, of any written account, because so many were eye-witnesses of the event. The incidents, the words, the memories of His sufferings and death were fresh and vivid enough in the minds of the disciples to confirm their faith and love and strengthen their appeal to Jew and Gentile. The argument most convincing, the truth most consoling, the fact most clear to all who wanted to see was that Christ had fulfilled, in His Passion and Death, all that had been foretold and pre-figured of the Messiah in the sacred books of Israel.

On the very day of His Resurrection, Our Divine Savior Himself explained the Scriptures to the two disciples on the way to Emmaus and to the apostles gathered together in the Upper Room in Jerusalem, and showed them "all things which were written in the law of Moses and in the prophets and in the psalms, that He should suffer and so enter into His glory." (Luke 24:26, 44.)

Our purpose in writing these articles is to bring out whatever relates to the Passion of Christ in the law of Moses. The notable men of Bible history—Adam, Abel, Noah, Abraham, Melchisedech, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph—were types of Our Savior, and many incidents related of the patriarchs correspond to the details of His sufferings and death. Besides the New Testament, we have the writings of the Fathers and the liturgy of the Church to guide us. "From the earliest ages," says St. Paulinus, "Christ suffers in His Saints, for He is the beginning and the end, veiled in the old dispensation, revealed in the new, ever more wonderful in the patience and triumph of His holy servants, in Abel slain by his brother, in Noah mocked by his



ONE PENALTY OF THE FIRST MAN'S TRANSGRESSION

son, in Abraham a pilgrim and wanderer, in Isaac offered in sacrifice, in Jacob toiling in servitude, and in Joseph rejected and sold."

In *Genesis*, Moses begins the books of "the Law" by describing in simple language the work of God in creating the world and the creatures that were to live upon it. In the description of the first man on earth, one can recognize his resemblance to Christ. Adam was made to "the image and likeness of God," perfect in every way, gifted with intelligence and free will. He was owner of the world. Everything served his happi-

ness and peace. His greatest honor was that the Lord God walked on earth and conversed with him. Adam, in his innocence, before he committed sin, was truly a figure of the Christ.

When the Son of God came down to earth, He took "the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man." (*Philippians* 2:7.) He was like Adam—"of God," born of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, without father in the natural sense, the most beautiful of the sons of men, full of grace and truth, possessing all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, the

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The organizers, to quote again the words of the Holy Father, "of the campaign of Atheism and the Anti-Religious Front, wish above all to pervert youth, abusing its simplicity and ignorance."

It is a first obligation on parents and teachers that they should put up an effective defence for the children dependent upon them. To do this the nature of the attack must be known.

When, to take one single instance, nearly one thousand children can be gathered together in New York, under the auspices of the Communist children's organization, the "Young Pioneers," (*Boston Herald*, 20:10:28); when more than twenty Communist Children's camps have been located in the United States, the numbers increasing ten-fold in four years; when Communist papers are widely distributed in American schools; when groups of "Young Pioneers" are already formed in schools of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, and other cities; when over 15,000 young Communists are turned out each year, from the "Young Pioneer" camps in New York State; it is surely time for the Catholics of America to take the lead in organizing measures for the protection of American children.

Such measures could have no better slogan than that expressed by an Irish bishop, when confronted with Communism: "EXPOSE and OPPOSE!"

The limits of this article will allow only a brief indication of how to expose the tactics of the trained Communists who are seeking to slaughter the souls of American children, and precisely what manner of child they intend to create.

The Communist ideal of the soulless man is too well known to need description. In Soviet phraseology, the pre-Soviet human being has been "soul-encumbered," and everything that fosters the illusion of the existence of the soul must be destroyed. Last year the English

branch of the world-wide *Society for Promoting Cultural Relations with Soviet Russia* held an Exhibition of Soviet Education in London, and one of the official exhibits was a series of five "levels" or degrees of anti-religious training for little children. From the first "level," of children who still believe in God, through these five carefully constructed stages in the eradication of the soul, the children are led up to the final stage when "they deny any necessity whatever for prayers; reject the idea of God; and refuse to accept the existence of the soul." (Document of the *State Institute of Scientific Teachers*, Leningrad.) The child, continues the Exhibit, is then ready to enter the ranks of the Militant Atheists; namely, is ready to "convert" other children.

After having destroyed all that belongs to the soul of the child, Communism proceeds to campaign against the innate moral sense. Lenin has laid down the Soviet ideals in morals: "We deny all morality taken from super-human or super-class conceptions . . . our ethics are wholly subordinated to the interests of the class-struggle." (Lenin, *Youth*, pp. 62, sqq.)

The results of the new war upon morality, among the children of Communist Russia, have been very frankly described by Soviet experts. The Soviet Ambassador, A. Kollontai, wrote, five years after the institution of the new education, "Immorality in the schools is making satisfactory progress." Madame Smidovich, writing in the official journal *Pravda* described the moral formula for Communist youth as "everything is allowed." (*Pravda*, March 24, 1925.) Trotsky in his well-known book *Between Red and White* declares that "revolutionary morality dethrones all absolute standards." The ideal Communist child is disencumbered of its soul, and disencumbered of any "absolute" morality; for this child there is no such thing as a distinction between right or wrong, truth or falsehood, honor or dishonor, cruelty or kindness, decency or indecency; all that matters is the furthering of Communist methods for advancing the Dictatorship of the Proletariat—in the words of Lenin—"the interests of the Class-Struggle."

Thus, the little American "Pioneers" are taught to hate all men and women save those of their own class. "We must know how to hate . . . what we need is hatred," declared the Soviet Minister Lunatcharsky. They are taught to hate all religion. They are taught that restraint is needless; and abortions are practised in Russia upon school girls.

They are taught that the only "loyalty" is to the Communist Party; children in Russia betray their own relatives to the Secret Police, and the latest Soviet hero is Pronya Kolibin who, in May of this year, reported his mother for stealing grain, this being an offence punishable with death, and was publicly rewarded for his good deed. They are taught to spread the Communist "ideals" among other children, by collecting groups of little comrades in their schools; and by acting plays, and giving concerts, at which God and religion are scorned.

London "Pioneers" have staged a children's play, the theme of which is the ridiculing of the parable of the loaves and fishes, verse after verse of the Gospel being read aloud by the children and then derided. American "Pioneers," in New York, have staged an "Anti-Christmas Evening," in one of the large theatres of the city, at which anti-religious sketches were given by the "Pioneers Players' Company," the young players playing the rôles of "priests, rabbis, and even of God Himself, who was represented as a business man." The audience numbered some 3,500 workmen, with their wives and children. (*Anti-Religious*, No. 2, 1931.)

THESE American children had been well grounded in the teaching demanded by Lenin's widow Nadazhda K. Krupskaya, herself a leading Soviet educationalist: "We must make our school boys and girls not merely non-religious, but actively and passionately anti-religious." (*Time*, January 14, 1929, p. 19.)

How are American children captured for the Communists ranks? How are ideals so alien to American life made attractive? "Nothing is easier than to attract children," says the writer of a manual for Communist child groups. Members of the *Young Communist League* get in touch with children in the streets, the park and playgrounds. Copies of *The Pioneer* are distributed, with its gay cover; and with such alluring slogans as: "Fight for free hot lunches in school!" or "Fight for free clothing!"

The trained propagandists of the Communist International are capturing children in America, in Europe, and in the East, for war upon God, war upon man, war upon Christian civilization. They rob their child victims of all faith, all compassion and kindness, all innocence, all truth and honesty. They slay, not the body, but the soul.

How long will America continue to permit this new massacre of the innocents, this moral poison-gas attack on the minds and hearts of her children, this slaughter of their immortal souls?

PASSION PROTOTYPES

AS FOUND IN THE BOOK OF GENESIS

1. ADAM: Comparison and Contrast

By Herbert McDevitt, C.P.

THE Apostle St. Matthew wrote the first history of the Passion of Our Lord. His simple narrative was a guide to the other evangelists and the beginning of a vast literature on the subject, which, with the ages, seems ever new and inexhaustible. Like the rays of the mid-day sun, "the beginning of the sixth hour" at that time, the Passion of Christ is the light of the world that draws all things to Him and searches the minds and hearts of men that thoughts may be revealed.

There was no need, at first, of any written account, because so many were eye-witnesses of the event. The incidents, the words, the memories of His sufferings and death were fresh and vivid enough in the minds of the disciples to confirm their faith and love and strengthen their appeal to Jew and Gentile. The argument most convincing, the truth most consoling, the fact most clear to all who wanted to see was that Christ had fulfilled, in His Passion and Death, all that had been foretold and pre-figured of the Messiah in the sacred books of Israel.

On the very day of His Resurrection, Our Divine Savior Himself explained the Scriptures to the two disciples on the way to Emmaus and to the apostles gathered together in the Upper Room in Jerusalem, and showed them "all things which were written in the law of Moses and in the prophets and in the psalms, that He should suffer and so enter into His glory." (Luke 24:26, 44.)

Our purpose in writing these articles is to bring out whatever relates to the Passion of Christ in the law of Moses. The notable men of Bible history—Adam, Abel, Noah, Abraham, Melchisedech, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph—were types of Our Savior, and many incidents related of the patriarchs correspond to the details of His sufferings and death. Besides the New Testament, we have the writings of the Fathers and the liturgy of the Church to guide us. "From the earliest ages," says St. Paulinus, "Christ suffers in His Saints, for He is the beginning and the end, veiled in the old dispensation, revealed in the new, ever more wonderful in the patience and triumph of His holy servants, in Abel slain by his brother, in Noah mocked by his



ONE PENALTY OF THE FIRST MAN'S TRANSGRESSION

son, in Abraham a pilgrim and wanderer, in Isaac offered in sacrifice, in Jacob toiling in servitude, and in Joseph rejected and sold."

In *Genesis*, Moses begins the books of "the Law" by describing in simple language the work of God in creating the world and the creatures that were to live upon it. In the description of the first man on earth, one can recognize his resemblance to Christ. Adam was made to "the image and likeness of God," perfect in every way, gifted with intelligence and free will. He was owner of the world. Everything served his happi-

ness and peace. His greatest honor was that the Lord God walked on earth and conversed with him. Adam, in his innocence, before he committed sin, was truly a figure of the Christ.

When the Son of God came down to earth, He took "the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man." (*Philippians* 2:7.) He was like Adam—"of God," born of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, without father in the natural sense, the most beautiful of the sons of men, full of grace and truth, possessing all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, the

Father of the world to come. (*Col. 2:3. Isaiah 9:8.*) Unlike the first man, Jesus "humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the Cross." (*Philipp. 2:8.*) The Passion of Christ began to be revealed when the creature rebelled against his Maker.

What a difference there is between the garden of Eden and the garden at Gethsemane! In the paradise of pleasure, there were happiness, joy, and delight; but sadness, sorrow, agony, and blood in the grove of olives. The Creator had given all things to His creature, but forbade him to eat of the tree of life. God said to him: "In whatsoever day thou shalt eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt die." (*Gen. 2:17.*) But the evil spirit tempted him, saying: "No, you shall not die, for God doth know that in what day you shall eat thereof, your eyes shall be opened, and you shall be as gods knowing good and evil." (*Gen. 3:5.*) Our first parents, yielding to the temptation, disobeyed God. In contrast with such conduct, Our Lord, prostrate in Gethsemane, prays to His Father: "Not my will, but Thine be done!"

In Eden, the parents of mankind gratified their senses; they saw that the fruit of the tree was fair and good; listened to the tempter; took the fruit, and sinned by their disobedience. In His Sacred Passion, Jesus was blindfolded, spat upon, insulted, mocked, and humiliated by the sons of Adam. He stretched forth His hands to be bound with ropes and to be nailed to the Cross, and thus atone for the sins of men.

REALIZING that he had offended God, Adam was immediately overwhelmed with fear, confusion, shame and remorse. He tried to hide himself. His eyes opened to his miserable state, he made covering for his body with leaves of the trees. But no man can hide from his Creator. Although God saw him, He called out, "Adam, where art thou?" Quickly came the answer, "I heard Thy voice, and was afraid; I hid myself, because I was naked." What a different scene on the Mount of Olives! Jesus did not hide Himself, when Judas the traitor and his band came to arrest Him, but went forth to meet them with the question, "Whom seek ye?" They wanted Jesus of Nazareth, and Our Savior replied: "I am He." When they fell to the ground at His answer, He permitted them to rise and bind Him with ropes and take Him to the leaders in Jerusalem. Thus began the expiation of Adam's disobedience. In that city the Redeemer of mankind was stripped of His clothes and cruelly scourged. He was exposed in mock robes of royalty, and condemned to die naked on the Cross.

More clearly the Passion of Christ is prefigured and made known in the terrible penalties incurred by original sin.

In His anger, God cursed the earth to the effect it would bring forth thorns, and that man should have to labor by the sweat of his brow for his daily bread. Shame, sorrow, suffering, sweat of the brow, reed of scorn, branch of thorns, were unknown in this world until sin entered it. Men in every age have had to endure such penance, but in no one or at no time did they ever reach such force as in the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ. How sharp and long and piercing were thorns they found in Judea for His Sacred Head! What agony He suffered in Gethsemane, and on the Cross! And was there ever sorrow like His sorrow unto death!

THE worst penalty inflicted on Adam and his children was expulsion from Paradise. "The Lord cast Adam out, and placed Cherubims and a flaming sword, turning every way," to keep him from the place God had given him. (*Gen. 3:24.*) Henceforth, the life of man was to be a struggle with sorrow and suffering, temptation, and death. From the gates of Paradise, man went forth with the only consolation that strengthened him and filled him with hope. This was God's promise of the Messiah, the Redeemer, the Savior. In His infinite mercy, God promised One, Who would make full reparation for sin and give plentiful redemption to His people. God promised the Passion. In the mysterious words of *Genesis*, we read that God said to the spirit of evil: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." Our first parents knew what these Divine words meant, and it was passed from father to son, from age to age, until that Friday morning, when Jesus went forth, bearing His own Cross, to the hill of Calvary.

As the parents of the human race left the gates of Paradise, cast forth by the justice of God, we see the Savior of mankind coming out of the gates of Jerusalem—the "outcast of His people"—to give His life for the salvation of mankind. How real this fact is to us who live today! The Christ of purity, modesty, humility, self-sacrifice, and charity is hated and despised and cast out by the impure, the selfish, the greedy, and the indolent crowd parading under the banners of Socialism and Communism.

In these days of the radio, we know it is possible for the human voice to be heard in every part of the world by those who listen in. Likewise it is possible to Almighty God that the voice of the Cross be broadcast not only from one part of the world to the other, but from the beginning to the end of time. This fact may help us to understand God's mercy to men. When Adam confessed his disobedience, and infinite justice demanded expiation, it is possible that infinite

mercy prevailed, because the words of the Cross were heard in Paradise: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." It was the prayer of their Savior, Who would make full redemption for them. It was the Lamb of God, Who pronounced that sentence, which brought forgiveness and hope, consolation and resignation to our first parents.

Thus, in the figure of Adam, in his sin and its consequences, we see the glimpses of the Sacred Passion. To quote St. Leo the Great: "God, almighty and merciful, Whose nature is goodness, Whose will is power, Whose work is mercy, from the moment that satanic malice had, by the venom of its hatred, wrought us death, began at once to set forth in figures, occurring in the very earliest history of the world, those remedies of His love, which He had predestined for the restoration of humanity."

Few understood the words of the dying Savior when He cried out from the Cross: "It is finished!" It was a moment of deep grief for His Mother and the few faithful followers gathered at the foot of the Cross. But it was a time of great joy to the venerable Saints of the Old Law, because His Death was the expiation of Adam's sin, the Redemption of the human race, the re-opening of Paradise, the beginning of "a new earth and a new heaven."

MODERN life with its rush for pleasures, money, power and position, with its selfishness and conceit, its many disappointments, its labors and sorrows, makes us all conscious that we are descendants of the first transgressor and share in his guilt and punishment. But as many circumstances in him remind us of the Suffering Savior, so also in our own daily experience there are many things that should bring us closer to Him. Christ died not only to make atonement for sin, but "that we might live" and be the children of His Divine love. He suffered for us, and gave His life for the redemption of many.

As St. Paul expresses it: "God commendeth His charity towards us, because as yet when we were sinners, Christ died for us. If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, shall we be saved by His Life. Death reigned from Adam unto Moses, even over them also who have not sinned after the similitude of the transgression of Adam, who is a figure of Him, Who was to come. But not as the offense, so also to death, so also grace might reign by justice unto life everlasting, through Jesus Christ, Our Lord." (*Romans 5:8, 21.*)

The Catholic College and "Social Advantages"

By Edward Anthony Connell

ALTHOUGH I am not a graduate of a Catholic college it is gratifying to recollect that I was not packed off to my non-Catholic Alma Mater to reap that harvest of "social advantages" and "contacts" discussed so glibly by many of our Catholic parents when they are rationalizing about and defending their educational perspicacity in selecting the non-Catholic institution for John or Mary.

After a year spent at a Baptist-endowed preparatory school of excellent scholastic reputation, four years at a prominent New England state university and after many years of amateur observation, I feel somewhat qualified to release an opinion or two concerning the problem of one particular type of Catholic boy at the non-Catholic college. Inasmuch as there seems to be no avowed criticism of the intellectual calibre of our Catholic colleges by those parents who give them the "go by" when college-selection is completed, I feel safe in assuming that the aforesaid parents base their leanings on the two rather intangible "assets" of the non-Catholic college: "social advantages" and "personality development." The first would include such oft-mentioned gains as "valuable contacts," "meeting the other kind," etc.; and the second nebulous classification is generally interpreted as meaning "broadening influences," "tolerance," "respect for the other's opinion," etc., *ad infinitum*.

Before attempting to rush into the argumentative arena let me give it as my honest opinion that it is only one group of Catholic parents who may be directly charged with the reasoning I have just described. And it is my contention, further, that it is the children of these particular parents more than the Catholic youth from other homes who need Catholic college training and environment,—need it *terribly*, if I may lug in a rather undignified word.

Who art these Catholic parents? I call them "middle-of-the-roadsers." They are sometimes classed as "lukewarm" or "indifferent." Economically, they are generally in the good substantial burgher group who each year can call from \$3,000 to \$6,000 their own; socially, they are "joiners" are "active" in community affairs, pride themselves on being ter-

ribly broadminded, just love the "you go to your church and I'll go to mine" theme and the old familiar strain of "we're all heading towards the same goal only by different roads." Towards parochial schools they generally maintain a benign attitude of beatific tolerance but they feel sorry for the "old-fashioned" methods of the nuns and the lack of "modern psychology" in the grammar grades. They just idolize the monthly Parent-Teachers Association lecturers who regularly talk of "integration," "projects," and "intelligence measurements."

These are the parents who shift uneasily from one foot to the other during High Mass and are itching to leave as the priest begins the reading of the last gospel. They often complain of the "dull" sermons at Mass, just manage to comply with Easter duties and love to prate about the "two sides"

IT would seem that, for the most part, the great believers in Catholic higher education are from two groups—Catholics of broad culture and social distinction and the lowly, humble masses with deep and abiding Faith. The Catholic college problem is the age-old problem of the Church itself. There was room in the stable at Bethlehem for the Wise Men and the Shepherds; for those of great intellect and the humble folk. There is room in the Catholic Church for those who have God-given intellectual brilliancy and for those whose reasoning is gently guided by beautiful Faith, but there is no room in the Catholic Church or the Catholic college for those who "think that they think," to quote the gifted Dr. Fulton Sheen.

to the Mexican-clerical disturbances.

Must I go further into descriptive fields? It is the child of these parents who is packed off to the non-Catholic college not, ostensibly, for intellectual fare or mind-training but for the masculine equivalent of the benefits of a smart "finishing school" for girls. Now this type of boy needs the Catholic college if college it is to be. The very fact that he is being sent away for some hazy improvements in personality indicates one of the strongest reasons for Catholic higher education in his particular case. He is leaving a home which is, in all probability, ridden with inferiority obsessions. From parents whose religion is flabby and who pay court to the society pages he has unfortunately inherited a weak-kneed impression of his own religion. He is at the wavering age between late adolescence and early manhood and his character is coming out of the plastic stage into the first semblances of rigidity. His parents, after years of kow-towing and apologizing in order to gain the "good will" of non-Catholics who will aid them in creeping up the social ladder, have bequeathed to him the idea that there is something not particularly exhilarating in being a Catholic. He has probably associated with more non-Catholic than Catholic friends during his high-school years.

THIS boy must be shown. He must meet other Catholic boys of intellectual and cultural background. Strange as it may seem, many boys of his stamp, through no fault of their own, are actually of the belief that Catholicism means social and cultural mediocrity! At the Catholic college where he will have the opportunity to meet the cream of Catholic youth his fantasies should be speedily blown away. He will meet the parents of these boys and their brothers and sisters. His abnormal sense of inferiority will vanish like mist before the noon-day sun. It will be replaced by a satisfying sense of pride. Man is that way. He must have the feeling that he belongs to organizations and groups of sound character.

At the Catholic college this boy will find (probably for the first time) that there are great Catholic contributions to

science, literature, art, and the other great fields of human endeavor. He will be stimulated by intimate contact with personalities of whose existence he has, in all probability, been woefully ignorant — St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and the scores of other great Catholic figures of the early ages, the saintly scholars of the middle ages and the brilliant philosophers of every period in Church history.

WITHIN that Church which he has probably identified vaguely as "backward" he will find a Mendel, a Pasteur, and a Galvani. He will know the greatness of Newman, Knox, Gasquet, of Chesterton and Belloc. The effect on his personality from such intimate contacts is the ultimate in character enrichment. He will find himself dazed, then proud—so proud of his religious lineage that he feels the thrill of humility, the first step along the road to Character.

At the Catholic college he will receive the answers to his smouldering doubts. His intellectual and spiritual curiosity will be satisfied. He will learn the "other side" of the story. To his surprise, he will learn that Galileo came to Rome for his trial and was granted every consideration instead of being kept in a loathsome dungeon by the order of a persecuting pope.

In his undergraduate relationships he does not feel that he is an interloper or an anomaly nor is he continually confronted with the "necessity" of proving himself a good fellow "even though a Catholic!" He is in his element. He is natural. His whole being is in the proper soil for expansion. He grows through the formative years in the rich atmosphere of Catholic culture. He does no explaining or defending of, no rationalizing for, his religious beliefs. He develops an attitude towards life that is not helplessly dependent upon the mood or disposition of those whom he wants to be his friends. He may, perhaps, become over-confident, a trifle opinionated, and even show tinges of intolerance, but the leavening processes of everyday living will wear away these protuberances, leaving spiritual certainty, moral courage, and a happy outlook on the world.

Let us revert to the situation in which we found this boy prior to college entrance. Remember that he is not the child of deeply religious Catholic parents. His Catholicism is an anæmic compromise, his philosophy is wobbly. What is the general effect of the non-Catholic college upon the character-development of this boy? His disintegration begins just as soon as the glamor of the new experience starts to fade. In a botany course, perhaps, he is given his introduction to the sundry theories of "evolution." Various theories and hypotheses relating to the origin of civilization are paraded before

him. Perhaps he will drift into a course in "Comparative Religion" and hear that the Spanish Inquisition, engineered *in toto* by lean Jesuits, was a horrible tragedy typical of the machinations of a cruel and ruthless hierarchy. Martin Luther will emerge as a vigorous defender of Christianity and not as a destroyer. In all probability he will learn that Ignatius Loyola was an introspective schemer who recognized no laws, human or Divine, in his egotistical quest for power!

In his psychology lectures he will be bombarded with discourses on "freeing the libido," the dangers of self-control, the liberation of animal impulses, and the negation of the will. If he is enrolled at one particular eastern university he may be treated to a repetition of the "survey" made there a few years ago to determine the attitude of the students "towards sane sex and marriage." Or he may encounter a duplicate of that Professor of Biblical Literature at one of the conservative New England institutions who publicly declared the Ten Commandments to be "rules for times once adapted to them but outmoded and outlived for today." And what will be the effect on his undernourished spiritual resources if he is told that "all religious rituals are claptrap" (to use the words of a prominent university pedagogue).

YES, his personality is being "broadened." Broadened and stretched until it is paper-thin and hopeless. He becomes the typical "schizoid" personality, hopelessly cleft, torn between what he feels down deep in his heart and what is being hammered into him. It is a peculiar fact that psychologists are almost in unanimous agreement (one of the rare truces) that "congeniality of environment" is conducive to expansive personality development. Unhappy home life, disagreeable occupations, unfriendly surroundings,—these are, it is held, dangerous deterrents to mental ease and vigorous unhampered intellectual effort. Yet some of our Catholic parents who, parrot-like, repeat this psychological truth, have no hesitancy about dumping a boy into the hurly-burly of religious dissension and philosophical bickering for the avowed purpose of broadening him and for the "social advantages." It is not difficult to see why such a boy generally fails to develop those great social advantages,—poise, confidence, spiritual strength, and moral courage. In the face of sophisticated and subtle pedagogic criticism of his religious beliefs he becomes apologetic for his Catholicism. He tries desperately to prove himself a "different" Catholic. He insists that he is not "narrow" and he tells his non-Catholic friends that he, too, believes Catholicism is a bit outmoded and unfit for "modern situations."

I am not imagining this. I have seen

many models for my word-sculpturing. I have heard them in campus "inter-faith conferences" making concessions to show how big and tolerant they are. They are *compelled* to give way if they hope to advance socially because they lack the ingrained pride in, and knowledge of, their religious inheritance to stand firm. It would be poor tactics (they rationalize) to argue too much about the Virgin Birth or Transubstantiation when they are making such valuable contacts. They haven't the spiritual strength to fight against the insidious eating away. Of what use will their "contacts" be when the price paid is so terrifically high? When these boys leave the warm democracy of the campus they will find that the world has no need for spiritual compromising.

IT would seem that, for the most part, the great believers in Catholic higher education are from two groups,—Catholics of broad culture and social distinction and the lowly, humble masses with deep and abiding Faith. The Catholic college problem is the age-old problem of the Church itself. There was room in the stable at Bethlehem for the Wise Men and the Shepherds; for those of great intellect and the humble folk. There is room in the Catholic Church for those who have God-given intellectual brilliancy and for those whose reasoning is gently guided by beautiful Faith, but there is no room in the Catholic Church or the Catholic college for those who "think that they think," to quote the gifted Dr. Fulton Sheen.

It is the children of the real Catholics whose spiritual welfare is not endangered at the non-Catholic college. For them the "acids of modernity" hold no terror. They are like the hardy, rugged trees which can be transplanted from their natural habitat without a resultant loss of vigor. With a young and immature elm sapling it is quite a different story. This tree will develop a vigorous, healthy limb and twig growth in damp, rich soil. If horticulturists wanted to be "modern" they would advise planting elms where cacti flourish in order to develop the "versatility" of the elm, but centuries of botanical and dendrological experience have proven that the genus *Ulmus* thrives best in that habitat where the spiny cacti would wither and die. Some inordinately clever scientist may conceive the idea of developing a *tolerant* variety of *Ulmus americana* by setting out a young sapling along the fringes of the Mojave Desert. But the tree would soon show sparse, fallow foliage and the other danger signals of undernourishment. I often think that the study of tree growth should be part of a required course for those Catholic parents who are scanning college catalogs!

BALDELLO'S TOWER

By Gabriel Francis Powers

THE auto stage was flying along the road, and it was the Via Salaria of historic fame, the Salt Way, to and from the capital; but we were miles from Rome, and already in the Province of Rieti. There is a famous mountain pass, at a considerable elevation, but we only had the impression of being upon a ridge with plains and hills fleeing away to right and left, and the mountains themselves standing back, at a distance, whichever way the eye turned.

Then we plunged headlong into a gorge. The vertical, ribbed cliff towered in stark austerity above the road, and, at a tremendous height, a grey town crouched at the top of it, clinging to it, rooted upon it, like a watching vulture with claws buried in its prey.

"Nerolo," the chauffeur announced over his shoulder, and stopped in the threatening shadow of that colossal rampart of granite. A small, slow torrent coursed at the foot of it. A peasant woman alighted from the stage, set a large basket upon her head and proceeded along the Via Salaria.

"Where is she going?" we asked with surprise.

"To Nerolo."

"There isn't a road or path to be seen anywhere!" The driver laughed. "There is a path, a mule-path, but it's pretty roundabout. It will take her about an hour and a quarter to get up, if she steps lively."

"Rather fine strategic position, when you get to the top. But hard to reach."

"These mountain women climb like goats."

We were flying along the level road again, and now came to a grey valley of stone with thin shrubbery circling the upper rim of it, a dantesque vision of arid desolation. The road grew narrow and we saw that it was hewed from the living flank of the mountain, that the off-wheel was rather near the edge of nowhere, and that the grey valley had become a chasm. Conversation ceased, and it is probable that some betook themselves, wisely, to prayer.

Then the terrifying vision passed, and the whole world around us turned pleasantly green. Here was another valley, but opening gently, with sloping sides covered with groves of trees, and in the hollow a placid wide stream flowing across meadows. Just opposite to us, in a position that commanded valley and road, was a grey crag with scattered ruins upon it and a bit of towershaft still standing, solitary and alone. Once it might

have expressed pride; now it was only infinitely pathetic.

"Baldello's tower," the chauffeur informed us. "There used to be a castle up there but there isn't much left of it now: only those few scraps."

"Why is the tower called Baldello's? Who was he, and what did he do?"

"He was the son of a great lord here in the neighborhood, one of the Alfani of Rieti, I believe. And there is a story about the tower: but I don't just remember now. Perhaps somebody at Rieti or at Leonessa could tell you."

THERE was a story. We went in quest of it. There are so many stories that the land teems with them; but the story of Baldello is one of the very few that are not tragic. Baldello himself has come down through the ages happy. He was born with a most enviable disposition, he was light-hearted and full of unquenchable hope. The gift was so remarkable that it is what has been chiefly remembered of this youth of sixteen. We do not know if, as a man, he continued to be cheerful and encouraging, but perhaps he did; for habit added to nature might preserve his joyful spirit. Yet a man gets many a hard knock between sixteen and sixty, and Baldello's Tower is witness to the caducity of human things. But in his teens the boy was so brave and so laughing that his smile has become tradition.

He was an Alfani of Rieti, as we had been told, but born in the mountain where his father held vast tenures, and this lord Federico, whose castle was considerably higher up on the way to Leonessa, ruled over a number of towns and villages which all recognized his sway. It was at the time that the Pope was master of Rieti and its surroundings, and the Alfani's held their possessions under him and were vassals of the Holy See. Also they were extremely loyal, and when, unfortunately, the Holy See was removed to Avignon, and the King of Naples, taking advantage of the situation, invaded the States of the Church and captured Rieti among other cities, Federico Alfani swore that he should never take S. Giovanni in Pinci or any of the fiefs over which he ruled.

In the mountain it was difficult to have news, and many things happened in the world beneath it, the tidings of which came tardily to the heights. Messengers brought word that the Neapolitans held Rieti and were invading all the countryside, but that they did not attack, and treated with great leniency, whatever

feudal lords or townships surrendered to them, declaring that they renounced their allegiance to the Holy See and recognized the Sovereignty of the King of Naples. It was an easy and a simple way to safety.

"And has anybody done it?" roared Federico in a rage. Yes, several had done it. The lord of S. Giovanni swore some large oaths, then gave orders for fortifying the castle and provisioning it to stand siege. "Our Lord the Pope has gone away to the land of France and I greatly fear that he will not return. But all we own is his, and we must defend it for him." Then he called Baldello who was his eldest son. The boy was tall and slim but well-built and he had been trained to arms, he was absolutely at home in the saddle, and nobody had ever seen him show fear.

"Baldello," his father said, "I want you to go down to our castle that commands the valley and the road, and to stay there and to hold it against all comers. If you see the enemy advancing by daylight, send me a swift messenger and I will come immediately to help you. If it is by night kindle signal fires along the line of the river. I will keep a man watching on the peak between S. Giovanni and Torre Alta so that he can report to me whatever sign you make. You are not to yield the castle to anybody, and if any Neapolitan approaches you to parley, shut his mouth, telling him you are a Pope's man."

THE boy promised. He was going at once, having received his orders. They heard his voice singing as he went down the road, and his men-at-arms laughed together because he seemed to be setting out for a jaunt of pleasure. He laughed himself in glee when he caught first sight of Torre Alta for he loved the spot where he had spent part of his childhood, and he shouted his joy to them as he flung from the saddle in the court of honor. Immediately, he placed sentinels, and gave orders for provisioning the castle. The men were surprised to see him begin at once a visit of inspection, as one who does not propose to be taken unawares. But after the first day of keen expectation, another day passed, and then another, and the peaceful world spread itself out in quiet beauty beneath the sun, and the rare pedestrians passed softly up and down the road, or beasts laden with burdens labored in the ascent.

There was no sign of an enemy. Baldello was very glad when he found an old lute hanging in his mother's room and he began to discover the different

notes that could be drawn from it. For drill, inspection, change of guard, sword-exercise all took time, but he could neither hunt nor ride far. On Sunday a priest from S. Giovanni came down to say Mass in the castle chapel, and Baldello kept him for dinner, only too happy to have a guest and to receive news of the family. By him he sent back word to his father that there were no Neapolitans in the world, and that he begged to be relieved; but no answer came back to him, and he remained at his post.

A few days later two monks were passing upward on their way to the Abbey, but halted and alighted when they heard that young Alfani was at the castle. One of them had taught him Latin, because the boy's mother insisted that he must learn letters, and the meeting was full of joy. From them Baldello learned much that was of interest. They had been traveling and had heard rumors of all kinds. The troops of the King of Naples, mostly French mercenaries, were indeed at Rieti, and had occupied many of the neighboring towns. It was thought that the Pope himself might return from Avignon. Meanwhile he was sending forward one of his Cardinals who was a famous Captain and who was to reclaim Rome, and bring back the entire Patrimony of St. Peter to his obedience. But the King of Naples was equally resolved not to yield or return the cities he had taken, and it was probable that there would be fighting all through the land.

"We are ready for them and they are welcome," Baldello said. "I am tired looking down this road and never seeing anything come up."

"THEY come in great numbers and they are fierce fighters. You are not many here to withstand a sharp attack."

"My lord father has his men watching, and will relieve us immediately. The later the better so we can do our part first." And Baldello went up to the ramparts. Long and diligently he scanned the blue distance of horizon and plain, and placid lakes that made mirrors for the light. He could see spans of the road, here and there, as it described its long ascents, or wound between thickets of green, the road that came from Rome; passed over hill-tops and plunged into the intricacies of his own mountain, a white ribbon unrolled; but of troops or horsemen not a sign. He came back to the travellers who had been refreshed in the great hall and were preparing to mount.

"Your Neapolitans are not in view yet, Fathers. Did you see anything of them as you came up?"

"Yes, yesterday. Bands of them between Greccio and the valley of the Velino. We skirted Rieti but did not go up as we were afraid of being detained."

"You did not sleep at Rieti?"

"No, we slept at a road-house. They told us the town was full of soldiers and

Dom Aidan thought it better to avoid it."

Baldello escorted them to the top of the hill, then ascended to his tower. The Captain of the Guard joined his young master in the look-out.

"Strange that they should not come," he mused. "Oh well, cheer up! It may happen any minute."

"Perhaps we are too far away, too inaccessible, and they won't come at all."

"Don't believe it! The Romans did not make the road for nothing. We are a fine pair, Ubaldino, sighing day-in, day-out, because the enemy does not appear, while other people pray to be delivered from him!"

ON the road outside there was a sudden challenge, and the guard ran out. Baldello heard, ran, and was the first on the spot. It was only a poor peasant, out of breath with running, pale with fright, exhausted.

"My lord, my lord. The Neapolitans are coming!"

"Well, buck up. They haven't got you yet! Where are they?"

"On the road . . . coming from Rieti . . . hosts of them."

"But I was just on the tower looking out, and did not see a sign of them."

"You couldn't, not from here, because I ran all the way and they are still under the projection of the mountain. You will see them soon enough, my lord, and so shall we all, poor wretches."

"Come along up with me, Ubaldino, and let's try again to see them."

"Shall you not send a message to your father, Messer?"

"Not until I am sure. My lord father does not like mistakes." Together they scanned the distance, slowly, diligently. The lower planes of hill were shadowy, but Baldello forced his young eyes across the gloom.

"I have them! . . . It's true!" he ejaculated. "Just beneath the crest, over there to the left. Gleams of arms where the sun catches them. Don't you see?"

"Not yet . . . oh yes, yes! Now I see. They will be here in two hours."

"In two hours it will be pitch dark. Meanwhile raise the draw-bridge, set your sentinels, and send our swiftest runner to my father at S. Giovanni."

"And the signal fires, my lord?"

Baldello rubbed his forehead. "There were two things. If it is an enemy the fires along the right, the left, the right. What did he say, Ubaldino?"

"I do not know, Messer. I was not present when my lord gave his orders."

"They were to be on one side if the enemy was approaching and on the other side if we wanted him for anything else. Plague-take it, if I have not forgotten!"

"But he will come in any case?"

"If it is an enemy he will come at once. Otherwise not until the morning."

"Whew! That's bad."

"We can surely stand siege for one

night! It's only a few hours. In any case I will tell you what, Ubaldino. Have the fires lighted on both banks. And send the messenger. That should bring all the reinforcements available. Hurrah!" For a few minutes both were so busy that they abandoned their watch, but there was a lure about the tower that Baldello could not resist and the Captain soon rejoined him. The sun had set now and it was impossible to distinguish anything further.

"Think you they will attack us tonight?" Baldello asked, and the first shade of anxiety crept into his voice.

"They would be rash indeed to venture along this road when they cannot see. But of course they may have guides. I would not be surprised if they stopped and made camp."

"I do not like this idea of standing siege. I would rather go out and fight them in the open."

"But, Messer, there are only twenty of us and hundreds of them . . . thousands even perhaps. What could we do against them?"

The hours of the night passed interminable. As it began to be light, they sent a mountain lad out to reconnoitre. From some point of vantage, they could look down upon the lower levels of the road, and there they waited until there was light enough to recognize the objects upon it. By goat-paths and running across smooth spaces, the messenger returned to them.

"They camped in the fields below the mountain. A detachment is coming up," he cried breathlessly. "You will soon see them. The mass of them is being put in order of march and will follow before long. Go back to the castle, Master, for they are a terrible fierce-looking lot and bode no good."

"I would rather see them for myself first," he answered with his eyes strained to the winding ribbon of white.

"It is folly, Messer," the Captain ejaculated. "We must go back and prepare for their coming."

"How many men," Baldello pursued tranquilly, "are in the first detachment? What say you, Pascuccio?"

"How can I tell, Master? When I saw them I ran as fast as my legs could carry me!"

THE shepherd lad was trembling. "Don't shake like that! My lord father is coming down from S. Giovanni, and will give them a warm greeting. Go on up to the castle and tell them I will be there directly."

"My lord, I beg of you . . . We must go back."

"Ah, there they are at last! Look at them. Ubaldino, goodly men, soldiers every inch, worth fighting. I won't go and be hemmed in like a mouse in a trap. I will go out and fight them. There are not more than forty, fifty. We can do it

easily. I will take their leader and run him into the castle, then slam down the draw-bridge. Quick, Ubaldino, horses, and help me get into my coat-of-mail. They must all mount."

"Messer, the main body may get here and set siege before my lord can reach us from S. Giovanni."

"Well, will it not be better in any case for us to have their commander in our hands? Leave only four men to handle the draw-bridge, and leave the draw-bridge down. Quick, my armor, and sound Saddle and Mount! Our Lady Saint Mary help us!"

Then, with the shy tender light of dawn breaking over the mountain, and before the peaks caught the fire of sunrise, Baldello rode out with his small company and placed it just below the castle where it would be out of sight until the enemy was close at hand. There was no sign yet of the Lord Federico coming, but his son was too intent upon his own enterprise to give the relief force a thought. He had placed himself in the middle of the road and waited motionless, listening, his head high, his hazel eyes steady, the breeze freshening the color of his face and toying with his fair hair. Behind him, sharply erect and square to the four winds, Torre Alta which is now a ruin and goes by the name of Baldello's Tower.

HE had been waiting nearly half an hour when his esquire said, "Messer, your helmet," and placed it upon the unwilling head. It was one of the inevitable inconveniences of combat. His father had warned him repeatedly that some day his uncovered head would cost him his life; in fact the steel cap was scarcely adjusted when the whinnying of a horse near at hand startled them all. Baldello stood for one second tense, looking eagerly, then plunged forward. He had seen the leader, a conspicuous figure enough, in a complete suit of Spanish damaskeened armor, and a scarlet horse-cloth beneath his saddle.

The boy had a plan and he rode straight at that central figure upon its superb mount, seized the bridle near the bit and ran his own and the other horse out, racing, in the direction of the castle. His captive drew instantly and tried to strike but he had been taken by surprise and his horse was frightened and jerked away. The whole company, utterly unprepared for the attack, started after the captor, raining blows upon him, but his own men covered him well, and on the other side Ubaldino had similarly caught the captive's bridle and forced him forward. The play of swords in the air was like crossed lightning but the whole operation was so swift that, in one moment, Baldello was racing across the bridge with his captive and Ubaldino, and a young knight of the enemy who clung so close to his chief they could not throw him off.

The four flung into the court of honor in one mass. Baldello's little company came slower, retreating, every step of the way fought, and the last men were still upon the bridge when it began to rise, throwing them together and toppling two or three of their followers into the moat. Those four in the court were gasping for breath so badly they could not speak. Baldello managed to articulate: "Sir, you are my prisoner" . . . then he succeeded in tearing off his helmet, and his prisoner saw that he was a boy and that he was laughing. But immediately, remembering his knighthood, the boy slid from the saddle and stood ready to assist the older man to alight.

THE captive's face was dark as thunder. His attendant was in such a rage that his movements were convulsive and words tumbled in confusion from his lips: "How dare you touch my lord, you young jackanapes! You will rue this! He comes on an embassy of peace, and you dare, you dare, to lay hands on his sacred person!"

"Sir, I am no jackanapes. I am Baldello Alfani. And as to your embassy of peace, you bear no white flag and you are all fully armed."

The older man, whose noble countenance was pale and gloomy rejoined with great severity: "Young man, it may seem to you a clever trick to surprise and capture an enemy stronger than yourself. I will confess that no man yet has succeeded in laying hands upon my bridle. But it is not honorable for you knights of Rieti not to bear faith to your true lord."

"Sir, it is because we bear faith to our true lord, that we hold any man who attacks him our enemy. It is you who fault in honor trying to detach loyal men from their allegiance. My lord father has ordered me to shut the mouth of any envoy who offers me the favor of the King of Naples."

The older man gave a start of amazement. "But, boy, then why do you fall upon me?"

"Because you are that envoy. And we are not to be purchased. We are liege vassal-lords to the Holy See."

The man in the splendid armor passed his hand over his forehead, then began to laugh gently. "It happens, . . . it just happens that I am too."

"You?" Baldello's eyes were very wide. "But you are a Neapolitan?"

"No, I am a Spaniard. I doubt if there is a Neapolitan left in the whole province, since yesterday and the day before. You do not get news easily in the mountain?"

"My messengers reported that the Neapolitans were advancing, in great numbers."

"And instead the Neapolitans are defeated and the troops that advance are reclaiming the Patrimony of St. Peter for the Holy See. My name is Alborno." "His Eminence?"

"A plain soldier just now. A messenger of peace wherever it is possible."

"But Your Eminence bore no flag, no sign."

"We were reconnoitering, and the road seemed deserted. We had no thought of fighting."

Baldello rushed to the rampart above the gateway, dragging the linen tablecloth from the table as he passed through the Guards Hall. It was not a moment too soon. From below came the pressed ranks of Alborno's troops ascending the slope toward the castle, and from above the force of the lord of San Giovanni, company after company, hastily to the relief. The boy waved his flag of truce, but already the two parties had halted for their leaders perceived that each army bore the red fanion of the Church, and from both sides the cry went up: "*Chiesa! Chiesa!*"

For a moment Baldello reddened, all alone on the rampart, then he came down quickly, bent the knee in swift homage, and introduced the Cardinal into the great hall. The draw-bridge had been lowered and a torrent of men-at-arms poured into the court. Federico Alfani alighting was worried and agitated.

"What is this, I hear, that the Pope's envoy is here? And what did you mean by those fires last night? I told you the right bank if it was a friend, and the left if it was an enemy, and you had them on both banks!"

"My Lord Father, I did not know at the time if it was a friend or an enemy."

ALFANI shrugged his shoulders and entered to do homage. The Cardinal, still in armor and a magnificent figure, sat in the great leathern chair at the head of the table and did not rise. The vassal lord bent the knee and said: "Your Eminence is welcome to my poor house."

Alborno smiled graciously. "I thank you for your courtesy, Messer. It is greater than that of your son and I appreciate it."

"My son! Has he failed Your Eminence in some way?"

"Let him tell you himself."

Baldello shuffled a little. He was sure his father was going to be very angry. "I took him fairly in the open," he said, "I caught his horse by the bridle and ran him in."

The face of the lord of S. Giovanni was a study. His eyes wide, with almost an expression of horror, then a twitching about the mouth as if amusement threatened to overcome astonishment. "I don't know what you can be thinking of," he said severely. "I send you down to stop the Neapolitans, and instead you stop the envoy of His Holiness. Do you not know the flag you yourself fight under?"

"My lord father, they had no flag, and I had been told that the Neapolitans were advancing. I saw their commander in their midst so handsome, I said 'This is

surely the brother of the King of Naples'."

The shadow of a smile touched the lips of Alborno, but it was immediately dispelled. "Meanwhile, Sir," he said sternly, "you have attacked the force sent to quell the rebels, which makes a rebel of you, and you have laid hands upon a Churchman. My plain duty would be to take you back with me in custody."

"I certainly beg Your Eminence's pardon, but it was my duty to defend the road and that is what I was trying to do. For the rest I should be very glad to go back with Your Eminence. I have always wished to see the Holy Father, and he will be happy to see me."

The Cardinal laughed outright. "Ah, Messer Baldello, you have a happy spirit, as well as courage and dexterity. You are a man after my own heart. I will take

you back, if your lord father gives me leave, but not in custody. I want you in my own guard."

"Your Eminence is very good. But I would prefer to be in the guard of His Holiness. No offence to you, my Lord Cardinal, but say to him: 'This is Baldello Alfani, of the Alfani's of Rieti, son of that lord Federico who holds the mountain, and he will know that we have always been loyal to the Holy See.'"

"Then you will not go with me?"

"I shall be proud to go with Your Eminence, either to Rome or to Avignon."

"A few minutes later they heard his voice, high, clear and very sweet, caroling a little French ditty somewhere out in the open."

The Cardinal smiled. "Your boy

again? He has one of the happiest natures I have ever come across."

But the lord of San Giovanni waited until he found himself quite alone in his retreat at the top of the tower then he exploded into boisterous laughter. "Oh, my dear wife, when you shall hear of this! He captured the Commander-in-Chief of the Patrimony forces. Single-handed he did it and ran him into the castle . . . a stripling of sixteen . . . And it is true that no man alive has ever laid his hand upon Alborno's bridle. And then he asks to be admitted into the Pope's Guard!"

Baldello's Tower, high on the green eminence above the turn of the Roman road! What a pity that they are all dead! But it is so many years ago. A broken brown shaft of masonry alone is standing.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

PRINCIPLES OF JESUIT EDUCATION IN PRACTICE. By Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$2.00

The great interest that is being manifested in the application of the principles of the famous *Ratio Studiorum* has recently been productive of several interesting and useful volumes. Father Donnelly, S. J., of Fordham University, author of a number of well-known pedagogical works, now offers his explanation and plan of application of the *Ratio Studiorum*. The fruits of his long years of teaching experience are plainly evident. He clearly sets forth the rules of the *Ratio Studiorum* as they apply in high schools and the freshman and sophomore years of college. Everyone interested in education is indebted to Father Donnelly for his splendid book. He advocates the use of several other volumes written by himself as supplementary to the teaching outlines set forth in the *Ratio Studiorum*. Anyone following his plan cannot but obtain excellent results.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST. Ayme Guerrin. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London. 3/6.

In writing this brief account of the last years and the earthly life of Our Divine Lord, Ayme Guerrin has endeavored to avoid any extravagant use of the imagination or calling upon legend. As far as possible he has kept to historic reality. The Gospel story has been studiously followed and, when necessary, judiciously supplemented by orthodox tradition. Years of study and research in the Holy Land have aided the author immeasurably in his task. The result is

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a highly effective and engrossing narrative.

The stage is set in the prolog which tells of the existing conditions, the people, the geographical boundaries and the political affairs of the time of Our Lord. Part One takes us as far as Rome. Part Two describes each incident of the Passion culminating with the vivid description of Calvary and the triumphant Resurrection. A graphic although short chapter entitled "Today" concludes the book.

This work is already well known in France, where it elicited much favorable comment and praise in literary as well as ecclesiastical circles. The translation has captured the tense feeling and force of the original. *The Death of Christ* is a book for those who desire an adequate, practical and up-to-date, although brief history of the Passion of Christ.

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THE MYSTICAL DOCTRINES OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS. An abridgement. Translated into English by David Lewis and revised by Dom Benedict Zimmerman, O. D. C. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$1.50.

The writings of St. John of the Cross have been for many years a standard and guide for religious and contemplative souls. The translator and the reviser of the present volume have "assembled in logical order, in a chain of which each link is an advance in demonstration upon the preceding one, the very words which the Saint himself used in elucidation of his own doctrine." The extensive and difficult teaching of St. John of the Cross has thereby been made accessible to the ordinary reader. The fundamental principles and the spiritual processes through which the contemplative soul advances to a life of holiness are admirably set forth. Those who aspire to higher things but who, perhaps, have been unable to grasp the meaning of the Mystical Doctor, St. John of the Cross, will find this little handbook an excellent help to their devotions.

ESSAYS IN HISTORY. By H.H. Pope Pius XI. Translated by Edward Bullough. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$3.75.

In 1932 a compilation of historical essays by His Holiness Pope Pius XI was made and published in Italian. With the exception of a few short essays which have only a provincial or a national interest, the present book is a translation of the Italian edition. There are six essays in all. The first describes the Ambrosian Church of Milan. It is based

on His Holiness' personal researches in the Ambrosian Library. Another essay, the longest in the book, treats of the schools or guilds of the Blessed Sacrament in Milan. This particular essay should be of great value to students of history because of the information it contains concerning the customs of the Church in the Middle Ages. The sketch of St. Charles Borromeo includes a study of St. Charles in London and St. Charles in America. Two other essays on art complete the collection. Amongst the more interesting features in these essays are the records of Leonardo Da Vinci's experiments in aviation and other scientific works. Needless to say, these essays are scholarly, manifestive of deep research and labor and of great value. As historical records they are filled with much useful information and instruction. Over and above their intrinsic merit, they show forth the ability and genius of Pope Pius XI. The translation by Edward Bullough is exceptionally well done.

THE ETERNAL GALILEAN. By the Rev. Dr. Fulton J. Sheen. D. Appleton-Century Company, New York, N. Y. \$2.00.

The Eternal Galilean is a collection of fifteen addresses delivered during the Catholic Hour on successive Sundays from December until April last. In his own inimitable way, Dr. Sheen re-tells the life of Our Divine Lord, showing clearly that Christ still lives and still gives His grace and help to those who ask it in prayer. This book is a vivid, modern interpretation of the Person of Jesus Christ. It is an eloquent and instructive treatise on the Mystical Body and a challenge to those who misinterpret this consoling doctrine.

There is no denying that Dr. Sheen has a rare faculty of presenting spiritual truths. He is unquestionably one of the American Church's finest speakers. Those who listened to these stirring addresses over the radio will surely wish to purchase this book in order that they may read over and ponder at length the valuable treasures of thought and sentiment which they contain.

SOCIAL THOUGHT AND ACTION. By the Rev. Albert Muntz, S.J. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. \$1.75.

Social Thought and Action is a gathering of a series of sermons delivered in answer to the accusation that Christianity has failed during the years of reconstruction following the Great War. These sermons show conclusively and effectively that authentic Christianity, as taught by the Roman Catholic Church, has not only not failed but has been one of the most active and successful agents

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The various chapters are offered as social sermons. They might better be termed social essays, for there is little either in their construction or style which may be found in the principles of oratory. This fact, however, does not detract from their value as social messages. This book should be of great value to priests, to parish study clubs and students of economics.

A CHAPLET OF SANCTUARIES.

By Benjamin Francis Musser.
The Magnificat Press. Manchester, N. H. \$1.00.

This diminutive volume of poems sings of the shrines of Our Lady throughout the world. Each poetic offering gives a brief story of the shrine. While they are not great poetry, they all breathe a beautiful and fervent spirit of love and understanding. They should appeal to all devout clients of Our Lady. This book would make a fit gift for members of the Children of Mary or the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. Every famous shrine is mentioned, from the beautiful National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington to that of Notre Dame d'Afrique in Algiers, Africa.

ANTONIO. By Ernest Oldmeadow.
The Peter Reilly Co., Philadelphia, Pa. \$3.00.

Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow, the Editor of *The London Tablet*, wrote the novel *Antonio* some twenty-five years ago. This reprint of his great book is most welcome. Despite its age, *Antonio* is a story that will always make worthwhile reading. It was popular when first published and today, years later, it still possesses a charm and appeal for those who appreciate and enjoy a really good novel. It is a pleasure to know that it has been resurrected, so to speak. It would have been a shame to have such an excellent story fall into that limbo of oblivion which is the lot of so many Catholic books.

Antonio is the name of a Benedictine monk, the youngest in a large monastery near Oporto, Portugal. As the story opens, the monastery is about to be seized unjustly and the monks dispossessed and dispersed. At the chapter which the Abbot holds to counsel his community before the dispersal and to dispatch them to the homes of benefactors or to other monasteries tem-

porarily, the young Antonio startles the assemblage by voicing his intentions of returning again to worldly pursuits. The others are astounded at such a decision and fear that Antonio is losing his faith. He, however, declares that it is God's work which he hopes to undertake. His purpose in returning to the world of business and commerce is to earn enough money to buy back the monastery home that he and his brethren may return there and live in peace and solitude. He finally accomplishes his desires, but not until he has passed through a series of dangerous and exciting situations which might befall a young man, brought up almost since childhood in a cloister, who is plunged into the hurly-burly of the world. Everything terminates happily for Antonio, for his new-found friends and for the Benedictine monks.

The story is a splendid admixture of suspense, drama, and pathos. Our readers are doubtless familiar with Mr. Oldmeadow's writings and know what to expect from his facile and energetic pen. Those who have never read *Antonio* should treat themselves to one of the best Catholic novels in the English language.

THE CHURCH AND WAR. By F. Stratmann, O.P. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. \$2.25.

With all the talk of armament and disarmament, navy appropriations and the need of adequate defence going the rounds, Father Stratmann's book, *The Church and War*, comes as an appropriate commentary. It is a summary of Catholic teaching on war, and a retrospect and prospect of the Church's function as a peacemaker. The author's purpose, however, is not only to catechise the world on the morality of war and the spirit of the Church with respect to it, but also to "lead the world out of Anarchy to Order."

He lays down as a necessary condition that men must be educated to supernatural aspirations, and educated out of a narrow chauvinism. It seems, however, that a far more fundamental necessity, and, though less idealistic, nevertheless a more effective method, is to educate the people to push by their political instrumentalities the project of a satisfactory international parliament of some sort. War is a crime, usually, and mere education is no panacea for it any more than it is for homicide or theft or any other crime. There must be a politically perfect tribunal, empowered to make laws, to adjudicate offences and to penalize in any case that needs diplomatic adjustment. One navy, one police system functioning as an army. Total disarmament of the individual nations. If nations have come to a practically dead level method of dealing with matters concerning the safety of their individual commonwealths, that method is the tested

method for the same work on an international scale. If in distinct commonwealths the sale of arms and license for carrying them is closely guarded, then its larger equivalent—disarmament—is as necessary for international safety. A nation with its own army and navy will be more docile to international legislation than a murderer with a gun is to a national statute. Before the World War we used to think that international law was a power. But we found that it was a weakness if a state were strong enough to break it and go unpunished. The people of the world do not need to be lectured to on the blessings of peace. They are heartily sick of war after that last military venture. Sincerely enough they want a scourge with which, by some representative system, they will be able infallibly to convert truant war-makers.

Individual man is not, by nature, an animal who must periodically indulge in a battle or two in the way of a constitutional. Man as a nation, bound by political and racial characteristics, is not necessarily an opponent of men who are politically and racially different. In fact, national pride without suspicion of acquisitive design on the part of another nation rather tends to the friendly rivalry of the Olympics than to the inimical rivalry of Waterloo or the Chateau Thierry. The ordinary citizen has no reason for starting a war which arises in the modern style. Most soldiers fight their battles without knowing ultimately—why. Moneyed men with interests in foreign markets and puppet politicians are the "WHY." If the politicians are not being prompted hand and foot by the leading strings of a veiled showman, they are for their own interests declaring war which their patriotic subordinates will fight for them.

The statesmanship of the world has had this conviction forced on it. It is now engaged in a work which, in magnitude at least, is brand new. A universal alliance is bound to present difficulties until pioneers have experimented enough to work a science out of their initial dabbling. The world tribunal is yet perhaps a generation or two away from its perfection, and from its final adjustments concerning representation and disarmament. May God, for the sake of the peace He loves, extend His mighty hand and once more bring harmony out of chaos.

PHILOSOPHY OF SOCIETY.
Edited by Charles A. Hart, Ph.D.
The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.50.

—The constantly increasing unrest among the masses, and the prolonged economic depression have given rise to a deepening interest in social questions. Hence it was peculiarly appropriate that at the annual meeting of the American Catholic Philosophical Association, held

in Pittsburgh, December 1933, it should have been decided upon to take the "Philosophy of Society" as the theme of their discussion. The papers read at that convention have now been issued in this volume. The Editor expresses the hope that the papers "will be of some aid to the students of social science in the way of more fundamental thinking in the field of their respective interests." Dr. Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C., in his presidential address on "The Scope of a Realistic Philosophy of Society," sets the limits of the discussion.

Clare Riedl of Marquette University sets forth in concise résumé the social theory of St. Thomas. A reading of this paper brings home with peculiar force the tremendous breadth of vision that was the Angelic Doctor's. The delicate balance of the rights of the individual and of society is maintained by a keenness of apprehension that is amazing. There has been no better theory of society and of government yet proposed than that set forth by St. Thomas, because none other plunges so deeply into the fundamental roots of reality.

Dr. John A. Ryan discusses the philosophy of Capitalism; its spirit and fundamental principles. He concludes that Capitalism comprises psychological, ethical, political, economic and religious elements and concepts, all of which are either false, misleading or exaggerated. Father La Farge in his discussion of the philosophy of Communism is interesting, particularly in his summary of the points on which Catholics and Communists agree or disagree.

Dr. Murphy has written a very readable paper on the "Fascist State"; Paul Martin of Windsor, Ontario, treats of the philosophy of internationalism; Father Leo Ward tackles his favorite topic in his "Search for a Usable Concept of Value."

Julius A. Baisnee contributes a paper on the Scholastic viewpoint of moral value. William J. Leen of Notre Dame writes on the "Family in Relation to a Philosophy of Society." Dr. George Johnson writes well on "Education in a Philosophy of Society." The remaining papers are "Religion in the Philosophy of Society," by Charles A. Hart; "Philosophy in the Common Law," by William T. Dillon; "Reconstructing the Social Order," by R. A. McCowan; "Philosophy of History," by J. J. Callahan.

On the whole the papers are weakened by a lack of clearness. While it is true that papers read before a convention of philosophers would naturally incline to the abstract, yet it does seem that the only solution for our modern chaos—*viz.* Catholic Philosophy—should be so presented as to be grasped by the ordinary intelligence without such difficulty as to cause positive aversion.

Again, some of the papers seem to depart from the general theme. Thus, "Philosophy of History," by J. J. Callahan, seems to confine itself to a mere historic treatise on the origin of government rather than to propose any definite philosophical principle that would guide one in the interpretation of history. There is much in the volume that is stimulating and helpful, but much also, unfortunately, that suffers from unnecessary verbosity and obscurity.

THE GENTLEMEN GO BY. By Laurence W. Meynell. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$2.00.

The depression and our new era of leisure have made novels of adventure increasingly popular. As a result the novelist is dispensing poor fare to the public and avid readers are being glutted with imperfectly conceived and roughly executed plots. "Gentlemen Go By" is typical of this mass of literature pouring from the press. Interesting it is, sometimes thrilling, but the interest flags in the most critical situations and thrills are so evanescent that the reaction is aggravating.

Tony Hill's father was ruined financially at the beginning of the economic crisis. Accepting his fate Tony settles down to monotonous duties as clerk in Messrs. Ollard and Ollard, real estate agents. Had he been content with his lot Tony's life would have been ordinary enough. The siren call of social life tempted him, nevertheless, and he accepted an invitation to Lady Venn's Ball. There he met the beautiful and "soon to be wed" Judith Storm. Fortune's wheel was kind. Next day Tony was helping Judith and her fiancé select a suitable flat—concealing love in his heart. While thus engaged the extraordinary happened—Judith disappeared. The plot is laid and affection urges Tony to unravel the threads of mystery. What happened after he discovered the tell-tale piece of boa in the cellar and pursued the drug peddlers to their House by the Sea in search of Judith, is told at length, but not very convincingly. There is action, excitement, and our hero adroitly maneuvers himself in dangerous circumstances, to our great satisfaction. Interest is not sustained, however, the plot is transparent, and the characters evolve too mechanically under the watchful eye of the author. Tony is so nicely taken care of that we feel he must have the much-extolled rabbit's foot concealed on his person. Not the least among the defects of this book are the impossible situations in which the characters are found. Persons crop up in so many unexpected places, incidents take on such exceptional importance without point or reason that the illusion of real adventure is broken.

The book leaves much to be desired, but it is interesting, well written and wholesome, and thus deserves recognition by those who disregard well formed plot and subtlety of characterization. Habitual acquaintance with second rate literature easily dulls the reader's appreciation for well constructed novels.

TWO LOVES I HAVE. The Romance of William Shakespeare. By Clara Longworth de Chambrun. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$2.50.

We wonder just why so many "lives" of Shakespeare have been written. Surely the comparatively little we know of him, and that little quite ordinary and commonplace, does not offer the explanation. Perhaps, or rather, almost certainly, it is because of his genius. That is why a "life" of Shakespeare, unless it sets forth his genius in a real and convincing way, can have no more interest than the most ordinary life of the most ordinary mortal.

This novelized life of Shakespeare by Countess de Chambrun is quite entertaining and instructive. Set forth as the narrative of one John Lacy, a player in Shakespeare's company, it contains some unusually interesting conjectures as to what the unknown portions of Shakespeare's life might have been. We see him as a boy, bright, alert, hungering for knowledge; later making love to Anne Hathaway in the woods at Temple Grafton; fleeing from his relations with a certain Father Hall, from the wrath of Justice Lucy. Then as a travelling actor, falling in love with Nan Davenant (the black Lady of the sonnet); once more fleeing into safety after participating in an attempted overthrow of the Cecils. Finally, as an old man, crowned with honor and happiness, tottering off to a tavern with his friends, Johnson and Drayton, to celebrate his birthday.

There is an interesting scene where Shakespeare meets Robert Southwell in an inn, and Southwell recites his "Burning Babe" for the bard. Shakespeare proclaims Southwell a greater poet than himself, then helps him to escape from the pursuivants. All this is interesting and instructive, and manifests great research into the history and biography of Elizabethan England. Yet, withal, something is lacking to it as a novel. Somehow or other, Shakespeare does not stand forth as the genius we know him to be. There is one incident, when during a conversation with Southampton, Shakespeare extemporizes one of his exquisite sonnets, that makes one instinctively feel that things are stretched a bit too far even for Shakespeare.

To a Catholic the book has an added interest in that it links up Shakespeare with the Catholic persecution, giving him an active part in aiding and sheltering its victims. Shakespeare himself is portrayed as an apostate Catholic, but

this is due rather to the neglect of his mother than to a positive defection on his part. All in all the book is interesting, but its interest lies rather in the research and historical data manifested in the setting, than in its character as a novel.

SOCIAL STUDIES. By Burton Confrey, Ph.D. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.68.

This rather bulky textbook will come as a decided boon to the Catholic high-school or college student who desires a book giving a clear exposition of social science and its relation to Catholic action and interests. Dr. Confrey has certainly left no stone unturned in his endeavor to present an up-to-date, authoritative and complete program and study of Catholic social work. If the student cannot get exactly what he wants anywhere in the eight hundred pages of this book, there are extensive bibliographies appended. These contain not only the titles of books but references to selections from well-known Catholic magazines.

The subjects selected in *Social Studies* are arranged in splendid order and are of such variety that they cannot but stimulate and provoke thought, discussion and action. For the most part the subjects are of topical interest. They easily represent the best that is being written by Catholic writers in the field of sociology today. The book is divided into two parts. The first part formulates the principles of social action and presents various methods of application to particular problems and social questions. The second part is made up of excerpts from various sources which serve as references. From such an excellently arranged and well-written volume, our Catholic young people should derive much benefit.

THE CORDUROY TRAIL. By Rita C. McGoldrick. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. \$1.75.

This is a story "for older girls and boys." Briefly, it describes the trip made by a lumberman, Stephen Brice, his two children, twins, and two young visitors from Chicago, Anne Carter and her brother, James-Jimme, through the deep forests of northern Wisconsin. They set out on horses and ponies, with supply carts, first-aid kit, guides, etc., to investigate the condition of the head waters of the stream in which the logs were floated. The jacket of the book advises the reader that "the twins disappeared; then a rattlesnake threatened; an over-zealous young botanist (James-Jimme Carter) broke his leg twenty-two miles from the nearest lumber camp; an Indian guide nearly stranded them by removing four of their ponies; a dread fire broke out; and the river they must cross began to

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THE SIGN PRESS

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rise, filled with leaping, crashing logs." These incidents do occur, but are described in such a tame manner that the natural expectancy for exciting narration is, to put it mildly, unsatisfied.

The Corduroy Trail is the first story of the author. Honesty impels the criticism that there is nothing in it to raise it above the level of the commonplace. There is no reference to the supernatural whatever. This seems to be a notable omission, for, though there is no need to drag in religion by the heels, as it were, books for "older boys and girls" might well be used to inject spiritual ideas in a subtle way. This at least ought to be looked for among Catholic authors. Leaders in Catholic Action ought to know how to employ all the media of expression to elevate the mind to higher levels; to ignore the supernatural (which is a very real world), is to lose an opportunity for good. They might learn something from Soviet writers in this regard.

The illustrations by Paul Brown, the distinguished portraitist of horses, are excellent. They are the work of an artist.

THE BIBLE FOR EVERYDAY.

By The Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., London, England. 5/.

The aim of this book is to "catch the spirit of the Old and New Testaments," so that the reader may gain a good idea of the spirit of the Bible from the various passages selected by Archbishop Goodier. It is a more valuable book than might appear at first glance. Many Catholics wish to read the Bible but they are restrained by its great length and by the many sections in it which they cannot understand. This splendid guide should prove helpful to such persons. The author has pleasantly arranged Biblical passages which give us a grasp of its purpose and a taste of its riches. The volume makes excellent spiritual reading and could easily be used in classroom work.

There are three hundred and sixty-six selections from the Bible. One for each day of the year. As is natural, the prophetic element dominates, in order to lead up to the coming of Our Lord. The next class of selections are those setting forth the relations of man to God in the Old Testament. Next is a group of passages dealing with the moral code. In regard to the New Testament, as far as possible, the passages chosen are those from the Gospels where either Our Lord has spoken of Himself or others have declared Him. The text used from the Old Testament is that of the Douay Version. For the New Testament the recently published and highly praised Westminster Version, edited by the Jesuit Fathers of the English province, has been used.

CHARLES THE FIRST. By Hilaire Belloc. (\$4.20.) In his forceful style the author reviews the life and times of Charles Stuart, last reigning and governing King of England, from the day of his birth in Scotland to the day when he bravely faced the hangman.

WEeping CROSS. By Henry Longan Stuart. (\$2.10.) A vivid and penetrating story of love and intrigue in early Puritan New England. Powerfully and beautifully written, and with consummate artistry. Without doubt the finest Catholic novel in recent years.

PREFACE TO POETRY. By Theodore Maynard. (\$2.90.) A book of valuable information. It introduces one to the beauty and magic of poetry, and helps one to derive from poetry much that, perhaps, has been heretofore missed or unappreciated.

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UNDER HIS SHADOW. By Francis Shea, C.P. (\$1.60.) There is an unction in these pages that cannot but warm the heart with love for Jesus Crucified. The author presents sublime thoughts in a striking and appealing manner. For priests, for religious, for lay-folk.

WORTHWHILE BOOKS

CATHOLIC writers are producing many fine books from month to month, books that establish a viewpoint on the many questions of modern life; books that should not be missed by intelligent Catholics. *THE SIGN* has selected the works named below as some of the best examples of the Catholic literature being created today. To facilitate its readers in obtaining these books, *THE SIGN* is offering a new service. Simply send a card to *THE SIGN*, Union City, N. J., for any of the books named below. Prices in parentheses include free delivery.

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Signed..... Witness.....
Witness..... Witness.....

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Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

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— 3 SUGGESTIONS —

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STUDENT BURSES



2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

YOUR LAST WILL



3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

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5. **ECONOMY:** There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. **STEADY INCOME:** The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. **CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST:** An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., Care of The Sign, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY



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